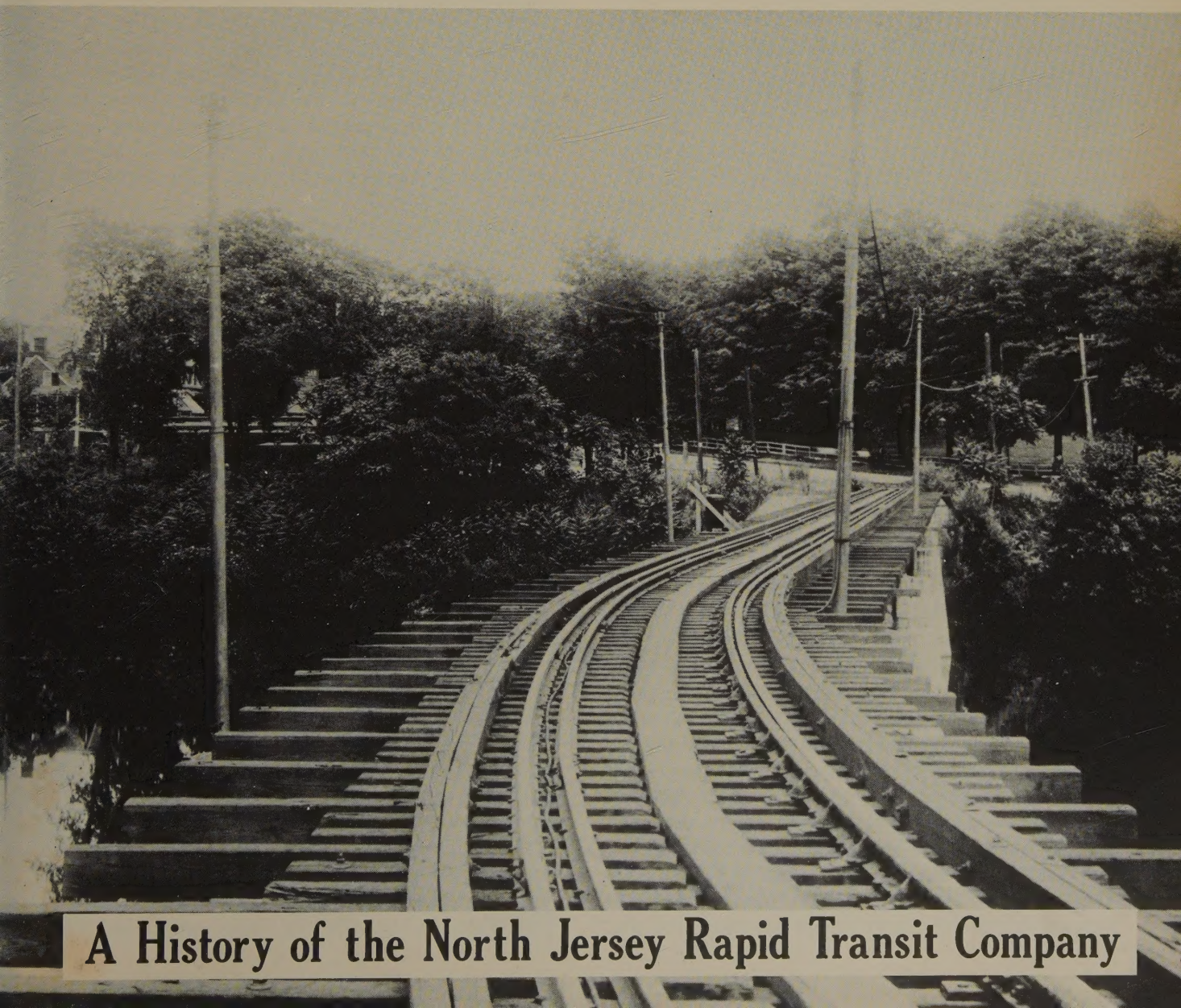




by Cdr. E. J. Quinby

INTERURBAN INTERLUDE

Hudson River Line tracks snake across the Passaic River at East Paterson, while an NJRT car hides behind the trees at the southern end of the line.



A History of the North Jersey Rapid Transit Company



GEORGE JACKSON, JR.

Superintendent of the North Jersey Rapid Transit Company, 1911-1929; also served as mayor of Ho-Ho-Kus, N.J.

THE GRANDIOSE SCHEME to provide the suburbs of New York City across the Hudson River in Northern New Jersey with swift and convenient rapid transit access to the big town was well founded. It is more of a necessity today than it was back in 1908 when the project was actually started, for today this increasingly popular suburban area has become much more densely populated. Its transportation problems have become gigantic in the meantime. The frantic efforts to relieve the automotive congestion of its highways by constructing more highways at increasing costs to the taxpayers, serve only to attract so many free-wheeling vehicles that the situation gets progressively worse instead of better. Aside from the tragic cost to life and limb on these modern death-traps, the traffic moves slower and slower as the congestion mounts. The facilities for accommodating all these additional vehicles during their daily layover in New York City have become swamped to the extent of traffic strangulation within the great town. The remedy merely aggravates the malady.

As in other great cities where similar serious traffic problems have concurrently developed, costly studies by experts have produced plans for a more successful solution to the problem. After much card punching and tape scanning, ultra-modern electronic computers feed back data that invariably points to the same solution. The experts come up with the sage advice that what the area needs is an efficient electric rapid transit system to eliminate the senseless deluge of private automobiles each carrying an average of one and a half passengers! Across the nation, in one suburban area after

Introduction

another, such projects are under way at last; in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, San Francisco and Los Angeles. Each of these congested areas had their electric mass-transportation systems but, with the advent of the privately owned automobile, these facilities were torn up and thrown away in the belief that the gasoline vehicles would be better, cheaper, faster, and more convenient. The railways were maligned as outmoded!

Now that the truth has been learned the hard way, it is costing much more to rebuild the electric transit systems than they originally cost. Real estate for the right-of-ways is more expensive to acquire, labor is more costly and prices of materials have sky-rocketed. It recently cost the tax-payers of New York City some \$52,000,000 to convert an existing two miles of double-track railroad across Jamaica Bay into a rapid transit extension—albeit with great improvement. But even at such fantastic prices, it is proving to be well worth the cost.

When Alexander Hamilton stood on the banks of the Passaic River viewing the spectacular Falls of the Passaic, he was inspired by their beauty and by their potential water power. As a result, he sponsored the Society for Establishment of Useful Manufacturers, and the City of Paterson was born there. Today Alexander Hamilton still stands on that same spot, in bronze, contemplating the falls. Behind him, a great city has grown up, spawning one large industry after another: silk mills, locomotive plants, airplane factories, et al. His name graces a fine hotel in the heart of the city close to City Hall; and one of the city's big banking houses the Hamilton Trust Company. Downstream on the East bank of the Passaic River in East Paterson—more than a century later stood William Fertig, shovel in hand as he announced "Here we will start." That was in the Fall of 1908, and as he broke ground there, the North Jersey Rapid Transit project was born. And, it was the Hamilton Trust Company which financed this visionary enterprise.

The North Jersey Rapid Transit line was well conceived. The fifteen miles of it that was actually constructed cost less than \$2,000,000. That was the part between Paterson, N.J. and Suffern, N.Y. Unfortunately the all-important link between Paterson and Hoboken to connect with the Hudson Tubes and thence with mid-Manhattan never got built; neither did the branch from Ho-Ho-Kus to Spring Valley, nor the extension to

Greenwood Lake. As a result, the line never achieved status as a real Rapid Transit System but was forced to struggle along more or less as an isolated but ambitious Interurban line for an interlude of 20 years, always hopeful of carrying out the original plan! But fate dealt a crushing blow to the project in its infancy, a blow that suddenly halted the growth of this promising youngster. Its Interlude as an Interurban became its Swan Song, with the advent of the privately owned automobiles.

It is my conviction that, had the line been completed according to the original plan, it would have survived to become a most important commuter link to New York City. The area it proposed to tap has become increasingly populous despite its desperate need for efficient transit, a problem which is becoming more acute by the hour. But hope is not dead; the original right of way remains intact, now utilized by a high tension transmission line. And the eyes of the experts who conduct the sophisticated transit relief studies are casting glances upon it more frequently as time passes. Austin J. Tobin, head of the Port of New York Authority which has now acquired and operates the Hudson Tubes, has announced "What North Jersey needs is Rapid Transit".

Aside from the advantages in convenience and economy, there is something to be said in favor of electric transportation from the standpoint of health and survival. For example, in Los Angeles where an acute and almost chronic smog condition prevails, it has been observed that the situation has become considerably worse since swarms of automotive vehicles have replaced the comprehensive 1000 miles of electric railways in the area. Residents and visitors alike complain bitterly about the way their eyes smart, and the way

Alexander Hamilton still stands, in bronze, on the spot where he first viewed the magnificent spectacle of the falls of the Passaic, and resolved to utilize the mighty water power to run an industrial center: Paterson.



Author E. J. Quinby, ready for duty in daily summer service on the Branford Electric Railway between East Haven Green and Short Beach, Conn. Public patronage has helped lift the non-profit association out of red ink.

they develop asthmatic symptoms. The dread emphysema malady seems to be on the upsurge. About one in every ten medical cases on relief is now reported to be suffering from emphysema in one stage or another. If not successfully treated, this disease leaves the victim with ruined lungs, gasping for breath on a death-bed. The condition is observed mainly in any big metropolis where air pollution is prevalent and the chief irritant in the pollution is sulphuric acid, spouted from smoking chimneys, petroleum refineries and exhausts from internal combustion engines. But emphysema, the offenders argue, may be caused by tobacco-smoking, which appears true. However, 50% of the victims are non-smokers! Also, it is charged, electric power stations may be run by smoke-producing prime-mover engines. True enough, but they can better be run by smokeless hydro-electric power, or by smokeless and harmless atomic energy, neither of which, alas, automotive vehicles are capable of utilizing.

But I do not pose as a reformer, and this work is not offered as a campaign. Rather, it is submitted as the history of the North Jersey Rapid Transit Company which was born in a golden era and destined to be overtaken by change masquerading as progress. I leave the reader to evaluate the merits of that change.

E.J.Q.

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Printed and bound in the United States of America

Library of Congress Catalog Card No. 68-28320

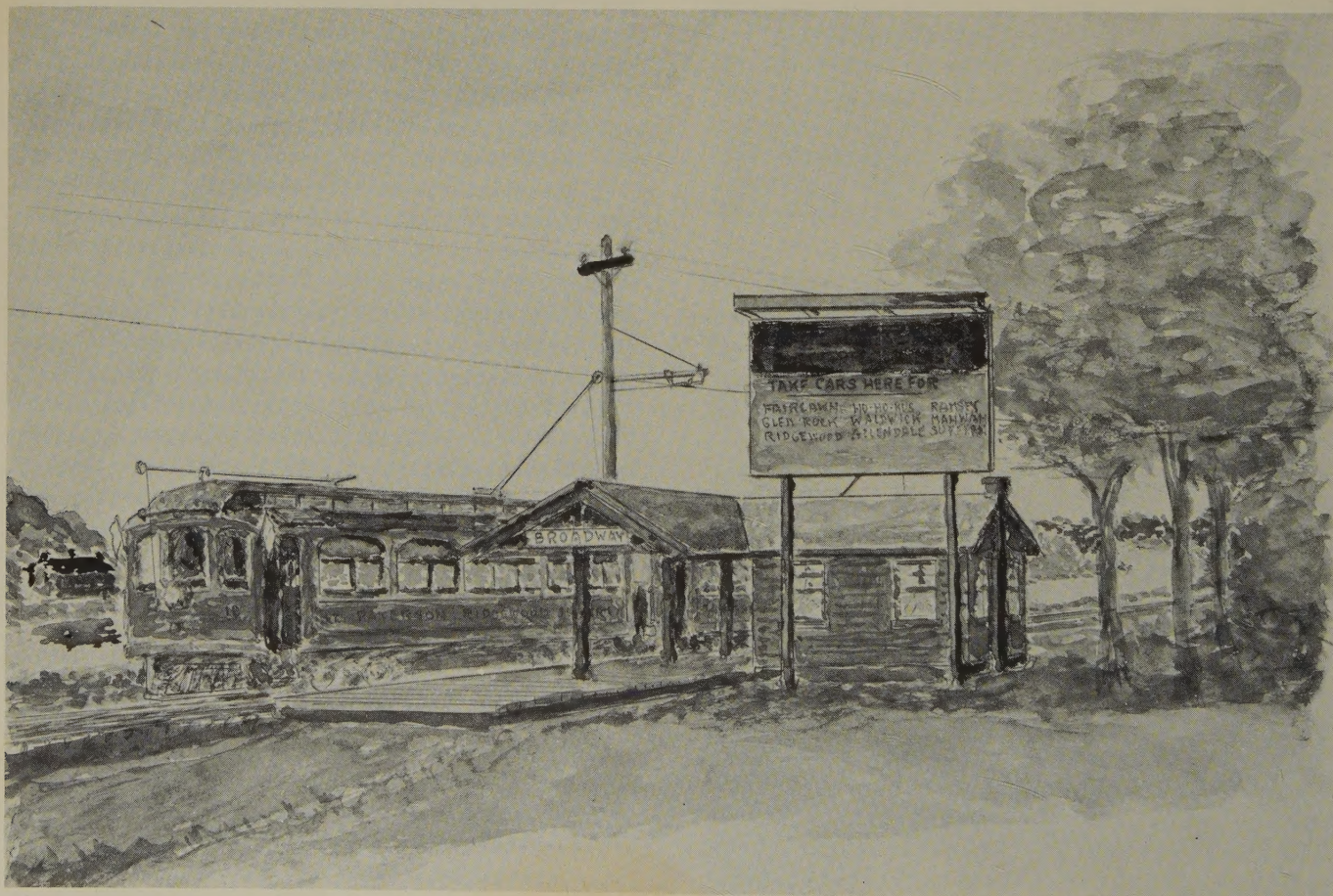
Typography, World Graphics, Inc.
Printing and Binding, Quinn & Boden
Paper, Bulkley Dunton Linde Lathrop Inc.

Published by Model Craftsman Publishing Corp.,
31 Arch Street, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446.

Original watercolor by E. J. Quinby depicts a summer scene from a bygone era at Broadway, East Paterson, N. J. NJRT cars connected here with Public Service.

TO MY WIFE MARGARET, who patiently corrected the manuscript, to my son Jack and my Daughter Mimi who probably have never realized what a distinction it is to have a father who was once a real Motorman, to the dark eyed Lass who never failed to prepare that dinner-basket full of delights and bring it to the station in fair weather and foul, and to the memory of my electric railway mentor, George Jackson, Jr., Superintendent of the North Jersey Rapid Transit Company and Mayor of the town bearing the incredible name Ho-Ho-Kus.

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT is offered by the author to "Daisy" McElroy for having preserved and made available the NJRT records she so carefully compiled through the years; to fellow Motormen Jack Carney, Les Hulette and Joe Bender who made available many photographs and the NJRT Rule Book from among their treasured possessions; to Freeman H. Hubbard, Editor of RAILROAD Magazine and Steve Maguire, who edits its Transit Topics department for permission to reproduce certain material of mine which they had previously published.



A pair of NJRT multiple-unit cars connected by an electric jumper cable, automatic knuckle couplers, and air brake hoses.



The North Jersey

Upon a Summer's afternoon
Through verdant hill and dale,
A mellow whistle played its tune,
Now merry, now a wail.
A hand that grasped the whistle-pull
And deftly eased the quill,
A hand that turned the power full
To climb the Waldwick hill
Or shut it off to win the kale
For economic coast,
Now pens this melancholy tale
As the Interurban's ghost.

Cone is the rail, the whistle's wail,
The singing trolley wire.
The weeds have claimed the right-of-way,
The ties consumed by fire.
Each handsome Interurban car
In green and gold resplendent,
The victim of a wrecker's bar,
Destructive, unintelligent,
In this drab age, who can restore
The blue-white silv'ry gleam
Of snowy Winter's midnight hoar
In the arc-light's brilliant beam?

From Suffern's lofty Ramapos
To Passaic River's bed,
Through forest, field and cottage rows
The Interurban sped,
Folks built, as everybody knows,
Along the trolley line.
It carried them to work, to shows.
It took them out to dine.
And then each family bought a Ford,
By affluence overtaken;
In Ridgewood two, some could afford.
—The North Jersey was forsaken.

Now half a century has passed,
The area's being strangled.
The people choke while being gassed
In hopeless traffic tangled.
The progress pretext gives us pause
For fond nostalgic musing
About the line that died because
Of insufficient using.
Upon headquarters creditors
Descended at Ho-Ho-Kus;
They scrapped our line, those predators,
'Twas prosperity that broke us!

E.J.Q.

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Frontispiece

Car No. 10, wide and graceful wooden Jewett interurban in green with red trim, waits at the East Paterson terminal, where passengers transferred to the Public Service's Hudson River Line.

The Don Wallworth painting appeared on the Oct. 1967 cover of Railroad Model Craftsman Magazine.

Photo Credits: The author is deeply grateful to all those who have loaned rare old photographs, artwork, and data. He is especially indebted to Jeffrey Winslow; E. T. Francis; Donald Wallworth; John Y. Dater and Thomas E. Dater, of the Ramsey Journal and Ramsey Store News; and to Harold H. Carstens, publisher of Railroad Model Craftsman.

E. J. Quinby



Revised June 18-13

PUBLIC SERVICE RAILWAY CO.
DEPARTMENT OF MAINTENANCE OF V
MAP OF NORTH JERSEY RAPID TRANSIT
PATERSON-N.J. to SUFFERN, N.Y.

The Project is Born



The year was 1908, in the great boom of electric railway construction. City trolley lines had grown out into the suburbs. Cross-country extensions had been built to link some of these lines with each other, blossoming as the new Interurban Railway Industry. Frank J. Sprague, who successfully pioneered the trolley car in 1887 at Richmond, Va., had developed his little four-wheeled Galloping Girties into impressive trains of big eight-wheeled cars by his important invention of the multiple-unit control system. He first applied his M.U. system to the trains of the South Side Elevated Railway in Chicago, and modern rapid transit was born in 1895. Then came the rapid transit subways. The London Underground was electrified in England and Boston began operating its trolleys underground with Sprague's M.U. controls, so they could be operated in trains. August P. Belmont, transit tycoon of New York City, commissioned Sprague to electrify his Manhattan Elevated Railway trains and, as in Chicago, the little chuffing Forney steam locomotives were retired or sent to other activities afield. Belmont built the Interborough Rapid Transit subway system under New York with Sprague consulting, and arranged to tie it into his network of trolley lines and elevated railways. He built rapid transit tunnels under the Harlem River and the East River for his IRT trains, and a tunnel under the East River for his M.U. trolleys.

Encouraged by the success of the Baltimore Tunnel electrification of the Baltimore & Ohio R.R. in 1895, several main line railroads undertook electrification projects. After experimenting with a short electrification on its branch between Burlington and Mount Holly, N.J., the Pennsylvania R.R. embarked on electrification of its Philadelphia Suburban lines, and then undertook the expensive project of building a mid-city terminal in New York with electrified tunnels under the Hudson River and an extension across the New Jersey meadows to connect with its main line. Its subsidiary Long Island R.R. had pioneered in suburban electrification, and tunnels were built under the East River to connect their lines with the new Pennsylvania Terminal in mid-Manhattan. The New Haven R.R., which had been operating an experimental electrification on its Nantasket Beach line near Boston and another in Connecticut out of Berlin, had now electrified its main line from New York to Stamford with a pioneer alternating current system which it was busily extending to New Haven. The West Jersey and Seashore Railroad began demonstrating how fast it could whisk passengers from the Philadelphia ferries at

Camden to Atlantic City across South Jersey in 1906 on its third rail electrification. But what of North Jersey?

Electric railway promoters were not overlooking that popular part of New York City's suburbs that lie across the Hudson River in New Jersey. William G. McAdoo had resurrected the abandoned and flooded brick-lined tunnel that had been started by courageous pioneers back in 1880 with the intention of running steam locomotives through it to bring New Jersey commuters into Manhattan. With more modern tunneling methods he had completed that tunnel and a new one beside it, plus two more further downstream to reach his two-block square Hudson Terminal skyscraper building. Instead of using steam locomotives, however, he employed Frank Sprague's multiple-unit electric trains to carry the passengers across the Hudson in these four tubes. Thus he provided a much needed link between two important States on opposite sides of the Hudson River. It is significant that the Governor of New York became President of the United States when Theodore Roosevelt was elected to that top office. It is also significant that the Governor of New Jersey was also to become President when Woodrow Wilson would be elected to that high office—and that he would make railroad man McAdoo his Secretary of the Treasury—and later put him in charge of all the nation's railroads as a war measure! But that is getting ahead of the story.

Meanwhile, the busier Interurban trolley lines that had expanded and attracted increasing numbers of riders had begun to take advantage of Sprague's multiple-unit system, which they began to apply to their cars so they could be operated in trains on their busier runs. Many of the lines had begun to handle significant quantities of express and freight. Some of the more pretentious lines in the Middle West and out on the West Coast even went so far as to provide luxurious accommodations that competed with the best of trains on the steam-operated trunk lines such as: Parlor Cars, Observation Cars, Diners, and Pullman Sleepers. By 1910, the Interurban was the up-and-coming mode of comfortable, convenient, and economical transportation between many major cities. The proprietors of the big steam railroads looked with alarm at this growing competition, and began to quietly buy up the securities of these upstarts. Thus the New York Central gained control of the Interurban lines across New York State just as they were about to forge the last connecting links that would have made it possible to ride by trolley all the way from New York to Chicago. The "million-



During the Columbian Exposition of 1893 at Chicago, the little trolley cars developed by Sprague groaned beneath fantastic overloads, but kept on rolling profits into the coffers of their backers.

dollar-a-mile" New York, Westchester & Boston Railway found itself owned by the New Haven R.R., and its progress toward Boston interrupted at Portchester, N.Y. In New Jersey Thomas N. McCarter, president of the far-flung Public Service Company, was busy assembling a state-wide trolley system by acquisition of competing lines to add to his own network, and by constructing new lines. He jealously viewed the accomplishments of the New Jersey & Hudson River Railway & Ferry Company, whose expanding system was fast catching up with its ambitious-sounding corporate name. Its Hudson River Line, mostly on private right-of-way between towns, extended all the way from Paterson via Hackensack to the banks of the Hudson River at Edgewater where, to land its passengers in Manhattan, it operated a fleet of double-end steam ferries. Its lines also fanned out to reach Englewood, Fort Lee, Tenafly, Passaic, Rutherford and Newark. McCarter's plans succeeded, and he absorbed that system, and acquired the line between Elizabeth and New Brunswick, and another between New Brunswick and Trenton which he improved into his "Fast Line" with connection at Trenton with his Riverside Line to Camden. On these modernized trolley lines, he operated multiple-unit equipped trolleys in two-car trains when traffic warranted it.

But the suburban communities to the North of Paterson had no such electric railway service. Commuters from such towns as Fairlawn, Glen Rock, Ridgewood, Ho-Ho-Kus, Waldwick, Allendale, Ramsey and Mahwah in New Jersey; Suffern and Spring Valley in New York, depended upon the Erie Railroad for transportation to New York. Its steam locomotives nearly asphyxiated them morning and night in the long Bergen Hill Tunnel which never seemed to clear itself of the fumes from one train before another came snorting its way through to contribute its misery to that which was already there. In desperation, the Erie embarked on a program of blasting a series of vent-shafts in the roof of that "Hell Hole" which they naively renamed "Bergen Archways." It didn't cure the trouble completely, with the advent of increasing traffic

through there, but it was some improvement. The commuters still had to live by timetable, and on the occasions when wife joined hubby in town for cocktails, dinner and a show, they had to duck out before the final curtain to avoid missing the last train to their suburban retreat. One could still ride a trolley as far as Paterson in the wee small hours but that was as far as the service extended.

Travelers returning from the West Coast reported on the marvelous network of trolleys in the Los Angeles area. Those who had made the trip up to the top of Mount Lowe by trolley told of dancing in the tavern up there to the tune of Eliza Greenough's new composition entitled "Pacific Electric Trolley Waltz" (issued and copyrighted by the Pacific Electric Railway Co.). Pat Rooney was tap-dancing to the rhythm of his new ballad "A Good Old Trolley Ride." Cliff-dwellers in New York's teeming tenement houses sought relief from the city's heat by swarming to the beaches aboard big open trolleys as they sang Harry Von Tilzer's new hit:

"On a Sunday afternoon,
In the merry month of June,
Take a trolley to Coney or Rockaway . . ."

And music publisher Jerome Remick sought to capitalize on the popular trend by negotiating with Bert Grant for his latest composition "The Trolley Car Swing." As has always been customary, America's history was being recorded through the songs Americans were singing. And the alert promoters listened, surveyed the scene, and decided that the time was ripe to go into action in North Jersey.

Alexander Hamilton, the nation's first Secretary of the Treasury, had stood on the bank of the Passaic River admiring the spectacular "Falls of the Passaic." He was impressed by their beauty and inspired by the potential water power they offered. While contemplating the scene, he conceived the possibility of establishing a manufacturing center in the area, something the infant United States lacked and which made the new nation dependent upon imports of foreign-made products. The idea occurred to him to organize the Society for

When the North Jersey Rapid Transit was born, Americans were singing songs about trolleys. It was a golden era, soon to disappear as America became involved in a world that performed at an ever increasing tempo.

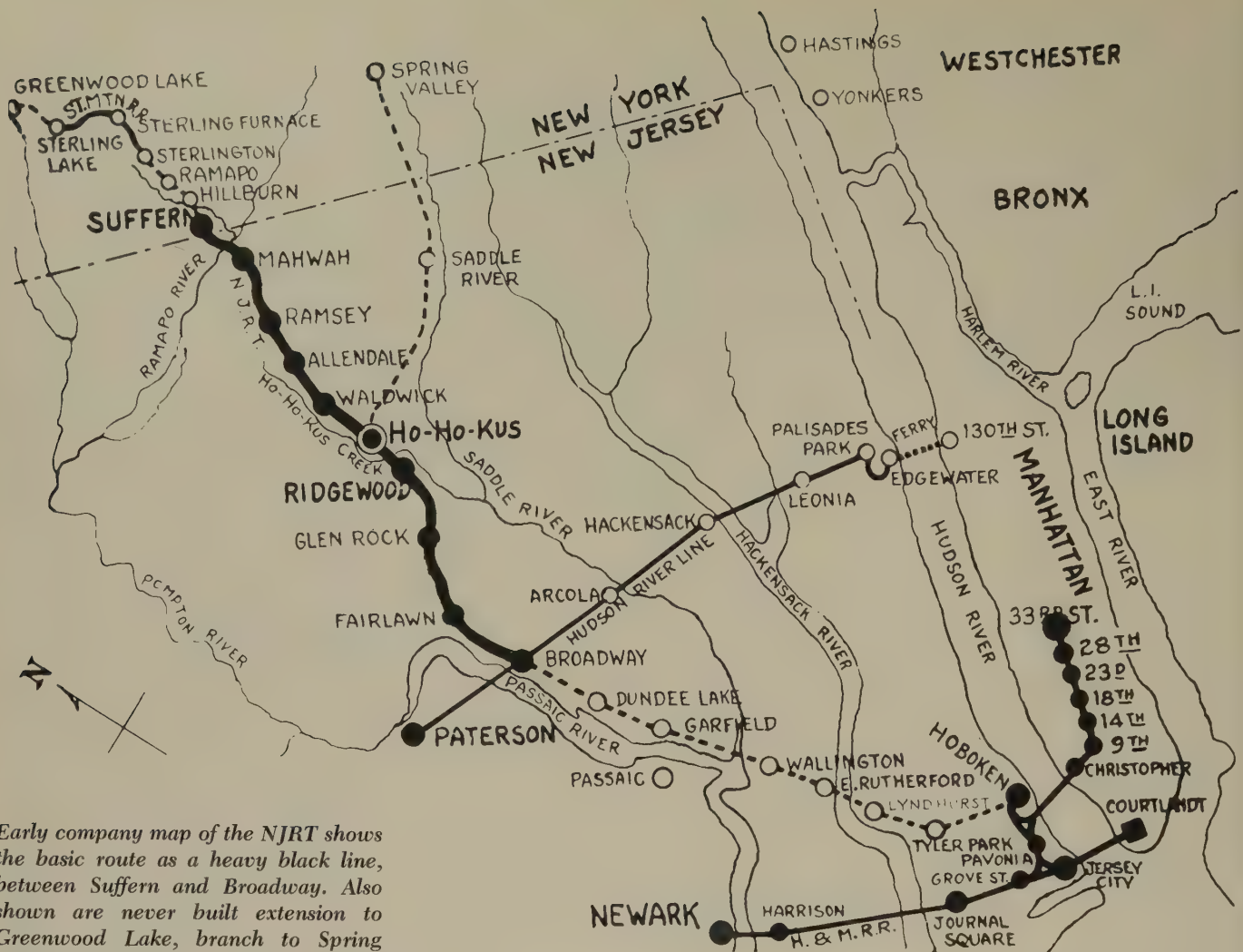


Establishing Useful Manufactures, to be later known as the S.U.M. The year was 1791. Despite the criticism of his political opponents who charged him with "conflict of interest", Hamilton acquired a charter for the organization which he planned to finance with a capitalization of \$500,000. In a short time, he had actually raised \$625,000 which was a goodly sum in those days, and for the S.U.M. he acquired a grant of 36 square miles for the industrial center which he named Paterson, after his friend William Paterson. Hamilton had founded New York's first bank, the Bank of New York, and through its cooperation, the early financial difficulties of the enterprise were surmounted. The city was laid out by Major L'Enfante, to whom was also entrusted the design for the city of Washington, D.C. Cotton spinning, shoe manufacturing, pottery, carpet weaving, and metal products were a few of the activities planned for this new great combine. And a Brewery was included in the project, to attract labor. Peter Colt became the Superintendent of the visionary operation; and thus was born America's first big "trust", becoming the pattern for other bigger institutions of its kind.

In life-size bronze, Alexander Hamilton still stands there admiring the "Falls of the Passaic" and behind him has grown a vast industrial center. In its time, Paterson has enjoyed fame for its silk mills and its railroad locomotive works. More recently it has attracted airplane manufacturers and electronic plants. The biggest and best hotel in town, within a block of City Hall, carries the name Alexander Hamilton; and the Hamilton Trust Company is the banking house which has financed numerous worthy projects, among them one which was born in the Colt Building on Colt Street, in the shadow of City Hall. There was established in 1907 the office of the North Jersey Construction Company; for on January 26th, W. E. Fertig filed a certificate of incorporation for that organization with

capital stock authorized up to \$50,000 at par value of \$100 per share. He commenced business with capital of \$10,500. And downstream on the opposite bank of the Passaic River, in East Paterson, Willie Fertig stood in the Fall of 1908, shovel in hand. "Here we will start," he announced to a small group of his associates, as he turned the first spadeful of earth, thereby starting construction work on a railroad to be known as the North Jersey Rapid Transit line.

The story of how Willie Fertig parlayed his original \$10,500 up to a two million dollar project is unfolded through cryptic items here and there in the voluminous reports published by the Commissioners over the succeeding few years. Sometimes Fertig is referred to as William, at other times as W. E., and again as Willis, but obviously it is the same Fertig whose name looms as the pioneer and driving spirit throughout the expanding scene. On September 1, 1908 he filed a certificate of incorporation for the North Jersey Rapid Transit Company under the Act of April 14, 1903, existence to be perpetual, with capital stock authorized up to \$1,000,000 at par value of \$100 per share, and the newly formed corporation started business at 5 Colt Street in Paterson, N.J. with \$32,000. On November 18, 1909, Fertig listed himself as Agent for the North Jersey Rapid Transit Company. He filed a map and description of the project September 28, 1908 giving the location "Saddle River Turnpike, Bergen County", but on March 9, 1910, he filed a Survey and Map of Relocation of Route, and again amended the route and location on April 2, 1910. This suggests that possibly the original main line selected for the project was what later became the projected branch to Spring Valley, which never got built, for it indeed was laid out along the route of Saddle River Turnpike. Be that as it may, Fertig won the approval of the Commission on April 27, 1910, to increase the capital stock of the North Jersey



Early company map of the NJRT shows the basic route as a heavy black line, between Suffern and Broadway. Also shown are never built extension to Greenwood Lake, branch to Spring Valley, and extension south to Hoboken and Hudson Tube connection. Hudson River Line running east-west is shown from Paterson to Edgewater and 130th St.

Rapid Transit Company to \$2,000,000 and on May 2, 1910, that company caused a mortgage to be executed to secure the issue of \$2,000,000 worth of bonds.

The Paterson Directory of 1909 published by the Price & Lee Co. (Volume 4) lists Malcolm R. McAdoo as Vice President and Manager of the North Jersey Construction Company at 5 Colt Street, Paterson, N.J. and gives his residence as Montclair, N.J. The 1910-1911 issue of the same publication lists the officers of the North Jersey Construction Company, 5 Colt Street, Paterson, N.J. as: William Barbour, President; F. G. Gledhill, Secretary; H. H. Parmelee, Treasurer; Willis E. Fertig, General Manager, and mentions the capitalization of \$1,000,000. It also lists the New York & North Jersey Rapid Transit Company at the same address, capitalized at \$1,000,000 with the same list of officers, and mentions that it was incorporated in 1908. In another part of the book is listed the North Jersey Rapid Transit Company, same address, incorporated 1908 with the following officers: Gilbert Bogart, President; Walter Bamford, Secretary; George Dunlap, Treasurer; Willis E. Fertig, General Manager.

Standing on Market Street at City Hall today, one may glance up the one-block-long Colt Street to the corner of Ellison Street where the ornately sculptured greystone Colt Building looms seven stories high. One imagines Willie Fertig gazing from the rear windows of his offices in that structure, contemplating the site of his projected mid-city NJRT terminal where now stands the Alexander Hamilton Hotel, just a block east of City Hall on Market Street, corner of Church. And from his office window he probably visualized the elevated structure which would straddle the Paterson City branch of the Susquehanna Railroad and carry his NJRT trains from his terminal eastwood to Passaic River, thence southeastward to the Hudson Tubes at Hoboken or northward to Spring Valley, Suffern and Greenwood Lake.

In 1910 a 26-year-old Civil Engineer from Lafayette College quit his job with the Erie Railroad and went to work as Engineer in charge of construction on the NJRT project, and Fertig got permission from the Board to lay his tracks across the various streets, lanes, county roads and turnpikes that traversed his route through Fairlawn, Glen Rock, Ridgewood, Ho-Ho-Kus, Waldwick, Allendale, Ramsey and Mahwah right up to the New York State line. In each case, the Board issued permission with the distinct proviso that the electric



railway abuilding could operate single cars but *no trains*. Evidently Fertig elected to take what he could get and avoid arguments, which is significant in view of the fact that his newly-formed New Jersey Rapid Transit Company had already placed orders with the Jewett Car Company of Newark, Ohio for a fleet of fine, fast Interurban cars to be equipped with the Sprague-Westinghouse Multiple Unit Control System for operation singly or in trains.

Stock in the project was being sold by the promoters, and while the line was described as a commuter railroad which would connect with the new Hudson Tubes at Hoboken so that passengers could ride by swift, frequent, smokeless electric railway cars right into Manhattan, it appears that the outlying section of the line between Paterson, N.J. and Suffern, N.Y. was being built first to serve as a sort of demonstration of what the project would look like. This, it apparently was hoped, would attract the necessary capital to acquire the more expensive parcels of land for the important section of line from Paterson to Hoboken. The survey for that section was run, and options for numerous parcels of land were secured along the Jersey Meadows in the vicinity of East Rutherford and Lyndhurst, and an option was acquired for the important mid-city terminal site in Paterson, within a block of City Hall. Negotiations for the easement to accommodate the elevated structure to reach the terminal in Paterson were progressing in an encouraging manner. It all sounded wonderful, especially in view of the vast publicity being circulated about William G. McAdoo's magnificent new Hudson & Manhattan Railroad, whose trains were already running. Fertig, it seems, was no slouch in publicity matters himself, for he had a man named Malcolm McAdoo serving as one of the officers of the North Jersey Rapid Transit Company. While it wasn't actually William G. McAdoo, investors probably assumed that it was, or that it was some influential close relative of William G. who enjoyed the assistance and cooperation of THE McAdoo, and the money rolled in.

Real estate promoters of the time were quick to seize upon the brilliant prospects offered by the advent of rapid transit in the area to be served by the North Jersey Rapid Transit project. A large-page illustrated publication issued in May 1909 by the New Jersey-New York Real Estate Exchange with the impressive address

Connecting with the North Jersey at East Paterson, was the Hudson River Line of the giant Public Service Railway. Large 13 window 3500 series served the line for years; were later shorn of their multiple-unit gear.

Hudson Terminal Building, 30 Church St., New York City, carried a feature story on William G. McAdoo and his new Hudson Tube project, highlighting the beneficial effect it was bound to bring to North Jersey Suburbanites in various communities. Amongst these was Allendale, and below the editorial copy on page 55 an advertisement appeared extolling the "Forest Place development at Allendale, 26 miles from New York City . . . a suburban residential area for commuters to New York . . . Trolley Road Now Being Built to Allendale and Close to Our Property." This was over the name of Erie Real Estate Co., Hudson Terminal Building, Cortlandt and Church Streets, New York City. At least there was more factual support for that statement than there was for the one on page 102 which announced "The D.L.&W. R.R. has begun the electrification of its line from Hoboken to Summit, whereby the trip to the city will be reduced to 36 minutes," and on page 103: "The electrifying of the road (DL&W) is now under way" was announced by the Mutual Realty Corp. of 776 Broad Street, Newark, N.J. History shows that purchasers who took these statements seriously and hastened to invest and settle in the suggested communities had a slight wait of 20 years for the first Lackawanna electric train!

Similar rosy announcements were being made in that same (1909) issue about the Hudson River Bridge. An ad on page 108 by the Woodcliff Land Improvement Company of 212 Union Street, Union Hill, N.J. promoting Woodcliff-on-Hudson opposite 79th Street, Manhattan, stated: "The Hudson River Bridge will bring this property within 15 minutes of the heart of New York City." A feature on page 113 announced that sites being considered for the Hudson River Bridge were at 57th Street, 110th Street, 135th Street, and 179th Street. (When the bridge was finally built and opened in 1931, it straddled the Hudson River at 179th Street, Manhattan with its New Jersey end at Fort Lee.) In those days, the investor who wanted to be sure not to miss the glorious opportunities suggested, would have



Above, George Jackson, Jr., in long coat behind steam locomotive supervises progress, along with figure at left, believed to be Willie Fertig. In view below, taken in Fall of 1908, a saddle tank steam locomotive has just brought its string of six 4-wheel dump cars loaded with fill for the NJRT curve from Harristown Road leading up to the ramp of the Glen Rock Viaduct. Carstens Collection.

had to buy lots in several different communities along the Palisades. But the North Jersey Rapid Transit was actually abuilding. Prospective suburban commuters could see it and they could see the Hudson Tubes with which it promised to connect, already in operation. They bought property along the NJRT route, and commuted via the Erie R.R. while they were waiting for Fertig to finish the construction of his fine new electric railroad.

The North Jersey Construction Company arranged to accept 575 Bonds of the North Jersey Rapid Transit Company (par value \$100) and 5,750 shares of its capital stock (par value \$100) to be delivered before July 4th 1910, and later another 275 First Mortgage Bonds (par value \$1000 each), 1,930 more shares of capital stock (par value \$100) plus \$32,000 cash. This latter item, it may be assumed, was the original \$32,000 with which the NJRT started business in 1908. Apparently Willie Fertig had two pockets in his pants: one in which he kept the Construction Company's funds and in the other, the Railroad Company's funds. It was merely a matter of transferring the money from one pocket to the other. In the process, however, he was acquiring stock and bonds which came in handy as collateral when he went to the bank to raise loans for the extra cash necessary to build the railroad.

Construction work was progressing rapidly. Where Fertig was building the big Glen Rock viaduct that would carry his line up and over the Erie R.R. Bergen



County Cut-off on a sweeping curve, he got the Erie to install a temporary switch and siding on which materials and supplies were delivered. These included rail, ties, Raritan gravel ballast, structural steel and materials for the concrete aggregate which went into the massive abutments and piers for the lofty viaduct. Here also was delivered the little steam locomotive that had been built in Paterson. With a string of flat cars and dump cars, this diminutive engine began chuffing up and down the new NJRT line, and Fertig took the precaution to erect warning signs at the various crossings with the ominous inscription **LOOK OUT FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE**. Some of these signs, with automatic electric bells added, were to survive long after the little locomotive had left the scene and was replaced by the swift electric cars. At that Glen Rock switch also arrived a big Bucyrus Steam Shovel and a Buckeye Steam Crane, both on railroad trucks. They were soon followed by the first of the beautiful new Jewett passenger cars to be assembled and wired to its Baldwin-Westinghouse trucks. It was No. 10, and the subsequent cars delivered by Jewett carried even numbers up to 24, thus avoiding the unlucky number 13. But Car 10 became the "work horse" in those construction days, carrying laborers and tools up and down the line. A temporary 600 volt d.c. connection with the Hudson River Line feeder at East Paterson provided power for the first electric operations over Fertig's new line.

When construction work was sufficiently completed as far as Ridgewood, in the Summer of 1910, a small wooden passenger station was built there and another at East Paterson and that part of the line was opened for service. Since Ridgewood was the extent of the operation Northward at that time, the station at the South end of the line, where passengers were interchanged with the Hudson River Line cars, became known as Ridgewood Junction, a name that seems to have persisted throughout the life of the NJRT.

The first Superintendent of Operations employed by the NJRT was a man named Francis J. Pilgrim who came to the company from one of the high speed Inter-urban lines of the mid-West. He brought with him the benefit of his experience on those pikes and a penchant for fast running. Since the new line was built with 75 lb. rail on super-elevated curves and gentle grades, and as the big Jewett cars were equipped with four motors well capable of mile-a-minute performance, Pilgrim could indulge his inclination for speed—and he did. It was said that he lectured his crews on the subject of punctuality. "There is no excuse," he admonished them, "for being *one* minute late on this line." Alas, it was just one minute's lateness on his own part that was to seal Pilgrim's doom in a horrible disaster!

As construction work progressed Northward, a switch for interchange with the Erie R.R. was built at Allendale, and the temporary switch with that railroad at Glen Rock was dismantled. Over the permanent interchange switch, materials for the elaborate Headquarters establishment at Ho-Ho-Kus were brought in, such as brick, structural steel, concrete aggregate and



Above, the Bucyrus steam shovel is loading dirt into the string of 4-wheeled dump cars to be used on the approaches to the Glen Rock Viaduct. Within a stone's throw of the site of the NJRT headquarters stands the historic Ho-Ho-Kus Inn, 200 year old landmark that still caters to hungry and thirsty wayfarers in an elegant manner.

the electrical equipment for the sub-station, including two Westinghouse 750 kw Rotary Converters with all the necessary switch-gear, transformers, lightning arresters, etc. The installation of the entire sub-station equipment was supervised by an engineer from Westinghouse named Dunlap, who was assistant to Frank H. Shepard, head of that company's electric traction department. The building was the biggest in Ho-Ho-Kus.





At left, top to bottom, are three early constructional views of the North Jersey's Glen Rock Viaduct, taken Dec. 11, 1908. Some of the first concrete piers appear in the top view. View looking southwest. Center view shows pre-fill wooden trestle for ramp leading down into Glen Rock and No. 2 Switch. Form for another concrete pier is at right. Trestle was later buried in solid fill. The wooden forms for the concrete piers and abutments were prepared near the construction site. Hundreds of sacks of cement await early use. Carstens Collection.



The historic significance of Ho-Ho-Kus, the little place with the strange name, does not seem to be widely known. Back in the revolutionary days, it was the first stopover on the stage route from Hoboken to Albany. Here the "Tavern Under the Elms" refreshed travelers, and here the dusty, footsore troops under the command of General George Washington paused to slake their thirsts and rest their weary muscles before starting the trek up the long hilly road into the Ramapos in pursuit of the Hessian mercenaries. The nearby Hermitage, a classic example of English Gothic architecture, built in the early 1700's by Captain Philip De Visne, still stands on Franklin Turnpike to the North of the NJRT Headquarters site. Beneath its sharp, artistic gables the comely widow Theodosia Prevost entertained General Washington and his officers. Her other guests from time to time included the Marquis de Lafayette, James Monroe, Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr. With the changing fortunes of this disputed area, this attractive dame also found herself reluctantly sheltering British officers who invaded her isolated domicile. While they wined, dined, danced and made merry, she concealed her patriotic suitor in a secret room devoid of windows and doors except an obscure trap-door which her unwanted guests overlooked. When they at last departed, it was Aaron Burr himself who emerged from hiding, to mount his white horse and re-join his forces across the Hudson at White Plains. Yes, he later married the gal, right there in the Paramus Church at Ho-Ho-Kus. History records that political differences caused Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr to shoot it out with dueling pistols on the Palisades above Weehawken, but today the wayfarer who drops in at the bar of the Alexander Hamilton Hotel in Paterson and sits where he might be waiting for a North Jersey Rapid Transit train had the terminal been built there as planned, gazes at the colorful mural before him. There stand Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, facing each other with pistols in hand, awaiting the drop of the referee's handkerchief. Sipping his highball, today's visitor muses upon the possibility that rivalry over the favors of the attractive young widow Prevost at "Haw-Haw-Kus" might have had something to do with the quarrel. On Franklin Turnpike, a short distance in the same direction from the NJRT Headquarters, still stands the historic Ho-Ho-Kus Inn or "Mansion House" preserved much as it was in the days of the stage-coach. It was the affable George Jackson, Jr., Superintendent of the NJRT who was to become Mayor of Ho-Ho-Kus

and it was John McElroy, one of his intrepid Motormen, later to become Chief of Police, who were to defend the fair name of the town against those upstarts who wanted to change it to Undercliff. Change the name of Ho-Ho-Kus? NEVER is the defiant answer from the proud descendents of those who made so much romantic history in the area. As we shall see, the NJRT brought its own aura of romance to the tidy little town with the odd name.

As the headquarters building grew, various facilities took shape within its red brick walls. These included maintenance shops, a steam heat plant, a sub-station, an operations office with a massive steel vault, the Superintendent's office, a passenger waiting room and a crew room with lockers and bunks. Behind all this a three-track car-barn with service pits and storage space for nine cars was provided. These tracks were built on a slight grade, so that in emergency the steel doors could be rolled up and the cars rolled out by gravity. When the new sub-station was completed and tested, using power brought in over a high-line from the Public Service sub-station at Ridgewood (13,200 volt, 60 cycle, 2 phase), the temporary 600 volt feeder connection from the Hudson River Line at Broadway, East Paterson was discontinued.

On July 26, 1910, the NJRT petitioned the N.J. Board of Public Utility Commissioners for permission to operate trains up to three cars in length. In due course of time, the Commissioners visited the property to be escorted over the line on an inspection trip in Car 10 by Willie Fertig, Superintendent Pilgrim and General Manager Evans who explained everything. Evidently that austere body was duly impressed, for they approved the application and their official report mentioned "the line is being built to the best accepted standards." On May 16, 1911, the Board got around to issuing the permission for the NJRT to operate trains up to three cars in length for:

(a) Such occasions as special conditions require the transportation of church, fraternal and other organizations of kindred nature.

(b) Such times as, owing to a congestion of passengers, the usual one-car service shall be insufficient to accommodate the traffic.

Fertig was happy that his order for multiple-unit controls on his fleet of eight passenger cars was not fulfilled in vain. Pilgrim, it seems, lost no time in finding occasion to operate multiple-unit trains.

Top, the approach fill from Harristown Road led northbound upgrade on a curve to Glen Rock Viaduct and over the Erie's Bergen County Cut-off, Feb. 1909. Center, a sturdy steam derrick handled NJRT steel for the Viaduct. Some I beams have been positioned and the Pratt Pony Trusses await installation. Bottom, the steam derrick on the Erie's Eastbound track is listing the first Pratt Pony Truss preparatory to hoisting it into place on the concrete abutments of the Viaduct. Photos, Carstens Collection.

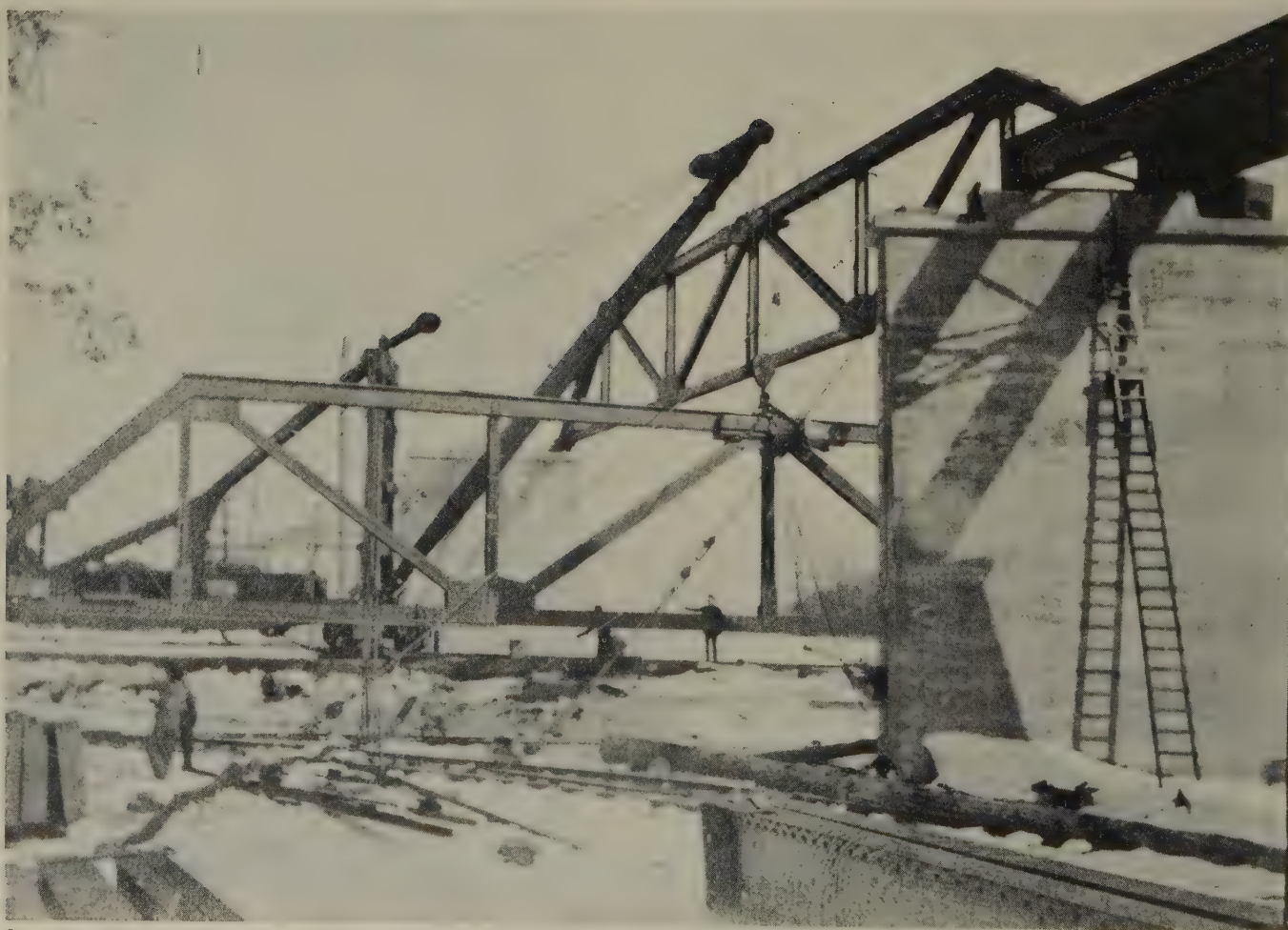




Three views show the hoisting of the Pratt Pony Trusses into position over the Erie's Bergen County Cut-off. Engineering work on the NJRT was of a high level. The temporary switch and track connecting with the Erie is visible in foreground of large view below. Trusses do not become stable until cross pieces connect them. Photos from Carstens Collection.

An early publicity photograph shows him out on the line with a two-car extra composed of Car 10 and Car 12, carrying a capacity load of excursionists and flying the traditional white flags at the head end. His 11-year-old boy stands in the open doorway of the head car, while Pilgrim poses beneath on the ground, wearing his customary derby hat. That was shortly before he met his death in Car 12, second car of the train in this picture. He also appears in a rare view with a four-car train.

In March and April of 1911, the average daily earnings of the NJRT came to \$61 and the line was being extended up to Ramsey. By June 11th of that year, with trolleys running into Suffern over track that was still being ballasted and adjusted, the earnings had risen to an average of \$220 per day. Malcolm McAdoo and



Willie Fertig must have congratulated each other on the apparent success of their project as they studied the contour maps of the line from Paterson to Hoboken to which they would soon be turning their attention. They would need money to acquire the right-of-way, and to penetrate Bergen Hill, but now it would be easier to raise funds. They had a going railroad to show prospective investors.

The original through schedule which Pilgrim adopted is said to have been pretty tough on the Motormen, who had to indulge in some wild running along the lower end of the line in order to compensate for the slow going up where the voltage was so low. Half-hourly departures from opposite ends of the road beginning at 6:30 am and ending at 11:30 pm provided the frequent service which had been promised. The promoters brought prospective investors for trips over the line to see for themselves what a fine job was being accomplished, and more money began flowing into the till to start paying off the Contractor and the Hamilton Trust Company of Paterson which had been advancing funds for the construction work. The option on the terminal site in Paterson, which was about to expire, was taken up and the purchase was made. Things looked rosy indeed for the NJRT's future. Then all of a sudden the bubble burst.

The resounding detonation of that head-on collision on the blind curve below Ridgewood on July 21st, only 40 days after the line began running through to Suffern, was the collapsing crash of the whole fine scheme. The prompt settlements for deaths and injuries resulting from that tragic smash precipitated receivership from which the enterprise never recovered. The top-heavy

E. JAY QUINBY

ASSISTANT ENGINEER

NORTH JERSEY RAPID TRANSIT R.R.
HO-HO-KUS, N. J.

Author's early business card provided open sesame to all sorts of establishments, from a Paterson burlesque to the President's office of American Car & Foundry.

burden of debts hanging over the head of the North Jersey Rapid Transit Company's corporate body discouraged investors who might otherwise have been attracted. No one could be induced to put another dollar into the project. To help pay off the obligations, the choice property for the mid-city terminal in Paterson was sold. The options on parcels of property for the right-of-way to Hoboken expired. The important connection with the Hudson Tubes, the projected branch to Spring Valley, and the extension to Greenwood Lake via the Sterling Mountain R.R. remained just dotted lines on the map. The NJRT settled down to its remaining life as a suburban trolley line—with grandiose Interurban characteristics.





The Fateful Friday

On the morning of Friday, July 21, 1911, Motorman William Hutchinson signed the Register in the Ho-Ho-Kus Headquarters of the NJRT, entering 6:03 am in the column indicating the time his run was to start. This was to be his last run, he told his Conductor, for he had tried to quit the day before but Pilgrim had prevailed upon him to work one more day, promising that he would then be relieved by an extra man. Jacob Friedman, the Conductor, also signed in the appropriate space. Together they took Car 20 out on the first Southbound run of the day. Together they were scheduled to work 8 hours and 48 minutes before being relieved at 2:51 pm when they would reach Ho-Ho-Kus Northbound after four and a half round trips over the line. This was indeed to be Hutchinson's last day on the NJRT. It was to be his last day on earth!

Francis J. Pilgrim, the 41 year "Old Man" of the organization, would not live to put that extra man on the job. John Frotaillo, the young trackman whom Pilgrim chose to accompany him on Car 12 later that day, would not live to collect his pay, but of course none of the three suspected what fate had in store for them.

During the middle of the day, a severe lightning storm broke over the line and knocked out some of the block signals. The train crews affected phoned in their reports of the defects and obtained clearances to proceed, disregarding the signals. Promptly, Pilgrim and Frotaillo took Car 12 out on the line as an extra carrying white flags, and set about repairing the defective signals. Having fixed the block signal at the South end of the Ridgewood switch, Pilgrim looked at his watch and, presumably, estimated that he would have just time enough to dash down the line to the new switch that was being built half way between Glen Rock and Ridgewood on the Prospect Street curve. There, he evidently reasoned, he would have time to run by the switch and back into it before the Northbound car reached that point. (The switch at the North end of this new siding had not yet been completed, and the siding was not yet protected by block signals.) Pilgrim probably alerted Frotaillo to be ready to hop off, unlock the switch, and let the car back into the siding. After meeting the Northbound car at the new switch, they could then proceed to Glen Rock to work on the signal at the other end of the block, which had also been reported as knocked out. Away they went Southbound at full speed.

As Pilgrim and Frotaillo were leaving Ridgewood Southbound in Car 12, Hutchinson and Friedman were on their way up from East Paterson Northbound in Car 20, with a load of passengers that included a Sunday

School picnic. At Glen Rock they met and passed the regular Southbound passenger car at 2:41 pm and, according to Friedman, they cut in a clear signal as they emerged from the Glen Rock switch. This point is significant, for it raises the question of whether or not the work Pilgrim accomplished on the signal at Ridgewood eliminated the trouble in the signal at the opposite end of the block at Glen Rock. Hutchinson topped the rise above Glen Rock and started down the grade toward the Prospect Street curve, gathering speed. It was now 2:42 pm, and he had every reason to expect that in 9 minutes he would be relieved at Ho-Ho-Kus where he would turn in his badge, collect his pay and say goodbye to the NJRT. But that was not the way fate had it set up. Instead, just as Hutchinson entered that blind 4 degree curve, he was horrified to see Pilgrim emerging with Car 12, rushing at him full tilt. They met head on. The subsequent inquest conducted by Coroner Tracy and Prosecutor Wright developed the fact that the little master-controller handles of both cars were found in the full speed forward position.

The resounding crash which was heard by witnesses a mile away brought residents from the whole area scurrying out of their homes to view a great brownish dust-cloud slowly rising from the scene, giving the impression that there had been a terrific explosion. From within that cloud the two NJRT cars were locked together, telescoped into the length of one. Those within car 20 screamed out their pain and their fright, but from car 12 came no sound. Those who were able struggled to extricate themselves from the splintered remains of what had been, only a moment before, a handsome Interurban car. Spectators telephoned the Ridgewood Police for help, and the Police alerted Pat Kennedy at the Ho-Ho-Kus Headquarters of the line. Pat phoned the Paterson General Hospital, then called General Manager Evans at the Colt Building in Paterson. Ed Browne's private Cadillac ambulance was rushed to the wreck scene from Paterson, bringing Doctor Tuera.

Dr. William L. Vroom of Ridgewood happened to be driving his automobile within earshot of the wreck scene, and he hastened directly there to render first aid. He was soon joined by Dr. C. A. De Mund and Dr. W. C. Craig also of Ridgewood and Dr. Keating of Wyckoff. As the injured were brought out of the wreckage, they were laid out on seat cushions from the trolleys which served as temporary operating tables. Superintendent Pilgrim was found pinioned up under the roof of his car 12, where car 20 had thrust him as it bounded up over the sills of 12. His assistant, young John Frotaillo, and Motorman Hutchinson were also

The only known photograph of a 4-car train on the North Jersey, made up of cars 12-18-20-16, probably a Sunday School Special. Superintendent Pilgrim appears on ground at rear of train. At Glen Rock No. 2 Switch, 1911.





The terrible head-on collision on the Prospect Street Curve in Ridgewood, July 21, 1911, brought death, injury, and financial ruin, to the new line. Involved were cars 12 and 20, both of which were rebuilt by Jewett and served until the

line was abandoned. Construction engineer George Jackson Jr., surveys the grizzly scene in the top view (white shirt). Among the three killed was Supt. Pilgrim. View at bottom of next page shows two cars after they had been pulled apart.



taken out of the splintered cars and given emergency treatment.

These three, Pilgrim, Frotaillo and Hutchinson, were in such desperate condition that they were put aboard a "flat car" and made as comfortable as possible with upholstered seat cushions and rushed full speed to the Broadway, East Paterson terminal, where they were met by Dr. Hardman and an ambulance from Paterson General Hospital. (The flat car mentioned by the newspaper account was probably Work Car No. 8.) However, before this car reached the end of the line, Frotaillo had expired. Pilgrim and Hutchinson were raced to the hospital, where it was found necessary to amputate both of Pilgrim's legs. He died at 5:00 pm without regaining consciousness. Hutchinson, also unconscious, breathed his last at 7:30 pm.

General Manager Evans hurried to the wreck scene to render what assistance he could. A score of injured passengers were given emergency treatment, then carried to hospitals or to the private clinic of Dr. Vroom in Ridgewood where Dr. Miller, Dr. Pellett and Dr. Friedman joined in doing what they could for the victims, including Conductor Jacob Friedman. In the meantime, Doctors Maggenis, McCoy and Clay were called in to assist at Paterson General Hospital.

George Jackson, Jr., summoned from his work on the upper end of the line, arrived to help as best he could and to later supervise the task of separating the two death-locked cars so that they could be removed to clear the line. A photo survives which shows him in his white shirt-sleeves viewing the appalling scene.

The next day, the NEWARK (N.J.) EVENING NEWS front page headlines screamed:

THREE DEAD IN HEAD-ON CRASH Many Others Hurt When Speed Line Trolleys Collide in Ridgewood TROLLEY SUPT. IS KILLED

There was another casualty that was not mentioned in the news of the day, for the dream of a high speed electric commuter line to carry the residents of that area to and from their jobs in New York also died.

The PATERSON EVENING NEWS rushed out an Extra Edition with headlines featuring the wreck the same day it occurred. The inaccuracies of this story were corrected in the front page account in the following day's regular edition. The early reports placed the blame on Pilgrim, but in the July 25th edition of the PATERSON EVENING NEWS, it was announced that officials of the North Jersey Rapid Transit Company held Pilgrim blameless, attributing the cause of the wreck to defective signals.

Some accounts have stated that the subsequent litigation stemming from damage claims threw the company into receivership and bankruptcy. However, within three weeks of the wreck, this astounding story hit the front page of the PATERSON EVENING NEWS (Aug. 10, 1911):

QUICK SETTLEMENT FOR RAILROAD ACCIDENT

It was announced today by General Secretary Evans of the North Jersey Rapid Transit Company that settlement had been effected with all the parties who were in the accident on the Paterson-Suffern line which occurred above Glen Rock. The unfortunate collision be-





tween a wild car and a regular passenger car resulted in three deaths and nearly a score of persons were injured.

The company immediately after the affair showed its willingness to act liberally and squarely with the victims and as a result, everything has been settled amicably without recourse to law.

In accomplishing this prompt settlement, the company completely exhausted its resources, even selling the mid-Paterson terminal site. Receivership quickly followed.

What was left of Car 20 and Car 12 was shipped back to Newark, Ohio on Erie R.R. flat cars. There the Jewett Car Company completely rebuilt the two and returned them to Ho-Ho-Kus. So beautifully was the job accomplished that no one could see any evidence of the wreck, no one except a few of us who knew the story and were familiar with every small detail of the cars. Back on the job for the remainder of their lives, Car 20 and Car 12 ran minus the little gold leaf number which should have been on the panel inside the body over the sliding doors to the vestibule, on the North end of 20 and on the South end of 12. That was the one small detail that the Jewett artisans overlooked, and the absence remained to haunt NJRT employees for the subsequent 18 years under the safe and sane direction of George Jackson, Jr., who became the line's Superintendent.

The record shows that Henry H. Parmelee, of the Hamilton Trust Company in Paterson, N.J., was appointed Receiver for the road in 1912. His beautiful mansion stood atop a hill of his estate in the lovely residential section of East Paterson on the bank of the Passaic River, where he looked across that stream to the East Paterson terminal of the North Jersey Rapid Transit line.

Two-car North Jersey Special with white flags poses for posterity, probably in the summer of 1911, in a Reid Studio photograph. In an era before most people could afford automobiles, trolley excursions provided economical mass transportation for groups heading to nearby resorts.

Officers of the NJRT in 1912 were:

President: G.D. Bogart, Passaic, N.J.
 Vice President: C.D. Cooke, Paterson, N.J.
 Secretary: Walter Bramford, Paterson, N.J.
 Treasurer: George M. Dunlop, 57 Greene St., N.Y.
 General Supt.: George Jackson, Jr., Ho-Ho-Kus, N.J.

Assets reported for 1912 were:


Road & Equipment,	\$325,791
Cash & Special Deposits,	101
Other Current Assets,	495
Corporate Deficit,	34,660
Total	361,047

Liabilities:

Liabilities,	120,000
Bills Payable,	5,000
Interest Accrued,	35,087
Other Accrued Liabilities,	960
Common Stock,	200,000
Total	361,047

For 1912, the NJRT reported 20,000 shares of common stock authorized at par value of \$100, with 8,000 shares outstanding, no dividend declared, none paid.

Meeting The Line



3

While I was still a student at City College, New York, my friend Austin C. Lescarbours and I were watching the blasting operations in the Palisades across the Hudson River, from where we lived on Riverside Drive. Austin shared my interest in electric railways. He little dreamed that one day he would become Editor of the Magazine SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, which we both devoured avidly from cover to cover. When an unusually violent blast rattled the windows of our apartments, my father exclaimed "Holy Smoke! They must be shooting a dozen dynamite holes at a time over there." He was Chief Engineer of the Consolidated Telegraph & Electrical Subway Company, and had been active in much of the construction work on the Interborough Rapid Transit subway system in New York. The day that line opened, Navy Day 1904, he took me with him to ride the first train from City Hall to 145th Street on Broadway. At the special silver controller handle that day was Honorary Motorman Mayor McClellan, and the dignitaries riding that first train included the line's builder, August P. Belmont; Supt. Theodore P. Shonts; Frank Hedley; Frank J. Sprague and Francis H. Shepard. I was only 10 years old at the time, but I immediately became an electric railway enthusiast.

We asked my Dad what they were trying to do over there in the Palisades, and he explained that the single-track switch-back trolley line that climbed the face of the cliff on a narrow shelf from the Edgewater ferry terminal to the top, had become so busy that it was necessary to double-track the line and to substitute a double-track horse-shoe curve for the switch-back. This required blasting away much of the solid rock to widen the narrow shelf that had been cut into the cliff for the original line. Austin and I were fascinated as we viewed the work through field glasses. As we watched, great chunks of rock were blown skyward before the detonation reached us. Some of them fell back upon the shore, others were catapulted far out into the river. We noticed that the line would be cleared of trolleys prior to each blast, and each was timed to occur after the ferries had safely departed from the Edgewater landing.

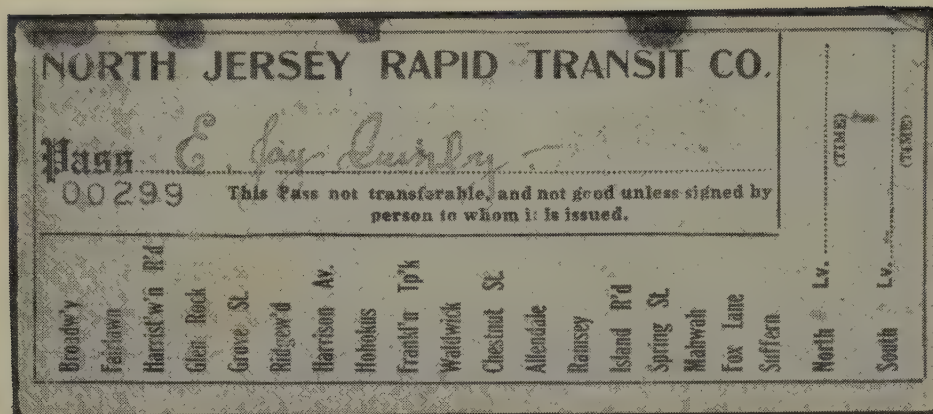
Months of window shattering blasts passed, and when the new horse-shoe curve was finally put into commission, Austin and I observed a strange phenomenon at night. Brilliant flashes of blue-white light would periodically sweep across the Hudson River from south to north, momentarily illuminating our rooms so brilliantly that we could read newsprint by the rays. "Those are the arc headlights of the descending trolleys as they round that horse-shoe curve," explained my Dad.

"This I gotta see close up," I remarked to Austin, who readily agreed that we should visit the scene. Together we embarked in one of the double-end steam ferries to Edgewater for a nickel apiece. As our vessel approached Edgewater, we viewed numbers of big open trolleys crawling up the right-of-way that had been cut into the face of the Palisades, while others passed them on their slow cautious descent. Atop the Palisades loomed the various structures of Palisades Amusement Park. Below, close to the ferry landing, stood the steam-electric power plant that provided energy for the trolleys. A coal hoist was busily transferring fuel from barges to the great stock-pile beside the power house. Upon disembarking, we followed the crowd toward the waiting trolleys, and boarded one marked PARK ONLY. For another nickel each, we were soon on our way up the steep grade along the cliff. As we climbed, the panorama of Manhattan unfolded across the Hudson, and soon we were above the tall stacks of the power plant. Presently we reached the new horse-shoe curve, where the double-track line circled around a beautiful flower bed, from the center of which rose a steel pole to which were anchored span wires that radiated to all points of the compass for supporting the trolley wires. Our car eased slowly around the sharp curve, its flanges screaming in protest, and we found ourselves headed in the opposite direction again climbing up the steep grade toward the top of the Palisades. Under full power, the motor pinions and gears sounded their impressive song as they drove the fully loaded car up the incline. Upon reaching the top, the car stopped, and the Conductor bawled "Palisades Park—All Out—Watcherstep!" Austin and I climbed down from our perch on the front bench and followed the crowd toward the entrance gates.

"Wait a minute," cautioned Austin, "I don't have too much money with me."

"Neither do I," said I. So we counted our resources and discovered that we had just about enough to cover the return trip, plus the entrance fee and perhaps one ride inside the park. We went in and headed for the ticket booth of the "Thriller", over which we had observed little trains of topless cars swooping up and down and around with screaming loads of merrymakers. The lofty, spindly trestle structure these little trains traversed was perched right out on the edge of the cliff, providing the height of the Palisades added to that of the structure itself as a feature of this sensational ride.

Each little train, we discovered, was powered by electric motors which took their power through a diminutive third rail. A character dressed in a bright



One-trip pass issued in 1915 by Supt. Jackson to the author on the day he was hired. It was never punched because the recipient proudly saved it by walking home. Color is green. Photo of Car 16, opposite page, is from postcard. Same view is also seen on cards having names of other towns served by the line. Timecard effective Jan. 1, 1916, opposite page, shows schedules and connections for the NJRT, whose tracks came within twenty miles of midtown New York City.

red uniform trimmed with lots of gold braid, including a bright red cap with gold braid around the crown and a gold laurel wreath across the visor, sat up front where he manipulated a tiny master controller and the brakes. Paying our fare, we awaited one of these little trains and scrambled into the front seat, immediately in back of the "Motorman". Soon the little train was loaded to capacity, the starting gong sounded, and we were off as the Motorman swung his little controller handle to the extreme left for full power. Up the steep incline we climbed to the highest pinnacle of the structure, and suddenly we dipped sharply downward toward the very bottom of the structure.

To my amazement, I observed that the maniac at the controls kept full power on for this breath-taking descent with the result that when we reached the bottom and headed abruptly up the steep incline beyond, my head was forced down onto my chest, from which I was quite unable to raise it. Upon topping that rise, the Motorman suddenly threw his little controller handle around to the extreme opposite position, to the right, thereby applying full regenerative braking power to check our speed as we whipped into an incredibly sharp curve to the left, banked so that we tilted over at a 45 degree angle, and the little train's wheels screamed out in competition to the screams of the passengers. Somehow we got around that curve, and for a brief instant I caught a glimpse of the terrifying view beneath us, where the edge of the Palisades fell away abruptly below the wooden trestle structure. This breath-taking glance was interrupted by the succeeding plunge as we suddenly accelerated under full power into the next abyss. Austin's complexion had turned an ashen green, and I attempted to reassure him by hollering "Gee, this is great, isn't it?"

"Yeah, isn't it?" he replied with faint enthusiasm. By the time we finally rolled into the platform at the starting point, we had been jerked up and down so violently and whipped around so many sharp curves that we were both glad to get off the thing and ignore the suggestion of the uniformed attendant to "Get-cher money ready fer thesecondride." Together we sought a nearby bench where we slumped to regain our composure. There we watched in fascination as one little train after another raced its load of passengers around that dizzy course. There were evidently three

trains out on the course at once, each painted a different color. A primitive block signal system of incandescent red lights and white lights served to keep the three trains properly separated and avoid disaster. I observed that the nonchalant "Motormen" munched hot dogs and swilled soda-pop as they whipped their charges around the curves and plunged them down into the steep dips. Recuperating, I marveled at both their skill and their complacency.

Soon it was dark and all the concessions in the park, including the Thriller, were festooned with strings of electric lights. Presently Austin said he felt better, and we headed for the trolley station. A big maroon colored Interurban car was just pulling in with its arc headlight extinguished, using only its dimmer incandescent headlight. We climbed aboard for the trip back down to the ferry landing. As this car eased down the steep grade, it paused occasionally while the Conductor alighted, walked ahead and pulled a long lever. By the light of the big arc headlight which was now activated, we could see that he was closing the safety track switch that would otherwise have diverted us into a stretch of rail imbedded in sand. This was a precaution, we learned, to make it possible to check the descent of any car that might get out of control and run away down that steep incline. Reaching the horse-shoe curve, the big car swung cautiously around to the left on the outside rail, and we watched as the brilliant blue-white beam of the arc headlight shot out across the Hudson River and swept along Riverside Drive on the opposite shore. For a brief instant we could see the apartment house where I lived, suddenly turned silvery with its windows flashing the reflection. At that moment, I was contracting Interurban fever, although I did not recognize the symptoms.

"They're building a new Interurban line from Paterson to Suffern that will connect with this line," Austin was commenting. That was in 1910. I hadn't finished school as yet, but this experience made me impatient to do so, and to get out into the world where I could take part in such projects.

"I'm glad I chose electrical engineering," I replied, "I'd like to get into this game."

In 1915 when my folks purchased a home in Ridgewood, N.J., at 175 East Ridgewood Avenue, I was tramping the pavements of New York seeking employ-

Paterson, Ridgewood, Suffern Trolley. Ridgewood, N. J.



ment as an electrical engineer. "Come in, roll up your sleeves and begin sweeping out the place," was the welcome I found. "Maybe if you're worth your salt, we will promote you to something better in due course of time," I was told.

This prospect didn't appeal to me. I was too impatient. After all, I had been employed as a Marconi Wireless Operator on tramp steamers during my Summer vacations from school, and although that job paid only \$30 per month (and found,) it did carry more dignity and distinction than I could expect as even an expert sweeper. Also, I had talked the manager of the Thriller at Palisades Park into employing me one Summer as Motorman on that wild ride, where I became so proficient that I, too, could eat hot dogs and swig soda-pop as I ran my train over the course. I had the confidence and optimism of the average young man starting out to make his fortune in this world in an age when jobs were scarce and the conviction that the world owed one a living had not become popularly adopted. I was tempted, much to my parents' dismay, to go back to sea. But there was the melodious whistle of the big Interurban cars as they rolled past our newly acquired home. The right-of-way of the North Jersey Rapid Transit was practically at our back door and every time I strolled into the village, the first important landmark that met my eye was the little station, the grade crossing and its warning sign, and the passing switch with its block signals and the Dispatcher's telephone box. The beautiful Jewett passenger cars were quite resplendent as they flashed by in their highly varnished Pullman green with gold leaf lettering and trim. PATERSON-RIDGEWOOD-SUFFERN appeared along their sides in golden letters. By day two green flags fluttered from the rear end of each car, replaced after sundown by colorful oil markers. After dark each car's powerful arc headlight illuminated the line ahead as it raced away into the night.

North Jersey Rapid Transit Co.

TIME CARD EFFECTIVE JAN. 1, 1916.

North Jersey Trolley

A CAR EVERY HOUR leaving stations at the following time after each hour.

GOING NORTH

Broadway, Lv.....	30
Fairlawn	36
Glen Rock	41
Ridgewood.....	47
Ho-Ho-Kus.....	51
Waldwick	56
Allendale	00
Ramsey	06
Mahwah	15
Suffern, Arr.....	23

GOING SOUTH

Suffern, Lv.....	30
Mahwah	36
Ramsey	45
Allendale.....	52
Waldwick	56
Ho-Ho-Kus.....	03
Ridgewood.....	08
Glen Rock.....	14
Fairlawn	19
Broadway, Arr.....	22

Cars will connect with Hudson River Line at Broadway for Paterson, Hackensack and New York.

TO CONNECT WITH NORTH JERSEY TROLLEY

Leave Paterson, Main & Broadway, on the Hudson River Line at the following times.

6:10, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:10, 12:10, 1:10, 2:10, 3:05, 4:05, 5:05, 6:10, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:10.

Leave Hackensack on the hour.

Leave New York:—W. 130th St.

4:55, 6:15, 7:15, 8:15, 9:20, 10:20, 11:20, 12:20, 1:20, 2:20, 3:20, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, 7:20, 8:20, 9:20, 10:15.

Broadway to New York—1 hour, 10 minutes.

Last cars leaves Broadway and Suffern at 11:30 and run to Hohokus.

First car leaves Hohokus, going North at 5:51 A. M., Going South at 6:03 A. M.—One hour later on Sunday A. M.

SCHEDULE OF FARES

FROM	TO		
	Any Part of Paterson	Hackensack	New York, W. 130th St.
Suffern.....	30	35	45
Mahwah	30	35	45
Ramsey	25	30	40
Allendale	20	25	35
Waldwick	20	25	35
Ho-Ho-Kus	15	20	30
Ridgewood	15	20	30
Glen Rock	10	15	25
Fairlawn	10	15	25

One day a big green work car flying white flags at its head end was standing in the Ridgewood switch as I approached. Two men in brown overalls were working on the overhead, atop the extended line tower that rose from its rear deck. Each wore a black derby hat. Upon finishing the job, one climbed down to retract the tower while the other made his way to the little cast-iron telephone box, unlocked it, gave the handle a twirl and began talking to the Dispatcher at the other end of the circuit. Another man, who had been up one of the poles, descended slowly by digging his climber spurs into the wooden pole step by step and lowering his safety belt at each pause. The man at the phone began writing down a Train Order on an appropriate blank, after which his colleague stepped to the phone and read back to the Dispatcher what the first had written. Then he called out to the individual who had just descended from the pole and announced "Hey Jim, we run Extra to Ho-Ho-Kus. Unlock that switch, will ya?"

And Jim proceeded toward the switch-stand in a lumbering bow-legged gait, feet spread apart to avoid interference from the cumbersome climber irons strapped to his legs. From the assortment of Lineman's gear that dangled from his sturdy belt, he unhooked a bunch of keys, and with one he unlocked the switch-lever, turning the handle so that the target displayed a red diamond to the approaching Work Car. After it passed he returned the switch to its original position, locked it and lumbered over to the pausing car and climbed aboard. Thereupon the car took off up the line, swinging across a concrete bridge over Ho-Ho-Kus Creek and disappearing into the foliage beyond. Its melodious whistle sounded a warning for a grade crossing ahead. That did it—I determined right then that I must become part of that organization!

Picking my steps sideways across the sharp bars of the cattle-guard beyond the Ridgewood grade crossing, I started up the railroad right-of-way toward Ho-Ho-Kus where the company's headquarters offices were located. It was almost a two mile hike, but the day was balmy, the birds were singing, and youngsters were swimming in Ho-Ho-Kus Creek without benefit of trunks. I had resolved to apply for a job with the NJRT—any job—but what would be my approach? I decided to play it by ear. My reverie was disturbed by the whistle of an approaching car and I stepped off the track to await its passing. As it whirled by the Motorman waved a cheery salute through his open window. I waved back to him and to the Conductor who similarly greeted me through an open window at the rear platform. I watched as the fluttering green flags disappeared in a cloud of fine sand whipped up by the car's following draft, wiped some of the sand out of my eyes, and resumed my trek toward Ho-Ho-Kus. Topping the grade North of Harrison Avenue crossing, I came into view of the line's headquarters layout. Along the right-of-way were spread in sequence the maintenance shop, the sub-station, the operations office, the Superintendent's office and the crew room. Back of these stretched the three-track car barn, through the open roll-up doors of which I could see some of the

passenger cars and the work car I had observed at Ridgewood. Beyond the car barn was still another track, outside and parallel to the others. It occupied the remaining space between the car barn and Ho-Ho-Kus Creek, and on it stood an assortment of weather-beaten flat cars and dump cars that had been used during the construction of the line, and seemed to be awaiting that moment when they would again be called into further action.

As I passed the big open doors of the sub-station, I could hear the pleasant song of the rotary converters within and could see them through the protective grille across the doorway. Beyond them, an array of meters and switch-gear of the switchboard formed an appropriate back-drop. Next I came to the office windows with striped awnings outspread to provide shade from the sun. Beneath them, neat window-boxes of colorful flowers reflected someone's affectionate attention. I turned in through the open doorway that led into a corridor. At the left, beneath a large pendulum clock, there was an open register book, bearing entries of the day's crews who had signed out and would later sign in upon completion of their runs. A pleasant female voice came through a small opening in the wall above the register, "May I help you?"

"Yes, I hope so. I'm looking for a job with this railroad," was my reply.

"I guess you want to talk to Mr. Jackson, he's our Superintendent. Do you want to give me your name?"

After giving this cheerful young lady my name, I volunteered that I lived right down the line at Ridgewood.

"Just a minute," she said, "I'll speak to Mr. Jackson."

With that, she emerged from the office, crossed the hall and knocked on the door inscribed SUPERINTENDENT, then disappeared within. This, I was to learn, was Daisy, who functioned as Bookkeeper, Accountant, Secretary to Mr. Jackson and Counselor to anyone in the organization who had a problem. Presently she reappeared and announced that Mr. Jackson would see me, and motioned me toward his office.

There sat Mr. George Jackson, Jr., at a big roll-top oaken desk, above which hung a large map in colors showing the route of the North Jersey Rapid Transit Railroad with its proposed extensions to the Hudson Tube connection at Hoboken, the one via the Sterling Mountain Railroad to Greenwood Lake and the branch to Spring Valley. Jackson was puffing on a fragrant pipe. He extended his hand, and then motioned me to sit down in the chair beside his desk.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"I'm just out of school, and I want to help you build those projected extensions," was my unmodest request. After a couple more puffs on his pipe, he looked rather whimsical, and commented:

"The only thing we need around here right now is money. If we had that, we'd be building those extensions right now. As it is, our construction work is practically halted. What experience have you had?"

In the attempt to meet that challenge, I cited my one

Summer as Motorman on that Palisades Park Thriller. Jackson looked at me askance. "You suggest THAT as a recommendation for a job on *this* railroad?" was his incredulous question.

"Of course not," I quickly took the cue, "but I mentioned that just to indicate that I have not been idle. I also worked during my Summer vacations as a Marconi Wireless Operator on tramp steamers."

"That's interesting—what were your duties?"

"Communications mostly, sending and receiving wireless telegraph messages, maintaining the equipment."

"What equipment?" he asked.

"A 20,000 volt transmitter, the receiver, the motor-generator, storage batteries, the antenna. I had to get up the masts and repair the antenna after storms damaged it, or after the stevedores fouled it with their cargo booms. I had to replace the wires and the insulators."

After a few questions about my personal habits with particular reference to alcoholic beverages and about my education, Jackson said: "About the only job I could offer you right now would be helping the Linemen. We're stringing up some more copper feeders along the north end of the line where the voltage drop slows us up climbing those grades. When that job is finished I'll probably have to lay you off, unless you want to work on the cars."

Both prospects appealed to me and I jumped at the opportunity. After filling out the required forms that Daisy offered me, she gave me a badge and a few keys. "This one is for the telephones," she explained, "and this one is for your locker, and the big one is your switch key."

Then Daisy took me back in the crew room to show me around and to meet some of the boys who were getting ready to go out on their runs. There were banks of lockers and tiers of bunks in that space. I learned that the bunks provided haven for some of the employees who came in on the last cars at night and who lived beyond convenient walking distance from Ho-Ho-Kus. They turned in and awaited the first cars out in the morning. Others, who couldn't conveniently reach Ho-Ho-Kus early in the morning for the first runs out, arrived on the last cars in at night, and slept there so as to be on hand for their early runs. Each man supplied his own bedding.

"This is Pat Kennedy," Daisy was announcing as a portly six-footer appeared, covered from head to foot with grease. Pat wiped a greasy hand on his greasy overalls before extending it to me. I shook it and acquired some of his dark veneer just as did the papers he was clutching in the other hand. "Pleasedtameecha," he was saying.

I was soon to learn that, next to Jackson, Pat was just about the most important person around the establishment. He not only served as Dispatcher on the day trick but also ran the sub-station, supervised the repair shop and the pit work, most of which he accomplished himself, with the aid of a young apprentice. When Pat handed up a Train Order to a crew on one of the passenger cars as it paused at Ho-Ho-Kus, it was



Motorman Shorty Shantz and Conductor Stretch Quinby pose in 1915 with Car 10 at East Paterson Terminal, beneath sign which allowed space for future additions never to materialize.

recognized as genuine by its unmistakable thumb-and-finger prints in black gear grease as much as by Pat's written signature. The Trainmen who took particular pride in keeping their dark blue broadcloth uniforms or freshly laundered overalls neat and clean, learned to give Pat a wide berth. Any exchange of papers such as Train Orders, Car Reports, Signal Reports or Track Reports was handled at arm's length so as to avoid getting a sticky smear of Pat's customary exterior coating. They also learned to avoid sitting in any chair that Pat had recently vacated and to be wary of handling a telephone that he had used. Nevertheless, all hands developed a warm affection and deep admiration for Pat Kennedy, who was recognized as the guy who really ran the show when the Boss was absent and much of the time when he was present.

After acquiring a suit of heavy brown canvas overalls, a pair of heavy rubber gloves, an elaborate tool-belt fully equipped and a black derby hat, I reported on the following Monday morning at the Ho-Ho-Kus Headquarters to join the Line Crew who were scheduled to follow the first passenger car up the line to Number 8 switch aboard the Work Car. In those days, before the advent of the Bakelite helmet, Linemen relied upon the hard felt hats for personal safety. They offered some protection against blows to the head, and provided important warning when the wearer inadvertently got too close to a "high line," in which case he experienced an unpleasant but harmless buzzing. The pressed felt in those derby hats was a sort of semi-conductor which, except when wet, was a pretty good safeguard when working around high voltage lines. I quickly learned to manage this formal-looking headpiece, but the climbers were a more serious problem.

Fred Smith, who was Jackson's brother-in-law, was Motorman on the Work Car that first day on my new job. He was in charge of the expedition. Other Linemen

aboard were Bill Conklin, Bert Linkrum and Jim Chandler. Bill Conklin, bless him, was to be my mentor in a realm which was as yet quite strange to me. Fred Smith passed me a pair of climbers and a climbing belt with nonchalance which indicated that he assumed I knew all about how to use them. When we arrived at Number 8 switch, I observed the dangling ends of the new feeders that were being installed on the poles along the line. Pointing heavenward at the base of the next pole, Fred simply announced "You can go up there and help Bill Conklin." At that moment, I hadn't even tried to attach the climbers or the climbing belt to my person. Observing my bewilderment, Bill Conklin took pity on me and came over to help me get "harnessed." Then he invited me to watch how he used these appliances. He started up the pole, first wrapping the safety belt around so that it encompassed both the pole and himself. Then he dug one of the spurs into the pole with a deliberate kick, so that it



Bill Conklin and Fred Smith working on the overhead, atop the platform of the work car's tower, near Ho-Ho-Kus, 1915.

provided a firm purchase, whereupon he raised the belt around the pole as far as it would go and raised himself up on the well implanted spur. Then he repeated the operation with the other foot, sticking the spur into a higher position this time, and again raising the safety belt. After that, he went rapidly up the entire distance, until he reached a perch on the cross-arm. "Now you see how it is done. Come on up, Stretch. Take it slow and easy."

I undertook to comply, with some misgivings. Not that I feared high places, for I had often been up ship masts on my antenna repair work, but there I was hauled up comfortably, safely and without effort in a Bosun's Chair. Also, I had climbed tall antenna towers at shore wireless stations, but they were provided with convenient built-in step-bolts. This business of walking aloft like a housefly didn't exactly appeal to me, but I

knew I had to do it, and up I started, with encouraging words from Bill Conklin. Finally I made it up to where Bill was perched and I joined him, but on the opposite side of the cross-arm. "You're doin' O.K." he assured me.

Bill was a fine instructor in many fields, as I was later to learn. I had expected him to ridicule me for my awkwardness and timidity, but he charitably refrained. It was he who later broke me in as Motorman on the line, and when I acquired a Mercer Roadster, it was Bill who taught me how to drive the automobile. His pleasant, polite indulgence gave me confidence and reassurance, and believe me, I needed both on my new Lineman's job. It was Bill who showed me how to take advantage of a device known as a "Come Along," with which a Lineman could pull a heavy feeder taut without straining his guts, and hold it steady while it was being secured to an insulator. Assisting Bill that first day, I learned what I thought to be all the important elements of a Lineman's technique, but each subsequent day brought new and wonderful knowledge and experience. On more than one occasion, it was Bill who rescued me from impending doom up there on those poles. Somehow I survived each near-catastrophe, and each time Bill would patiently explain how to avoid the danger of getting into such predicaments in the first place. "Before you make a move," he would caution, "try to figure out what would happen if you slip or if the appliance slips. Leave plenty of margin for safety if the unexpected happens." Between Bill's advice and the strong safety belt, from which I found myself dangling more than once, I blundered through those first few days aloft, gradually acquiring that sixth sense with which Linemen seem to be blessed. While we had no "high line" to dodge up that way, we did have to handle 600 volts d.c., which packs quite a wallop even in brief contact and can be fatal in prolonged contact, depending upon the path taken through the human body. I learned to pay it wholesome respect after I saw Bill calmly reach over and yank Bert Linkrum free from a bare spot on a 600 volt feeder where he had also accidentally gotten across the grounded leg of a telephone circuit. Bert was out like a light and slowly expiring when Bill spotted him, raced up the pole like a monkey on a stick, and snatched Bert clear, at the same time contriving to catch the full weight of his body. Slowly Bill brought him down the pole, jabbing his spikes extra deep into the pole to support the extra weight at each step. After Bert was revived and asked "What happened?" Bill simply said "You slipped across the feeder and the telephone circuit." He avoided suggesting that maybe Bert had FORGOTTEN the telephone circuit, which probably had been the case.

Eventually we got the additional copper hung up along the upper end of the line. It wasn't enough to completely cure the low voltage trouble, but it sure helped a lot. Lights in the cars which had burned a mere cherry red at night now glowed a more cheerful yellow. Only when a two-car train went up there was the low voltage still troublesome. Until the end of the road's operation, there were times when the Motorman



Car 10 at the end of the line at Suffern, New York, northernmost terminus of the carrier. Cars were common by 1920.

of a two-car train up near Suffern had to wait for enough power to move, until other cars on the north section of the line had shut off their controllers and were either stopped or coasting. Without such cooperation, there would be delays due to circuit-breakers kicking out.

After the feeder job was completed, I didn't get laid off, because by that time Jackson had embarked on the Crossing Alarm project, to which I was assigned. Part of the time we spent in the Ho-Ho-Kus shops putting these devices together. With the increasingly popular adoption of automobiles, and the concurrent increase in reckless driving and crossing accidents, it became imperative to install special warning devices that heralded the approach of a train at each busy highway crossing; for automobiles were actually slamming into the sides of our trolleys cautiously picking their way across the highways. Jackson had made a tour of inspection over several of the leading mid-Western Interurban lines, and he brought back with him several design ideas, to which he added a few innovations of his own. He came up with a design for crossing warnings that comprised a long, narrow metal box suspended above the railroad across the highway. Large lettering proclaimed the existence of a railroad crossing at that point, and a long row of red lenses each brightly illuminated with flashing lights as a train approached, along with amber indicator lights that showed the approaching Motorman if the device was operating, and gave clear indication to the Conductor after the train cleared the crossing, if the device had been properly stopped or not. A loud reiterating warning bell accompanied the visual warning that shone both ways up and down the highway. Short sections of third rail located along the railroad approaches to the highway from both direc-

tions served, through relays located on the adjacent poles and actuated by sliding shoes located on the cars, to set the warning device going as the train approached the crossing, and to shut it off as the train receded from the crossing. So reliably did the shoe and third rail combination function even during sleet conditions, that we also embarked upon a program of substituting these operating devices for the overhead trolley trips that had originally been installed to operate the block signals. At high speed, these "trips" had a way of dewiring the trolley wheel, with resultant damage to the overhead when the trolley retrievers failed to function quickly enough. They were also unreliable in sleet conditions, often freezing up solid and refusing to flip as required. In due course of time, we substituted the third rail and shoe combination for all the block signal trips.

The third rail shoes on the cars were connected to the 600 volt trolley circuit through a bank of six carbon incandescent lamps in series, mounted beneath the car body. Thus the line voltage was reduced to about 100 volts for operation of the relays that energized the block signals and crossing alarms. As the shoe made contact with a section of third rail, these lamps lit up temporarily until the shoe slid off the end of the third rail section, about six feet long. The system was reversible, functioning as desired by cars operating in either direction.

When automobile drivers persisted in crashing into the sides of our trolleys as they eased over the crossings, despite these elaborate warnings, Jackson threatened to inaugurate a procedure in which our trolleys would be brought to a full stop short of the busy crossings to let the Conductor go out and flag the traffic to a stop before the trolley ventured across. He actually tried this at a



couple of the busiest locations, but decided to give up the idea when one motorist actually ran over one of our Conductors who was frantically trying to flag him down.

"Let's equip our crossing alarms with 4th of July rockets," suggested Fred Smith in sarcastic jest.

As the line work eventually tapered off, only the old experienced hands were kept on the job, some of them even filling in on other tasks. I was given the choice of breaking in as Conductor or getting furloughed. Of course I chose the former, and invested in a dark blue broadcloth uniform trimmed with gold-plated NJRT buttons and the gold embroidered letters NJRT on each coat lapel. I also acquired a black silk "pot" cap, to the front of which I was to affix my Conductor's badge, after I had broken in and become duly qualified. This involved diligent study of the rule book and a term of instruction out on the road under the capable guidance of Conductor Tom Bell, an Irishman who possessed a priceless sense of humor and keen wit. He never became annoyed or impatient with my mistakes. He simply kidded the pants off me to the extent that I felt stupid about making the same mistake twice, so I was careful to avoid doing so. The result was that I learned pretty swiftly, and his extra pay for breaking me in lasted a mere ten days, at the end of which period he turned me in as "qualified." Then I began to "buck the extra list." This is the process of showing up, sitting around and playing checkers with some comrade while waiting for a break, and hoping that some employee with enough seniority to hold a regular run would break a leg or ask for some time off. The result was a lean period. There were some weeks when I got only a day or two on the road. But in due course of time, one of the regulars got fired and I was offered his run. It was a "split" run, with an idle swing of two hours in the middle, but it was steady work. From this I progressed to a steady night run, on which I worked straight through from 3:00 in the afternoon until midnight.

Then came the end of the Summer season, when the road changed its schedule from the half hour headway to the hour headway. This meant half the number of runs, requiring half the number of men on the cars.

Naturally the old-timers were retained, and the newcomers got furloughed for the Winter season, with the expectation of returning "with the robins."

Joe Bender was a career Motorman with the NJRT. He was still working for the line to the end of 1928 when it folded up. Then he went firing for the Erie R.R. He was one of the faithful who always managed to remain on the job through the slack Winter season. He and his wife lived in a home they built on property just to the south of the car barn area beside Ho-Ho-Kus Creek, from which he could conveniently walk to work, and where he could be called out in emergency. Five children were born to them before his wife was killed in an automobile collision in Ho-Ho-Kus when a woman driving on a learner's permit mistakenly stepped on the gas instead of the brake and struck Mrs. Bender's car so hard that it capsized and threw her out. Joe had to raise the tots himself, and for the subsequent 11 years he managed to prepare their meals, do the housework and bring them up while they went through school. Those youngsters grew up, got married, and provided Joe with 16 grandchildren. "Then I met a girl 27 years younger than me," reports Joe, "and we got married and we have two children, a boy and a girl. My present wife is a swell girl." According to latest reports, Joe's newest son is now 23 years old and his newest daughter is 21, and Joe is working for a van line in Ridgewood. What a guy! But that is getting ahead of the story.

My parents were delighted when they learned that I had landed a job in New York with the American Car & Foundry Company, who put me on the drawing board designing railroad cars. But I had a standing arrangement with George Jackson who agreed to consider me still on the extra list, subject to call for emergency duty. That Winter we had some terrific blizzards during which every available man was pressed into service on the NJRT fighting snow. When a storm descended on the line, it was customary to call everybody back to work, regardless of how many hours he might have already put in. Sometimes a man would be roused from his downy cot only an hour after he retired, but such was the esprit de corps that he always responded.

Car 22 pokes her nose from between two buildings at Main St., Ramsey. Sign at right warns "Look out for locomotive".
Carney Photo.

With coating of wet sticky snow, Car 20 leaves Suffern for the icy run to Paterson, carrying commuters who had been stranded by stalled steam trains of the Erie, in addition to the regular NJRT passengers.



Seven for Suffern

Because the NJRT was a relatively small outfit with few employees, all of them were expected to keep themselves always available for emergencies, and they all made it a point to do so. Men on the payroll who planned to be absent from their own firesides for any length of time always left a phone number at the Ho-Ho-Kus Headquarters office so that they could be reached in case of emergency. It was not unusual for the Manager of the movie theatre in Ridgewood to step before the audience in the middle of a performance and bark out "Mr. Smith of the North Jersey Rapid Transit, please phone your company's office right away." On such occasions, Mr. Smith would probably learn that a severe sleet storm had started, or that a washout had occurred somewhere up the line, requiring immediate attention. This arrangement was never considered by the employees any imposition or invasion of their personal lives. Quite to the contrary, they all possessed a spirit of cooperation and camaraderie. It prevailed throughout the entire organization to the extent that if operations were interrupted by an act of God, or even threatened, all hands would cheerfully rally to the cause and would not consider quitting until the emergency had passed. Keeping the railroad running was a game, and enthusiastic teamwork was the keynote. The contrast between that kind of interest in one's calling, and the attitude of so many employees today, is appalling, for the chief concern today appears to be how much leisure and indolence can be tolerated. If Management pleads with employees striking for another round of pay raises with shorter hours on the grounds that the business just can not support it, and even offers to display the books in which the financial records prove the point, the spokesman for the employees may be heard to retort in belligerent voice "That's your problem, we're not in-

terested." However, such was the difference in relationship between management and employee on the NJRT that for the entire life of the organization, none of the personnel became unionized. And I was present the day Jackson called all the available boys together and proudly announced that for the first time in the line's history, everybody on the payroll would receive at least \$100 for his month's work! And such was the difference in the purchasing power of the dollar at that time that all hands cheered the unprecedented accomplishment!

One Winter evening when I had just returned to my home in Ridgewood from my job in New York through a snowstorm via the Erie R.R., the telephone rang before I had finished my dinner. It was Fred Smith of the NJRT at Ho-Ho-Kus. "The Boss wants to know if you'd like to work tonight," he was saying, and he explained that the snow storm was developing into a full-fledged blizzard.

"Count me in," I quickly answered.

"Can you catch the 6:47 Northbound trolley at Ridgewood?"

"O.K., I'll make it," I assured him, and he cautioned me to dress warmly, adding "You may be out all night."

"Quick," I urged my mother, "put my coffee in that quart size thermos bottle. I'm going out on the railroad to help fight the snow." I could see that she didn't exactly approve of my going back with the trolley company even on a temporary basis, but being kind and indulgent, she did as I requested. Soon I was heading for the trolley station, dressed for the occasion, with the thermos bottle under my arm. How spectacular that Interurban car looked as its dazzling blue-white arc headlight pierced the falling snow. It lit up the whole countryside ahead as all the snow-blanketed scene was illuminated by its powerful silvery rays. As the car bore





Having cleared the line down to Paterson, Number 8 with south-end wedge plow raised, heads north to clear the upper end of the line to Suffern.

down on the station, its deep sonorous whistle announced its approach, assuming a peculiar quality due to nature's changed acoustics. The reiterating air gong sounded like Kris Kringle's sleighbells. The fine snow was falling so fast that the rails were completely buried beneath a white blanket. The rear-end oil markers added another colorful touch to the scene, as did the automatic block-signal up on a pole beside the track. As the car eased to a stop at the snow-covered platform, its rear platform door opened and I could see Conductor Tom Bell, bundled up in a plaid Mackinaw over his customary uniform.

"Hi, Jay," he was saying, "Where are you headed for on a night like this? Haven't you got sense enough to stay home?"

"I've been called out for a little snow-fighting up the line," I explained as I mounted the platform and backed up to the warmth of the coal stove.

"Things ARE getting tough when we've got to call out the likes of you. Couldn't the Boss find anyone else?"

"I guess he was afraid you couldn't take it," I retorted.

"Oh, yeah? Well listen Mister, I've already been on the job ten hours and I'm ready for ten more."

"Who's your Motorman?" I asked.

"Bert Linkrum," he replied, "and he's been out with me for ten hours, also."

"How are things up the line?" I asked Tom.

"It's getting tougher each trip. We could hardly climb up out of Suffern on this last trip. We had to run for the hill up to Mahwah twice before we made it. The snow is getting pretty deep up that way. I guess the Old Man is going to send the Work Car up there with the snow-plows attached."

"Yes, I was called to go out with that gang," I explained.

Presently Bert was blowing for Ho-Ho-Kus. As we rolled to a stop, I saw the Work Car standing out on the main line ahead of us with her big wedge snow-plows

attached, ready to lead the way up the line. Jackson was on the ground where some of the boys had cleared off the platform in front of the office, and were now tossing their shovels and brooms up onto the car's deck. They were also loading bags of sand and sacks of coal. The rear plow was in the raised position, and the rear marker lights burned brightly. At the head end, the arc headlight stabbed the snowstorm, and two white classification lights denoted that Number 8 was to operate as an Extra.

"Hello, Quinby. That's a fancy seagoing rig you're sporting tonight," called Jackson, referring to my Sou'Wester, oilskins and hip boots that had served me well in bad weather at sea. "I hope you have some warm clothes underneath."

"You bet I have," I replied, "good old fashioned long-handled underwear."

"You'll probably need it before the night is over. Get into the office and sign out. The others are all ready to leave."

Complying, I signed the register as Conductor of Extra No. 8, Northbound at 6:51 pm, under Fred Smith's signature as Motorman. When I climbed up into the cab of the Work Car, Fred greeted me and handed me a copy of our orders to sign. Then we were off into the storm, leading the passenger car up the Waldwick hill.

In the cab with us were the Trackmen who were to serve as shovel pushers. Electric heater grids augmented the heat from the bank of starting resistances, so that the cab was comfortable. With all the windows closed, I had misgivings about Fred's rancid pipe, but was relieved when he put it away in favor of some chewing tobacco. "Gotta keep the window clear," he explained. This was in the day before automatic windshield wipers and glycerine compounds. An experienced Motorman always chewed tobacco on such nights, and squirted generous applications of the juice on the exterior surface of the glass, which served remarkably well to avoid icing or frosting.

As we approached the Franklin Turnpike crossing at the top of the grade, the flashing amber lens told us that the crossing alarm was functioning properly. We rolled across cautiously, and I checked back through the rear windows to ascertain that the alarm quit after we passed the succeeding section of third rail. "O.K., she's quit," I informed Fred. Now we were approaching the Waldwick passing switch. Fred was manipulating the air valve to raise and lower the big steel wedge plow so as to clear the cattle-guards, crossing planks and special work in addition to working the controller handle, the brake valve and the whistle. "Let me take care of the plow valve," I suggested. He seemed pleased to relinquish that duty, but cautioned me to keep alert and avoid fouling the obstructions.

No passenger car awaited us at Waldwick. We stopped short of the passing switch to await the arrival of Bert and Tom with their passenger car which was following us. When they arrived, I got down and walked ahead to the pole where the Dispatcher's telephone was mounted, unlocked the box and gave the

handle a twirl. Jackson came on the line at Ho-Ho-Kus.

"Conductor Quinby at Waldwick with Number 8," I reported, "Bert and Tom are just pulling up behind us, but there is no sign of Charley Winters and Fatso Van Horne from Suffern. We can't see any glow from their headlight."

"No, you won't see it there at Waldwick. We just heard from them. They're stuck up there above Mahwah. They can't make that grade from Fox Lane. They tried a couple of times and burned up a motor. Charley cut out two motors, and he's waiting for you up there. You'll have to ease down in there, put a cable on him and haul him up to the top of the grade. He ought to be able to make it from there down to Ho-Ho-Kus on two motors after you've cleared the snow. Take an order." It was Jackson speaking. I got out my pencil and my Train Order pad, and copied:

WORK EXTRA NUMBER 8 NORTHBOUND AT WALDWICK RUN TO MAHWAH AND APPROACH SOUTHBOUND CAR 20 STALLED BETWEEN THERE AND FOX LANE ASSIST SAME SOUTH TO NUMBER 8 SWITCH.

After I got Fred to sign this order, Jackson told me to put the crew of the passenger car on the phone, and he gave them an appropriate order which held them at Number 8 switch until we returned there with the crippled Southbound car. With both orders completed, both cars continued North into the snowstorm, which was getting worse by the minute. As we worked our way Northward, the drifts became deeper and the wedge plow threw up increasingly taller banks beside the track as we charged into the billows ahead. Occasionally the big work car labored perceptibly and every time she began to lose traction and spin her wheels, Fred spilled sand by manipulating his compressed air sand valve. I kept busy raising and lowering the plow as we reached places where it might otherwise have dug into obstructions. It wasn't easy for us to identify the spots, now so obscured by the snowfall.

Up through Allendale we struggled, followed by the passenger car which had easier going as the result of our efforts, but occasionally he lagged behind out of sight, pausing to load or unload passengers. Up through the Ramsey woods we rounded a curve and as the arc headlight swept back onto the tangent ahead, a big buck deer was revealed in its beam. He stood motionless, blinking into the blinding glare. Fred sounded several warning toots on our whistle, and as we bore down on this magnificent creature, we could see his crowning glory of antlers clearly outlined. At the last moment, before the plow actually would have struck him, the buck leaped off the track and headed for the timber, followed by a couple of does which suddenly appeared close at hand. With a series of long, graceful bounds, they disappeared off to the West. "Glad we didn't hit those handsome beasts," said Fred, "We have plenty to do beside making out formal reports to the Game Warden on a night like this."

Now we were approaching Ramsey, and we could see

several passengers waiting in the little station shed. As we rolled up to the platform, we opened a window to answer their questions about the overdue Southbound car. "He's stuck up above Mahwah," we explained, "but we're on the way up there to get him. He'll be down the line before long." They were plainly relieved to learn that the line was still running.



Cab end of No. 8, also showing wedge plow in raised position to clear cattle guards and crossing planks. The only work car on the NJRT, No. 8 was used as a plow, line car, locomotive, and for various other chores.

We struggled up to the top of the grade above Ramsey in series, spilling sand to maintain traction. Then we started down toward the Spring Street crossing. As the arc light picked up the little station shed, we could see two figures waiting there. "That would be the young Ackerman girl who plays the piano in the movie show at Suffern," said Fred. The other figure turned out to be her father, who had escorted her to the trolley line from their house up on the hill. Fred slowed down and stopped beside them. Opening a window, he greeted them.

"Good evening Mr. Ackerman. Howdy Miss Nellie, you're a brave young lady to come out on a night like this. We're all a bit off schedule tonight. The Northbound car following us will get into Suffern late, but if you want to ride with us, we can get you up there a little sooner. We've got a little job to do up at Mahwah where the Southbound car is stuck."

"I'd love to ride with you," enthused the young musician, "I've seen this car passing our place many times, and I always wondered what it would be like to ride on it." I climbed down to boost her up to the deck of the Work Car via the strap-step just back of the cab. Her father thanked us, and assured his daughter that he would meet her at the little station upon her return after the show.

Meanwhile the passenger car operated by Bert and Tom pulled up behind us, and we shoved off to continue



In the big blizzard, the NJRT managed to keep its line open and cars moving, rescuing stranded passengers off the Erie, when the steam road couldn't get its locomotives moving. Scene at Suffern, in the Ramapo Mountains.

our plowing job up to Number 8 switch, where we waited for them to overtake us. There they paused in accordance with the orders, while we went on. Fred acknowledged the red block signal against us by a "chirp-chirp" on the whistle, and went on past it, gathering speed for the crooked climb up into Mahwah. He worked the sand as Number 8 lost her feet, and I worked the valve to raise the plow as we rolled past the cattle-guards and crossing planks of Airmount Road crossing. The low voltage up in that area was beginning to have telling effects on our progress, and the big work car did better with the motors in series than she did in parallel as we swung up the steep grade around the reverse curve. Although we nearly stalled, we made it to the top, rolled past the Mahwah station, and eased cautiously down the dip toward the stretch where we expected to find Charley and Fatso with their crippled car. By now the snow was so deep that we had to use power to drive the plow down hill. As we progressed, we peered anxiously ahead to catch sight of Car 20. Soon we detected the blue-white rays of her arc headlight which Charley had cautiously turned on to warn us of his location, and we eased up to the spot. Promptly our shovellers jumped down and began clearing the snow pushed up in the small distance that separated the two cars. Then we raised the front plow and began rigging the cable between the drawbars of No. 20 and No. 8.

Charley climbed down from his vestibule to help, but Fatso discreetly remained in the passenger car, realizing that his 300 lb. bulk would be more hindrance than help in this situation.

"Where did you fellows phone from?" inquired Fred.

"I walked up the hill to the drug store in Mahwah," explained Charley, adding "it wasn't much fun."

"We'll drag you down to Number 8 switch," an-

nounced Fred, "and you'd better wait there for us until we plow the line up into Suffern. When we get back, we will lead you down to Ho-Ho-Kus so you won't have to buck any drifts."

Now we lowered the wedge plow on the other end of the Work Car, carefully took up the slack in the cable, and began towing the crippled car up the grade into Mahwah, spilling sand on the slippery rails most of the way. Once we made it to the top of the grade, it was easier going. At the station we paused to let Fatso pick up a couple of patiently waiting passengers, then proceeded down the hill past the Turnpike and Airmount Road crossing and into Number 8 switch where Tom and Bert were waiting with Number 18. As we pulled into the switch, Fred called out to Bert, arranging to have him "saw" by and back into the switch behind us so that we could unhook from Car 20 and run around 18 and plow the line up to Suffern ahead of him. While we were arranging this, Bert and Tom rolled up beyond the switch, changed ends and pulled 18 into the siding behind 20, and dropped a pair of wheels on the ground. They must have run onto some tightly packed ice or sleet in the switch frog. Whatever the cause, there they were, out of commission. Tom Bell had six passengers aboard for Suffern who, with the Ackerman gal made seven, so we packed them all into the small 9 foot square cab of the Work Car and we took off for Suffern, electing to land them up there and then come back to Number 8 switch to get 18 back on the track. Things were getting complicated.

Nellie Ackerman, unaccustomed to the rough riding qualities of the Work Car, clutched my arm to help steady herself as the heavy, lumbering vehicle jolted and bounced its way up the line. Without any load aboard to compress the springs, it did not provide a very comfortable ride. There was no place for the seven passengers to sit down, so they all balanced themselves as best they could, jammed in elbow to elbow. I apologized to Nellie for the crude accommodations, but she was a good sport. "I think it's fun," she said. The shovel gang crowded in there with the rest of us, making it an even dozen. Fortunately, Fred was not smoking that awful pipe of his.

Now we were approaching the New York State Line, where the track curved sharply to the right and continued up into Suffern with rails flush in the crushed blue stone pavement. The trick was to keep the plow low enough to clear most of the snow and ice off the surface ahead without permitting it to drop low enough to dig into the surface and get jammed. This is a precarious undertaking, requiring expert manipulation of the air valve controlling the cylinder and piston used to lift and lower the heavy plow. Fred handled that operation while I took over the running controls. A horse-drawn sleigh suddenly darted out of a side street to our right and swung directly into our path and I quickly shut off power, applied the brakes and spilled sand. Fortunately they cleared out of our path before we overtook them, but it was too close for comfort. Fred vented his opinion of the reckless driver on the whistle, which was a violation of the local ordinance in Suffern.

"Emergency," he explained, "they were just lucky."

Now we were overtaking an Erie commuter train at our left. It stood motionless, and as we pulled up parallel to its steam locomotive we could read the gold leaf name on the side of its cab, HARVEY SPRINGSTEAD.

"That's the 5:15 out of Jersey City, the train I rode out to Ridgewood this evening," I remarked. The coaches stood illuminated but empty, its passengers evidently having elected to make their way into Suffern on foot. A gang of shovellers was working ahead of the tall, graceful 4-6-0 as we rolled by them.

Rolling down the slight grade at the end of track, we pulled up beside the pole where the telephone was located. After assisting our passengers down from the high deck of the Work Car, I walked over and unlocked the little cast iron telephone box, twisted the crank, and gave Jackson a report on what we had accomplished up to now. He had already heard from the boys at Number 8 switch. Nellie Ackerman paused to thank me for getting her up to Suffern in time for her evening's performance at the Bijou.

"You might have to ride back with us later tonight, but we'll get you home somehow. We'll look for you in Jack Lidster's lunchroom," I assured her.

"I'd rather ride with you," she said, "it's more fun."

Fred and I stepped across the street and entered Lidster's establishment while the Trackmen were shovelling clear an area for the passengers at the end of our track.

"Give us two cups of that paint remover you serve here," said Fred.

"Whadeyemean PAINT REMOVER?" objected Lidster as he shuffled along flat-footed back of his counter. "I serve the best coffee in town."

"That's right, and the worst, too. Yours is the only place open at this time of night."

"How about filling this thermos bottle?" I requested. By now it was quite empty. "We hope you'll keep the place open late tonight. We may have to run back and forth all night to keep the line open for tomorrow morning's commuters. It looks like the Erie is tied up."

"Yes, Harvey Springstead and his Conductor were in here just a little while ago. They said their train got stuck somewhere down below here and they walked in," Lidster was telling us. "Some of their passengers came in with them for coffee. They were worrying about how they'd get to work tomorrow morning."

"Tell them we'll be running," I ventured, "we can get them down to Glen Rock or Paterson where they can probably find Erie or Lackawanna trains running on that end of the lines. Maybe the Susquehanna will also be running."

"Don't be silly," Jack admonished, "there won't be NOTHING running out of here by tomorrow morning. I won't even be able to get home tonight. Guess I'll have to sleep right here on some of them tables."

"That's good, we'll wake you up every hour on the hour for coffee each time we pull in here."

"Nothing doing," objected Lidster, "I'm closing up as soon as you guys leave. I gotta get some sleep."

Lidster was thinking, no doubt, about the early morning customers who would descend on his establishment awaiting the opportunity to get transportation despite disrupted schedules.

The shovellers came in and picked up some hot coffee "to go," before we all boarded the Work Car for the trip back to Number 8 switch. We took a few passengers back down the line with us to transfer to the passenger car at that point. Before leaving, we took the precaution to substitute a sleet-cutting wheel for the customary smooth trolley wheel on our pole, as the precipitation was now putting an icy glaze all over the snowy surfaces and was decorating the trolley wire with festoons of icicles. The resultant pyrotechnical display overhead was spectacular, but the exchange was effective in providing us with a fairly steady supply of "juice." As we cautiously rounded the sharp curve to the left at the New Jersey State Line, we lowered the steel plow to a position in which it skidded along the rails ahead of us, cutting through the icy covering with which they were now encased. This, with generous applications of sand by the compressed air jets, helped us conquer the grade up to Mahwah. With whistle screaming, we rolled on through and began the descent toward Airmount Road and Number 8 switch beyond. Arriving there, we transferred our three passengers to Charley and Fatso's partially crippled car, and gave that crew a bag of sand and a sack of coal to replenish their dwindling supply. Then we turned our attention to the task of rerailing the two wheels of Car 20 which were on the ground. Ordinarily this would have been a simple, quick task, but under the circumstances prevailing, it took considerable time and effort, mostly in clearing away a sufficient amount of the encrusted snow to get at the job. When we finally completed the labor in the half-light of our lanterns, we got orders over the Ho-Ho-Kus phone line for the three cars to come on down the line, meet a Northbound car at Waldwick and proceed to the car barn at Ho-Ho-Kus. There it was arranged to have another car out on the line equipped with a sleet-cutting wheel on each trolley pole, so that the Southbound passengers could transfer to it and resume their trip to Paterson. We led the procession down the railroad, breaking trail for them with our plow and sleet wheel. Behind us came the partially crippled Car 20 running on two motors, followed by 18 so that the latter could assist with a shove if necessary. The Work Car carried white classification lights as an extra, and Car 20 carried green, running as the first section for the following Car 18. I glanced back occasionally to admire the unusual and colorful parade. The NJRT was putting on a magnificent show, running under the most difficult of conditions, while the stately Erie Railroad was tied up with nary a wheel turning up through that area!

At Waldwick, the three Southbound cars eased carefully into the passing switch and halted in close formation, for that switch was just barely long enough to hold three cars, and the first section sounded the conventional long and two short whistles to signal that it was being followed by another section, whereat the Motorman on the Northbound passenger car replied



Old postcard view dating around 1912 from the collection of Stephen D. Maguire. Unlike similar scene on page 22, no cars mar the scene although several horse drawn carriages are in the view. 1914 NJRT time table shown on next page is from the E. J. Quinby collection. Public transportation some 50 years later was less frequent, not much faster.

with the proper two shorts and a long, acknowledging that message. Then we let the Northbound car proceed while we waited for him to top the steep climb up the steel trestle over the Erie Railroad's wye. When he had topped the grade and was coasting down the descent beyond, we started up, one by one, so as to avoid knocking the power off, for there were now four cars in the North section of the line. Meanwhile, at Ho-Ho-Kus, Pat Kennedy had anticipated the situation and had started up the second rotary converter which accounted for the fact that our lights were all burning bright and we all enjoyed plenty of power. By prearrangement, we took the Work Car down the Waldwick hill all the way before the other two cars started the descent, for with so much ice on the rails it was considered discreet to avoid close following on the long, steep grade down to Ho-Ho-Kus. Reaching Headquarters, we held the main and set the switch for the two following cars to take the barn lead. While awaiting their arrival, we replenished our supply of sand, which we had been using generously all the way down the line.

Jackson came out and chatted with us for a few minutes, and gave us orders to run back and forth all night between Ho-Ho-Kus and Suffern, for that was the part of the line where we could expect the most trouble. "If the storm lets up, we'll call you in. But in the meantime keep in touch with us here by telephone and let us know how you are doing." Orders were put out for us to meet the Southbound car at Waldwick, and for all hands to avoid using Number 8 switch until further notice, to avoid another derailment there. After the two passenger cars came in and took the switch, we shoved off up the line to continue our plowing operation with the Work Car.

At Waldwick we received orders to wait there for the Northbound passenger car to overtake us, so we could lead him up to Suffern. The sleet storm was getting worse, and it was decided to have us escort each passenger car up the line and down again, leaving Suffern at 11:30 pm on the customary schedule for the last car Southbound. However, the last Northbound car had no passengers to carry above Ramsey, and he got orders to lay over in the Ramsey switch while we made the remainder of the last scheduled trip that night into Suffern using the Work Car. There we paused while we responded to the pencil note stuck in the glass door of Jack Lidster's lunch room. It read NJRT KNOCK LOUD. We knocked loud, and the sleepy Jack responded, shuffling towards the door with a gaping yawn while he scratched his belly through his undershirt. "Come in," he said, "and have a cup of Java."

While we sipped our coffee, Miss Ackerman joined us, having finished her stint at the Bijou Theatre. "We had only a handful of people in the house tonight," she said, "it was hardly worthwhile opening up."

"But the show must go on," I suggested.

"Yes, the show WENT on," she replied, "do you think the last car will be on time tonight?"

"There stands the last car tonight," Fred said, pointing to the Work Car. "We brought you up, and we'll take you back."

"When are you leaving?"

"As soon as you finish your coffee. Take your time."

No other passengers showed up by the time the clock's hands pointed to 11:30, so Fred and I escorted Nellie Ackerman out to the Work Car and boosted her up into the cab, where we joined the Shovel Gang.

"What are the two white lights for on the front?" she asked.

"That identifies this car as a Special. Tonight it's the Nellie Ackerman Special."

"Here's my fare," she offered.

"Can't accept it tonight," I said, "I'm not a passenger Conductor now. You are our guest."

"I'd like to ride with you every night like this," she volunteered.

"We'd like to have you ride with us every night, but we don't have storms like this very often," was Fred's comment.

When we reached Spring Street, Ramsey, our headlight picked up the form of Mr. Ackerman, waiting for his daughter. As we stopped, I hopped down to help her off. "Here's your Nellie, Mr. Ackerman, by Special Delivery."

"Thanks, boys. I was wondering how she would get back. I didn't see any passenger car go up the line for a long time."

"We knew Nellie would be waiting up there, so we went up to fetch her."

They waved us a cheery goodbye as we resumed our trip down the line, and we saw them crunching through the crusted snow up the hill to the West where their house showed lights. They were picking their steps with the aid of a flashlight.

The storm lasted all night, and we kept the Work Car shuttling back and forth over the entire line for the rest of the night to insure operations early the following morning. We pulled into Suffern at 6:00 am, a half hour ahead of the first scheduled passenger car. Jackson sent a two car train up on that first trip, and it was well that he did, for a swinging load of commuters awaited it. The Erie had been forced to annul its commuter trains. Nothing was moving North of Paterson on its main line.

Fred and I joined the host of customers in Jack Lidster's lunch room. We assured the crowd that the NJRT would take them down the line.

"What'll you have boys?" inquired Jack as he approached our end of the counter, "it's on the house for you!"

We agreed upon bacon and eggs, with coffee, and told him so.

"With home fried potatoes and buttered toast," volunteered the hospitable Jack.

The storm had slackened, and we were looking forward to the resumption of passenger schedules which would keep the track open and permit us to put the Work Car away at Ho-Ho-Kus so we could go home and get some much needed sleep.

"There's the two guys who kept the trolley line open by running the snow plow all night," announced Jack Lidster to his appreciative audience. "Here, boys, have a cigar," he urged passing us an open box. As we lit our smokes, the two-car train pulled in, and the crowd left Lidster's lunch room to swarm aboard.

"Ain't that a pretty sight?" asked Fred, "too bad it can't be like that every day."

"I'd almost be willing to run the snow plow all night every night if it would produce such results, wouldn't you?"

"Yeah, almost!" agreed Fred.

NORTH JERSEY RAPID TRANSIT CO.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 1, 1914.

From New York and Paterson to Suffern.

		NORTH BOUND											
N.Y., W. 130th St. Ferry Lv.	4.55	6.15	7.15	8.15	9.20	10.20	11.20	L	12.20	L	1.40	2.40	3.40
Hackensack, Main St.	6.01	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.01	11.01	12.01	1.01	1.21	2.01	2.21	3.01	3.21
Paterson, Main and B'way.	6.10	7.10	8.10	9.10	10.10	11.10	12.10	1.10	1.30	2.10	2.30	3.05	3.35
Ridgewood Junction.	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30	10.30	11.30	12.30	1.30	1.58	2.30	2.58	3.03	3.58
Fairlawn.	6.36	7.36	8.36	9.36	10.36	11.36	12.36	1.36	2.03	2.36	3.03	3.04	3.56
Glen Rock.	6.41	7.41	8.41	9.41	10.41	11.41	12.41	1.41	2.08	2.41	3.08	3.41	3.58
Ridgewood.	6.47	7.47	8.47	9.47	10.47	11.47	12.47	1.47	2.15	2.47	3.15	3.47	3.58
Hobokus.	6.51	7.51	8.51	9.51	10.51	11.51	12.51	1.51	2.19	2.51	3.19	3.51	3.58
Waldwick.	6.56	7.56	8.56	9.56	10.56	11.56	12.56	1.56	2.23	2.56	3.23	3.56	3.58
Allendale.	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	12.00	2.00	2.30	3.00	3.30	4.00	4.00
Ramsey.	6.06	7.06	8.06	9.06	10.06	11.06	12.06	2.06	2.36	3.06	3.36	4.06	4.06
Mahwah.	6.15	7.15	8.15	9.15	10.15	11.15	12.15	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	4.15	4.15
Suffern. Arr.	6.23	7.23	8.23	9.23	10.23	11.23	12.23	2.23	2.53	3.23	3.53	4.23	4.23

From Suffern to Paterson and New York.

		SOUTH BOUND											
Suffern.....Lv.	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30	10.30	11.30	12.30	L	1.30	1.58	2.30	2.58	3.03
Mahwah.....	6.36	7.36	8.36	9.36	10.36	11.36	12.36	1.36	2.06	2.36	3.06	3.36	3.56
Ramsey.....	6.45	7.45	8.45	9.45	10.45	11.45	12.45	1.45	2.15	2.45	3.15	3.45	3.58
Allendale.....	6.52	7.52	8.52	9.52	10.52	11.52	12.52	1.52	2.22	2.52	3.22	3.52	3.58
Hobokus.....	6.56	7.56	8.56	9.56	10.56	11.56	12.56	1.56	2.26	2.56	3.26	3.56	3.58
Waldwick.....	6.03	7.03	8.03	9.03	10.03	11.03	12.03	2.03	2.31	3.03	3.31	4.03	4.03
Ridgewood.....	6.08	7.08	8.08	9.08	10.08	11.08	12.08	2.08	2.35	3.08	3.35	4.08	4.08
Glen Rock.....	6.14	7.14	8.14	9.14	10.14	11.14	12.14	2.14	2.41	3.14	3.41	4.14	4.14
Fairlawn.....	6.19	7.19	8.19	9.19	10.19	11.19	12.19	2.19	2.45	3.19	3.45	4.19	4.19
Ridgewood Junction.....	6.22	7.22	8.22	9.22	10.22	11.22	12.22	2.22	2.48	3.22	3.48	4.22	4.22
Paterson..... Arr.	6.46	7.46	8.46	9.46	10.46	11.46	12.46	2.46	3.06	3.46	4.06	4.46	4.46
Hackensack.....	6.52	7.52	8.52	9.52	10.52	11.52	12.52	2.52	3.12	3.48	4.12	4.48	4.48
N.Y., W. 130th St. Ferry Arr.	7.37	8.37	9.37	10.37	11.37	12.37	1.37	2.37	2.57	3.37	3.57	4.37	4.37

SCHEDULE OF FARES

FROM

NOTE:—Heavy Face Type shows Week Day Hourly Service.

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Saturday, Sunday and Holidays and Dec. 21, 22, 23, and 24.

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	NEW YORK.	HACKENSACK.	PATERSON.
	Cents.	Cents.	Cents.
Suffern	45	35	30
Mahwah	45	35	30
Ramsey	40	30	25
Allendale	35	25	20
Waldwick	35	25	20
Hobokus	30	20	15
Ridgewood	30	20	15
Glen Rock	25	15	10
Fairlawn	25	15	10



Romance on Rails

"In the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts . . ."

The country was at war. There was a critical shortage of manpower in all lines of endeavor. Being a licensed Marine Radio Operator, my name came up in the government's files and in 1917 I was summoned by a telegram. In 48 hours I had to wind up my personal affairs at Huntington, West Virginia where I was working for the American Car & Foundry Company, inspecting railroad cars as they came off the production line in accordance with some of the drawings I had made in the New York office of that firm. The American flag tank steamer **GULFLIGHT** was tied up at Philadelphia, fully loaded with high test gasoline for our war planes, awaiting only the arrival of her Radio Operator and her Gun Crew. These latter were to be a group of the hopeful "90 day wonders" from Pelham Bay Training Camp, under the command of a veteran U.S. Navy Chief Petty Officer. My hair-raising experiences with those characters aboard that floating menace in the North Atlantic, dodging the lethal torpedoes of German submarines, is the subject of another story that has no place here. Suffice it to say that I was happy to survive that nightmare and grateful to discover that the Navy considered my talents would be more valuable to the war effort at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Back ashore, I naturally visited my old haunts at Ho-Ho-Kus. There I found George Jackson deep in despondency over his labor problem. "Everybody is going off to war," he complained, "I don't know how I'm going to keep this railroad running if they keep raiding my camp for more men. I've even had to hire some Conductorettes."

The younger, single men had already gone, leaving most of the older married men, whose wives began giving them a hard time over the situations which they feared might develop. As a result, some of these men complained to Jackson. My family having moved to California, I was boarding with a family in Ridgewood and was commuting via the Erie Railroad to New York. Studying the NJRT schedule, I propositioned George Jackson to let me take a night run on his line. "One of the daytime Motormen can work overtime from 3:00 pm until I arrive to relieve him at 6:03 pm after my Erie train arrives. When I don't show up at that time because the Erie train is late, I'll relieve him when he returns from Paterson at 6:51 pm. I can work through to midnight."

Jackson pondered this proposal as he puffed on his pipe.

"Do you think you can stand the pace of working all day at the Navy Yard, then working half the night out here? Will you get sufficient sleep?"

"Sure, I'll get more than seven hours sleep. Besides, this is not work for me out here on the NJRT, it is recreation."

"Well, you can try it for a while, but if you find the pace too much for you, don't hesitate to take some time off to recuperate," he cautioned.

"I'll have plenty of opportunity to recuperate on Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays. I'm ready to start tomorrow night if you agree."

"Good," he acquiesced, "I'll set up the assignments accordingly." Together we strolled into the operations office, and Jackson gave me Motorman's badge Number 215, a set of keys and a copy of the rule book. Thus I embarked on the double life of Navy Radioman by day and NJRT Motorman by night.

At the place where I was boarding in Ridgewood there were two attractive sisters. The younger one was single, and the elder was a youngish grass widow. She was cooperative in the matter of arranging to provide my dinner "on the fly." As I rolled past the house on my first trip Southbound, I would sound a special whistle signal, which she answered by raising and lowering the window shade. This assured me that my dinner would be ready to pick up on the succeeding Northbound trip, at which time I would find her waiting for me at the Ridgewood station, where she would hand up my dinner basket. This was of ample proportions, carried by a double handle. While passengers alighted and boarded the car, I would have an opportunity for a brief chat with this comely brunette. The starting signal would terminate our visit, and as I pulled away she would wave and say "See you later!" This gal was evidently aware of the old proverb that the shortest way to a man's heart is via his stomach, for she went all out to exploit that maneuver, and I loved every calorie of her approach. Each night I could hardly wait until I reached the long stretch up through the Ramsey woods where there were no stops and no grade crossings. There I would set the little controller handle on full speed, then proceed to explore the contents of that ample-sized dinner basket. A typical menu would include a Mason jar of home-made soup, a package of Southern fried chicken with yams on the side, a couple of stalks of crisp celery, some hot home-made biscuits soaked with melted butter (wrapped in a napkin), a bottle of hot coffee sugared and creamed to my taste and some homemade custard.

Dusalina "Daisy" Marino stands beside Fred Smith before work car No. 8 at Ho-Ho-Kus Shops. Daisy later married motorman John McElroy, just above Smith on flat car. Also on the car, standing, are motorman Jack Carney, painter Dave Svierstra, lineman Bert Linkrum, and motorman Jim Chandler. Smith's sister Elsie later married George Jackson, Jr., and the rock load was consigned to her rock garden along the NJRT right of way.



The Conductor assigned to my run at that time was an undernourished, sallow-cheeked character named Belden, whose soiled and frayed uniform hung pathetically loose over his gaunt frame, indicating that he had seen better-fed times. He said he had worked on the Hoboken trolleys. Each night as we entered that stretch through the Ramsey woods and I was just reaching for my dinner basket, he would promptly appear on the front platform with me, sliding the curtained doors shut behind him. Rubbing his hands together expectantly, he would inquire "Wot's Sweetie Pie got there in our basket tonight?" Having learned that I always had an abundance and that I would invite him to share my good fortune with him, he smacked his pale, thin lips as he watched me explore the contents. I used to kid him along and suggest that maybe he ought to cultivate the acquaintance of a good cook for himself, who might keep him equally well fed.

"I ain't got the attraction for them kind," was his lament through a snaggle-toothed grin. "You oughta see the kinda bags that make eyes at me. All they want is to have me buy another beer for them. I wind up eating pretzels."

He certainly looked as though that was his chief diet. The poor soul finally went on sick leave from which he never returned, and the manpower shortage on the NJRT became more acute.

Then there was the diminutive blonde nurse who rode to work with us on the last trip Southbound each night. She had night duty at the Paterson General Hospital. She always wore immaculate white starched collar and cuffs with a dark coat over her white uniform. She always carried a bag of home-made cookies with her, which she shared with my Conductor and myself. We tried to discipline ourselves to partake sparingly of these goodies, as we assumed they were really intended for her lunch break, but it wasn't easy.

"When you get hurt on this job, I'll see you at the

Paterson General Hospital," was her reassuring invitation.

"What makes you think we're about to get hurt?" I inquired.

"Railroad fellows are always getting hurt," she observed, "we get them all the time from the Erie, the Lackawanna and the Susquehanna. We had quite a few from you some time ago, three loads, wasn't it?"

"We're trying to forget that," I told her.

One of our boys DID get hurt shortly after that. We had a Motorman who came to work on the NJRT during the war who evidently was not too bright. He actually managed to run over himself with his own car. He was putting the car to bed in the Ho-Ho-Kus car barn one night. For the purpose of this account, his name will be Jerry. Creeping cautiously into the barn with his passenger car, he stalled with the trolley wheel on the insulated guide fixed to the bottom of the raised roll-up door, between the two live sections of trolley wire. Then, in utter disregard of the rule book, he stepped down off the car without removing his reverse key, which made it possible for him to leave his controller handle in an "on" position, apparently just what he did. Then stepping around to the front of his car, he raised the front trolley pole and put the wheel on the wire. The moment the wheel made contact, the car leaped forward, knocking him over backwards. Fortunately, he was right at the edge of the service pit, into which the car threw him. It continued on, gathering speed until it smashed into another car standing at the opposite end of the barn, with a loud crash. That car had its brakes tightly set, causing the moving car to blow the breakers on the switchboard. Alerted by the disturbance, "Red" Raymond, the night man, came hurrying out into the barn from the sub-station where he had been waiting to shut down the rotary converter at the end of the day's operations. Hearing Jerry's yells from the bottom of the grease pit, he inquired "What



The Summer of 1915 were happy times on the NJRT and if sometimes Car 20 was delayed in leaving Suffern it could have been the fault of Motorman Shorty Shantz, far left, or perhaps Conductor Stretch Quinby.

the Hell are you doing down in there?"

"Help me outa here," pleaded Jerry, "I'm dying. The damn car shoved me over backwards into this mess. My arm is broke, my head is broke."

Jerry's plight was not as bad as he thought, but it was considered wise to hospitalize him. He landed in the Paterson General Hospital where he came under the tender ministering of the cute little blonde nurse who rode with us to work, in addition to some of the other attractive nurses on the daytime watches. We visited Jerry there to cheer him up, and we got acquainted with some of the gals who were taking care of him.

In view of the damage Jerry had caused to the two cars, the vestibules of which had to be rebuilt, we all expected him to get fired for his stupid carelessness. To our amazement, Jackson let him come back to work, after arranging to have the company pay all the hospital expenses. I learned later that this was strategy to avoid a costly damage suit which Jerry might have brought had he been discharged. His stories about the nurses made us all look forward with pleasant anticipation to the day when we might land in the Paterson General Hospital, but the rest of us managed to avoid getting run over by our own cars.

"Red" Raymond, the night barn man, was a lecherous creature. He invited me into the sub-station with him one night when he was waiting for the last car to come in from the North end of the line. "Just watch that North section ammeter," he suggested, "and the clock." It was then 11:52 pm, and I had just come in from the South end, having finished my run. I lit a cigar, and sat down beside Red.

"That Motorman should be leaving Allendale right now, right?"

"Right," I agreed.

"Well, watch that ammeter." I noted that the needle stood close to zero, motionless. The only load on the North section at the moment was a few station lights. "It's been reading zero for the last ten minutes," con-

tinued Red, "I figure he is still up there in those Ramsey woods. Watch the needle."

"Maybe he's coasting," I suggested.

"Up hill?" he asked with a knowing twinkle in his eye that bordered on a leer. "Let's see when he starts drawing juice, and then check how long it takes him to get down here." Knowing that one of the good-looking Conductorettes was working on that car, and that on that last Southbound trip there were seldom any passengers South of Ramsey, I began to get Red's point. Suddenly the needle of the ammeter flickered up to several hundred amperes and hung there as the Motorman evidently started up and ran with full power up grade. And we could follow the car's progress down the line, watching the needle and visualizing the profile of the railroad. At length we saw the needle drop down to near zero when, according to our estimate, that car was coasting down the long hill from Waldwick to Ho-Ho-Kus. The crew brought the car in a few minutes late, not enough behind time to require an official explanation. And Red, whose duty it was to check in the Conductorette's receipts, counted the money, tallied the ticket stubs, and signed the day card. Evidently there had been no receipts South of Ramsey on that last trip, for he winked at me slyly and commented quietly "like I told you." The sequel to the story is that the crew involved eventually got married, left the NJRT, and Red's meter-watching pastime was spoiled.

At "Ma" Ackerman's railroad boarding-house in Ho-Ho-Kus, it was an occasional delight to have George Jackson drop in and play the old out-of-tune upright piano. Motormen, Conductors and Conductorettes would gather around and sing such old familiar songs as *THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK*. Ma's favorite was *MY WILD IRISH ROSE*, in which she would join with her bovine bellow while passing lemonade and cake. Big Bill Trammel was her special interest. At the table he would invariably find the preferred cuts of meat on his plate, and would always wind up with the

Master Mechanic Fred Smith posed with accountant Daisy Marino before her window box garden at the Ho-Ho-Kus headquarters of the NJRT, on Sept. 6, 1920. Below, John McElroy with his dog, Bruno. Bruno had a lifetime pass on the NJRT, accompanying Daisy McElroy on her trip to Ho-Ho-Kus, riding the front platform of the trolley. On Sundays, he would make the trip alone, always returning promptly on the 11:51AM northbound car for lunch!

biggest helping of pudding, to later complain of a "sour belly" between sonorous belches. Then the buxom proprietress would pour quantities of diluted baking soda down his gullet, and suggest that he "oughta retire early tonight." Bill was the star boarder in more senses than one.

The whistles of the North Jersey trolleys became a familiar sound up and down the line. So punctual were the cars that residents became accustomed to keeping time by them, just as conveniently as by the bell of the village clock. Motormen on the line grew quite expert at manipulating the whistle valves so as to produce a variety of effects. As a result, different moods were thus expressed through the voice of the Interurban. A sad example occurred when Fred Smith's wife Ruth suffered a serious accident. In the process of preparing some preserves on the kitchen stove, a quantity of paraffin caught fire, and this courageous young Daughter of Erin, in the effort to save her infant Julia and prevent burning down the home, dashed out of the house carrying the blazing potful of liquid. Unfortunately, the fire blew back against her person, setting fire to her garments. Although she saved the baby and the house, Ruth sacrificed herself. For days she lingered painfully between life and death, but the best of Doctors were unable to keep her alive. Fred Smith's house was close to the NJRT right-of-way, and during the critical illness of his wife, the NJRT Trolleys silenced their whistles and bells as they approached and left Ho-Ho-Kus. Instead, they came to a dead stop at each crossing, and crept cautiously and noiselessly on their way. For a long time after the funeral, the whistles of the NJRT Trolleys reflected the sorrow that was shared by all the NJRT employees over the tragic event. Indeed, during those sad days, they sounded like the wail of the Banshee.

But time is the great healer and this story has a cheerful sequel, for Margaret, aunt of the infant Julia, came to take care of the little tot. Romance gradually developed between the bereaved Fred Smith and his sister-in-law, with the result that eventually their engagement was announced. The whistles of the NJRT regained their cheerful spirit, and on the occasion of the new wedding, they broke into genuine joyful celebration. Once again the Ho-Ho-Kus hillsides echoed their merry lilt.





George Jackson vs the Hill People

The Ramapo Mountain pass where the NJRT line terminated at Suffern while awaiting the projected extension to Greenwood Lake is in the heart of the area where the Jackson Whites abound. These people are descendants of the Hessian mercenary soldiers sent over to America by the British crown in the attempt to quell the revolution, and who consorted with Indian squaws of the Lenni Lenape tribe and female African slaves. The product of these unions became a small race quite distinctive and segregated down through the years, generation after generation, with extensive inbreeding. Those who remained up in the mountains spoke a peculiar patois or dialect, saturated with quaint expressions. Their skin ranges from dark beige to light russet. Many possess strikingly beautiful amber colored eyes not unlike the Conchs of the Florida Keys. Some have curly tarnished blond hair, others have straight jet-black hair indicative of their Indian forebears.

As might be expected, the Jackson Whites through the years became a mystery people, but much which has been written about them is inaccurate. Many have become respected and influential citizens of their respective communities, but back in the rough and tumble early days of the NJRT, they did provide their interesting moments.

The forefathers of the Jackson Whites worked the iron mines up on Sterling Mountain which produced iron ore for the Revolution cannon balls that were dragged by oxen over the still traceable cannon ball trail to West Point on the Hudson River. These mines again served the needs of our Military during the Civil War, and were again reactivated during World War I,

when the ore was shipped out via the Sterling Mountain Railroad down to a connection with the Erie R.R. at Sterlington in the Ramapo Pass. It was via the abandoned Sterling Mountain R.R. that the NJRT planned to reach Greenwood Lake, a popular Summer resort beyond the mountain mine.

With the closing and flooding of the Sterling Mountain mines, many of the Jackson Whites found employment in the Ramapo Iron Foundry near Suffern which produced railroad switchstands and other railroad accessories. Others found employment in the American Brake Shoe & Foundry plant at Mahwah. Many established homes South of that area in the hills around Ramsey, and commuted on the Interurban cars of the NJRT between their cabins and their jobs in Mahwah, Suffern, Hillburn and Ramapo. They often rode the line to go shopping in Suffern, to attend the movies there or visit their kinfolk. All during the week we carried them back and forth without incident. But come Saturday night, we learned to expect trouble. Saturday was pay day, and many of these characters would get roaring drunk in the village of Suffern, and descend upon our last car out at 11:30 pm. That was a tough trip for the crew who had the misfortune to man that car, sometimes a two-car train in the Summer months. Some of these celebrants would acquire a happy, singing jag, some would wax maudlin and start weeping. Some collapsed into insensible stupor once aboard the car and could not be aroused for fare collection. We were lucky if comrades had enough loose change and were willing to pay the fare for such of their buddies, and luckier still if they would assist in unloading this paralyzed portion of the human load at



At Broadway, East Paterson terminal, in 1920, (left to right) Motorman Jack Carney, Conductor Jim Tilghman, unidentified boy and man, and Motorman Steiner, with Car 16. All pervading was the smell of hot grease and the rhythmic clicking of the compressors.

their destinations. Some would get sick and mess up the floor or, worse yet, the seat cushions. We learned to assign cars equipped with split-cane upholstery to this run. They were easier to clean than those upholstered in green plush.

The group who gave us the most trouble were those who became belligerent after a few drinks. They would get quite rambunctious, sometimes busting the light bulbs, kicking out the windows and belaboring the Conductor when he remonstrated with them or even attempted to collect their fares. Sometimes the Conductor could jolly them into behaving by passing out childish compliments such as "Aw, come on now Charlie, you were a good boy all week. We got along together, don't you remember? You're gonna be awful sorry Monday morning when you come back up the line with us to work. Now why don't you be nice tonight? I don't want to see you get into trouble with the Police. I'm your friend, don't you remember me?"

Sometimes this approach would work, and the big gorilla would smile stupidly, look cross-eyed and extend a massive mit for a handshake that would almost crush the poor Conductor's hand. Like as not, however, he would simply say "Aw, don't gimme that stuff. Why doncha go jump in a lake?" and suddenly strike out viciously at the Conductor who, if he was alert, would successfully dodge. If not, he would come down the line with a blackened eye or a bloodied nose.

Conductor Lewis, being small of stature, was at a natural disadvantage with these creatures who seemed to feel that they could safely ignore his admonishments and defy his authority. If he persisted, they would not hesitate to mistreat him. I felt sorry for him one of those Saturday nights when he passed up the three quick bells to me signalling emergency. I stopped the car abruptly, removed my reverse key which I slipped into the special pocket for it in my overalls. I also removed the small cast-iron main handle, bringing it along as I quickly made my way back through the car to the rear platform. There I found poor Lewis with another bloody nose. A big half-breed was towering over him, administering a merciless beating. I didn't hesitate to hit that savage a good lick over the top of his head with that little iron handle, which took the fight out of him pronto. He slumped to the deck in a heap. I whirled around just in time to divert a wallop from one of his drunken companions, whom I dropped with the same treatment. He reeled back to his seat, holding his head.

"Anyone else?" I inquired, but the others appeared disinclined to take the risk. I took Lewis up on the front platform with me, and when we reached Number 8 switch, I called the car barn and asked the night man to request police to meet us at the Ramsey station. However, when we stopped at the Spring Street station to let some of the bunch off, they discreetly took their battered buddies with them, having overheard my call through the open windows.

Monday morning there were two bandaged heads amongst the Jackson Whites who boarded our first car Northbound, riding to work as usual. They had

evidently prolonged their drinking bout over the week-end in the effort to ease their discomfort, and were still in a surly mood. "You guys jes' wait until NEXT Saturday night," they threatened the Conductor, who was Tom Bell. He passed the word to the rest of us at Ho-Ho-Kus so we could take warning. All week those two taunted the Conductors with veiled threats. They evidently intended to get well primed with cheap Suffern lick for the occasion. Word eventually reached the Boss, and he called me up on the carpet and questioned my wisdom in handing out such harsh treatment to our passengers.

"Holy Cripes," I pleaded, "did you want me to wait until they KILLED Lewis? He was getting a terrible beating."

"Couldn't you stop them without cracking their skulls," asked Jackson.

"Listen, Boss," I pleaded, "you have no idea how those demons behave on Saturday nights. They are planning to stage another affair next Saturday. I just wish you would come up there with us on that last trip and see for yourself what goes on."

"I think I'll just do that," agreed Jackson.

When Saturday night came, Jackson swung aboard the Northbound car at Ho-Ho-Kus on its last trip to Suffern. With him was "Big Jim" Tilghman, the official Railroad Police Officer of the NJRT who hailed from Oklahoma. He was dressed in plain clothes, but he wore his service gun and carried a police black-jack. A couple of volunteer Firemen from the Ho-Ho-Kus Fire Department also joined us. They also wore plain clothes.

"I'm bringing a couple of Firemen along with us tonight to serve as witnesses in case we have any trouble," explained Jackson, adding "You fellows didn't get any statements from witnesses last Saturday. If they get an unscrupulous lawyer, they can make trouble for us."

"How could we?" I asked, "All we had aboard that car were Jackson Whites. They stick together like glue, we couldn't get any of them to testify against their own bunch. However, I'm glad you have Oklahoma Jim with us tonight. I'll be glad to keep out of it."

Jim came out on the front platform with me. "Ready for the party tonight?" I asked him.

"Ah don't aim to take no nonsense from them," he remarked. Jim's Pappy and his Grand Pappy had both been scalped by Oklahoma Indians before the area graduated into statehood, and was still "Indian Territory," and Jim carried no great affection for anyone boasting even a small percentage of Indian blood, especially when they had been imbibing fire-water and felt the urge to go on the warpath.

"They're not a bad lot when they're sober," I suggested.

"Wall, maybe we could sober them up a leetle-mite tonight," drawled Jim, "we gotta stop them SOME whar before they murder our boys."

Jackson had alerted the Suffern Police, and as we rolled to a stop at the end of the line, the whole force was there to greet us, all three of them!



Ramsey was a wooded area abounding in farms and wild deer. The Erie main-line lies to the right in this view looking south in an area later to become the Ramsey Country Club Estates. The second view shows Car 10 at Suffern terminal, with Motorman Ace Curtiss waiting patiently while Conductor Quinby's passengers climb on board. Summer 1915.

True to form, the Jackson Whites began climbing aboard as soon as we unloaded our few passengers at Suffern. The women folk carried their market purchases and dragged a few youngsters up into the car with them. The men folk climbed in, looking sullen and smelling strongly of John Barleycorn. The Suffern Police got aboard after them, and Conductor Lewis began collecting his fares in advance of starting the trip South. He accomplished this without incident and then gave me the two starting bells, and we were off, come what may.

We stopped just short of the State line, and the Suffern Cops alighted with an ominous "Good luck, fellows!" to us, and we were off again, into New Jersey. We hadn't gone very far before I began to hear suspicious noises. Voices were raised, and what I at first assumed were pistol shots turned out to be electric bulbs popping. Through the open windows came sounds of the melee within the car. I spread the night curtains apart so I could see back through the vestibule doors, and observed that a real wing-ding had started. Big Jim was swinging his black-jack freely, right and left. A couple of the bigger members of the tribe were staggering away from his well-placed blows, but replacements were closing in. Jackson was grappling with one giant who had him by the necktie, slowly choking him. Conductor Lewis was down in the aisle with a big brave on top of him, working him over. Back toward the rear, the two expert witnesses from the Ho-Ho-Kus Fire Department were surrounded by a group of males and females who obscured the view so that it was hard to tell just how they were faring. As we neared the Ramsey station, somebody passed me the three quick emergency bells. I brought the car to a halt right at the station platform, removed the reverse key and grabbed my trusty little cast iron main handle, unlatched the sliding doors and started through the car to offer what assistance I could.

First I brought relief to Conductor Lewis by a good tap to the skull of his assailant, who went limp on top of him. One of the florid-faced creatures was sneaking up behind Oklahoma with a wicked looking knife, and I let him have it over the cabeza with my controller handle. I was just turning to Jackson's assistance when the lights went out. I mean OUT. The last I remember

was seeing Jackson turning purple in his necktie garrote.

When I came to, I was lying on some seat cushions in the aisle with Big Jim bending over me asking "How ya feelin', Stretch?"

"Terrible," I said "I've got a headache." My shirt was a bloody mess inside my overall jumper, which was also soaked. A Doctor was swabbing my gashed forehead with some lotion that smarted sharply.

"You were doin' all right until that big half-breed came up behind you and clobbered you just as you turned around. You caught it on your forehead." Jim was saying.

"Where did they all go?" I asked.

"The Jersey State Police carried them all off to the Pokie," Jim told me. "The Suffern Cops were all right. They didn't just turn us loose with them drunken bastards, they phoned the New Jersey State Police Barracks and arranged to have a detail meet us here at Ramsey."

"I guess I missed a lot of it," I lamented, "what happened after I got counted out?"

"That was IT, boy, you came in just in time to help us wind it up."

The Doctor was telling me I'd be all right, just to rest. But I was thinking of those attractive nurses at Paterson General Hospital. "Don't you think I'd better go to the hospital?" I asked him.

Big Jim ran the car back down to Ho-Ho-Kus as I reclined on the corner and end seats. He had some adhesive tape stuck across his high cheek bones where a couple of fists had found their mark. The two Ho-Ho-Kus volunteer Firemen came back with a cut lip and a bloody nose, respectively. Jackson was pretty well mauled and his neck was sore, while Conductor Lewis had another shiner and faced the prospect of wearing an eye patch for a week or so as he had done before.

"Why didn't you tell us there was going to be a Donnybrook?" the Firemen were demanding of Jackson, probably regretting that they had not brought their fire axes along. And I still carry a dent in my right forehead as a reminder of the time a Jackson White swung at me with his tomahawk, or whatever it was up there at Ramsey on the NJRT.

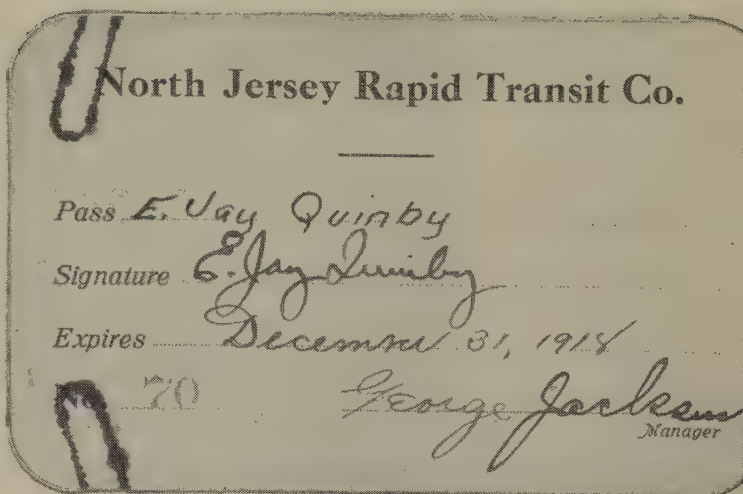
Short Conductor and Shorted Shoe*

7

Some of the best stories about the NJRT are difficult to put into print, but if the gentle reader will bear with me, I'll try to avoid offending with this one: It concerns a green-horn Conductor whom we nick-named Third Rail Theodore, and how he got that title.

Darkness had settled after a scorching hot July day during which Theodore had consumed quantities of soda pop at each end of the trip, plus plenty of ice-water at the Ho-Ho-Kus pauses. At Suffern, up in the Ramapo Mountains, we were almost due to leave when Theodore confided in me that he would have to undrink some of the beverages he was carrying. As time would not permit the trek across the park to the Erie R.R. station, I suggested that he retire into the bushes on the side of the car away from the highway. These cars had a bank of carbon filament incandescent lamps under the body, connected in series with a third rail shoe that operated block signals and crossing alarms through contact with short sections of third rail along the line, thus reducing the trolley voltage from 600 to about 100 for the signal relays. It did not occur to me that Theodore would select a position directly above the third rail shoe, but he did, to his regret.

Everything happened at once. Theodore howled in agony, the curious passengers craned their necks out through the open windows, and the bank of lamps lit up brightly to illuminate the scene as the third rail shoe became short-circuited. Realizing poor Theodore's predicament I dashed for the rear platform and yanked the trolley pole off the wire, plunging the car into darkness. After he got reorganized, the Conductor lurked on the rear platform, too embarrassed to collect his fares and issue his tickets on the South-



bound trip. I had my own troubles, for at each switch when I failed to get a green block signal, I had to stop and phone the Dispatcher at Ho-Ho-Kus for clearance. "Why can't you get your signals?" demanded Jackson over the wire.

"I'll tell you all about it when I see you," I replied as the amused passengers overheard my end of the conversation. "I'll have to turn this car in at Ho-Ho-Kus for another one, it's short-circuited. And I'll have to turn in this Conductor, he's short-circuited too."

* Originally published in THE SHORT CIRCUIT BULLETIN, December 1964 issued monthly by the Texas Division of the Electric Railroaders' Association, Inc. 206 Milam Bldg., San Antonio, Texas 78205. Reproduced here by permission.

Above is shown Quinby's Annual Pass No. 70, issued by Supt. Jackson. Color is light blue. At right, making up a train in the yards at Ho-Ho-Kus. One of the third rail shoes may be seen on the truck of Car 14 at right.





Off to the Camptown Races

Every country trolley line of any account had its amusement mecca somewhere out along the line, which provided incentive for its customers to ride the line as they sought recreation. Preferably, it was located somewhere near the middle of the line, so that riders would be attracted from both ends. In many cases the "trolley park" was established and operated by the company, or at least the trolley organization had a stake in the enterprise by owning it and leasing it out to some concessionaire. Often the enterprise was located on the shore of a lake where canoes and boats were made available, sometimes electric boats with storage batteries that were charged up by the trolley feeder during off-peak hours, helping to level out the power-plant's load. A grove of trees shading picnic tables and benches was often a feature. In due course of time, these establishments attracted increasingly large crowds, which encouraged the installation of dance pavilions, restaurants, game stalls, merry-go-rounds, roller-coasters and other exotic rides.

The Hudson River Line, with which the NJRT connected at East Paterson, had its elaborate Palisades Amusement Park perched high on the cliffs overlooking the Hudson River with Manhattan in the distance. And the NJRT had its Ho-Ho-Kus Race Track. We didn't establish it, nor did we actually have a stake in its operation. It was just our good fortune that it was THERE, in fact it had been there ever since 1870. Its 23 acres provided ample space and facilities for Trotting Meets, County Fairs and Firemen's Carnivals ever since Jake Bumper started the enterprise and served for ten years as its first president. In 1895 the North Jersey Agricultural and Driving Association acquired the property and improved its half-mile track. J. W. Edwards became that organization's first president. Forrest E. Davis, famous trainer and driver, raced there and became manager from 1907 to 1913 for Samuel Nagle who then owned the track. Between 1895 and 1914 the track was used for trotting races. The Ho-Ho-Kus Driving Club controlled it and sublet the property to the Bergen County Fair Association, which was run by Michael H. Nagle, R. A. Adams and George M. Eckert. The track was host to the same drivers and horses that performed on the other tracks of the circuit, including Brooklyn Parkway, Goshen and Middletown. An "Aero" meet was held at the Ho-Ho-Kus Race Track in August 1912 when Miss Law, the first woman parachutist, made a spectacular and successful landing there. Mae Marsh of movie fame, while starring for POLLY OF THE CIRCUS, was filmed there as she rode her beautiful white charger around the track.

Three-car train ready to leave Broadway for a carnival at Ho-Ho-Kus Race Track. Trainman Trammel in window, Conductor Bogart, Motorman Chet Banta, and Trainman Van Setors in front of car.

But of all the events that were ever staged at the Ho-Ho-Kus Race Track, one stood out in the memory of most natives in the area as the most unusual. It took place on July 4th, 1919. By that time, the popularity of trotting races was sagging in favor of a new kind of racing in which automobiles were piloted by dare-devil drivers. The "smart set" took to organizing motor races, adopting special stylish costumes for the occasions. Young scions of wealthy families could afford the first cost and upkeep of the gasoline vehicles which were being designed to go faster and faster. Then as now, there were the young ne'er-do-wells who had more money than brains at their disposal, and as fast as they discarded their battered toys, their fathers would provide new replacements. But what became of the discards? At least a few of them, it seems, found their way into the custody of members of the Camptown Racing Association, an organization headed by Marcus Garvey in New York's Harlem area. There the crumpled chariots were straightened out as well as possible, loose appendages were wired back in place and the whole assembly given a coat of new, gaudy paint, to be introduced by their new owners under new and impressive names such as RED DRAGON, WHITE GHOST, YELLOW PERIL or GREEN GAZELLE. The necessary substitution of vital parts foreign to the original manufacturer's design made it impractical to list the cars under the maker's name in many cases. Each became a polyglot combination of several makers' components. Nevertheless they ran after a fashion, mostly without benefit of mufflers, creating a very impressive noise whether or not they achieved any great speed, often accompanied by clouds of vile smelling gases resulting from improperly adjusted carburetors or ignition systems.

Seeking a suitable location at which to stage a "meet," representatives of that organization discovered the track at Ho-Ho-Kus and made a deal with the proprietors to let them put on the affair there on July 4th. The track was a simple dirt course with unbanked turns, completely unsuited for automobile racing at the time, but its management was disinclined to go to the expense of banking the turns and oiling the surface for this one event which might or might not prove to be a success. The Camptown Racing associates were reluctant to invest the necessary funds in improving somebody else's property even if they could have afforded it. Accordingly, it was decided to race flat and dry.

The old band-stand had weathered away, but the grandstand was in passable shape, including the boxes

for the V.I.P. contingent. As the great day approached, representatives of the Harlem group approached George Jackson and arranged with him to have special trains on the NJRT meet the specials of the Hudson River Line that would bring the visitors to East Paterson, and carry them up to Ho-Ho-Kus. The same ferryboats which brought the spectators across the Hudson River from Manhattan's Harlem also carried the racing cars, whose drivers undertook to run them across the unimproved roads which then spanned that part of Northern New Jersey. Some fell by the wayside with flat tires, boiling radiators or other infirmities, but most of them made it to Ho-Ho-Kus. Meanwhile, an early contingent arrived at the race track and began knocking together a new band-stand with spindly joists and thin, knotty planks obtained cheaply from a local supplier. Jackson had extra train crews lined up, and in addition to the holiday scheduled trains, he had two two-car specials standing on the siding at Ho-Ho-Kus ready to go into action to carry Association members and their guests. I was assigned to one of these specials as Motorman. At the appointed hour, I took off for Paterson with my Conductor and a Trainman. In accordance with our orders, we carried white flags, and as an additional gay and patriotic touch, we tied a small

American flag to each trolley rope, up close to the trolley wheel.

By the time we reached the East Paterson terminal on the bank of the Passaic River, our first load of visitors was already there awaiting our arrival. They were singing to the accompaniment of a brass band, the members of which were gaudily uniformed in gold-trimmed red coats, uniform caps with feathery pom-poms that fluttered in the breeze, and white trousers. All were in a frolicking, holiday mood, and as we rolled to a stop, they all tried to crowd into the two cars, which was impossible because there were too many of them. After all the seats were filled, other visitors crammed in to the aisles and still others swarmed around every inch of the bumpers where they could find toe-hold outside the vestibules, which were also jammed to capacity. They even crowded into the step-wells, making it impossible to close the exterior vestibule doors and lower the traps.

"Now how do you think I'm going to see where we're going, with you fellows draped all around in front of me?" I pleaded. "A lot of your friends are still down there on the station platform. Why don't you just step off and wait with them for the next train? We'll have another two-car train down here just as soon as





The North Jersey Agricultural and Driving Association operated the level, dirt racetrack at Ho-Ho-Kus. A trotter is shown passing the grandstand and clubhouse at left, judges' stand at right. Stables appear in background. During World

War I, thousands of wild horses were brought here via Erie Railroad and stampeded through town by professional cowboys for shipment to France as J. P. Morgan's "French Remounts".

this one clears the line and passes it at the first switch."

"Listen, man, you don't know what's coming. Look yonder."

I looked yonder, to behold another Public Service two-car train flying white flags just approaching, and carrying a swinging load of additional visitors from Harlem.

"Come on fellows, jump off the bumper quick so I can get started, will you?" I urged them. Fortunately they complied, just as I received the two-bell starting signal, and away we went in time to elude the bunch alighting from the Hudson River Line train. For the first time in my experience, I observed how remarkably smoothly those big Jewett cars rode while carrying a capacity load. The springs, partially compressed, afforded a new, velvet resilience as we gathered speed. Somehow the band, jammed in as they were, contrived to strike up a lively tune as we sailed along. Evidently they were accustomed to performing in New York's crowded subway trains during rush hours. How the NJRT boys managed to collect their fares on that trip was a mystery, but they picked up over 300 fares before we reached Ho-Ho-Kus. They told George Jackson that it was the best they could do under the circumstances. (Each car seated 44 passengers.)

When we passed the other Special at No. 1 switch, it was well that the crew of that empty train observed our crowded condition, with obvious amazement. As a result, they decided to adopt a pay-as-you-enter procedure at Paterson station. It was a nice try, but while they were stemming the flow at the entrance to each car, collecting fares and issuing tickets, the impatient crowd outside began climbing in through the open windows, boosting each other up and in. Then the NJRT boys had fun trying to collect from those passengers who had entered via the windows, many of whom exhibited tickets surreptitiously slipped to them from friends who

had already paid. Even so, the crew picked up 260 fares from that second trainload. Thus it went throughout the forenoon and right up to "post" time, when we were still frantically racing back and forth with those two special trains in the effort to land all the visitors in Ho-Ho-Kus before the race started. Some of them came up the line, of course, on our regular trains which they swamped in like manner. Jackson sent word over to the Race Track to suggest that they defer the start of the race until we could bring in the last of the visitors, to which the management of the Association readily agreed. We then passed the word to the crew of the last Special waiting at Number One switch so that they could reassure the remaining contingent waiting for them at Paterson, who were naturally becoming alarmed at the delay in getting them to the track before the time scheduled for the start of the race. Actually we had everything out on the road that we owned, all eight of our passenger cars, and the Work Car standing by to shoot trouble which, very fortunately, did not materialize that day. Several times during that busy bout the power got knocked off when some ambitious Motorman fed up his power too quickly in the effort to expedite operations, only to cause delay. Upon restoration of the power, we each turned on our lights to watch for the brilliance that would indicate when it was safe to start up again, and we would then feed up our controllers, notch by notch with renewed deliberation.

At length we got the Harlem hordes all landed at Ho-Ho-Kus, set the two Special trains on the side-track, and sat down to enjoy our lunches, after which we strolled over to the race track to watch proceedings. The scene was unforgettable. In those days, before the advent of microphones and amplifiers, anyone attempting to address a large gathering had to depend upon his leathery lungs with slow and deliberate delivery. The band leader managed to quiet the crowd by having his men

sound a roll on drums and a trumpet call. A figure wearing a black cap and gown with a purple silk hood suspended over his shoulders stood up to address the crowd through the silk tassel that dangled over one eye.

"Who is that?" I inquired of a visitor at my elbow.

"*That is our Head Man,*" he informed me, "his name is Marcus Garvey. He runs all our meetings."

The collegiate figure was announcing that the big race was about to start, for the first prize purse of \$1000 and other prizes totaling another \$1000. Amongst the drivers he introduced was a buxom female entitled "The Ethiopian Princess," driving a special underslung Regal car. He ran through the list of other contestants, naming their vehicles, and introduced the Judges for the affair who would preside with him. I turned to Big Jim Tilghman and suggested "I've got two bucks to put on the nose of the Ethiopian Princess, want to take it?"

"Sure Ah will," he drawled, "she ain't got a chance against the Harlem Howitzer in that big ol' Simplex."

The drivers were lining their cars up at the starting line, five abreast and three deep for a total of fifteen cars. We were told that they had drawn lots for positions and that each had put up a \$100 entrance fee. Local vendors were circulating through the grandstand and the paddock, selling ice cream cones, soda-pop, cotton candy, hot dogs and American flags. The musicians seated on camp chairs atop their flimsy bandstand were playing a lively, syncopated rag-time tune. The day was stifling hot. The gentle breeze which had offered some relief earlier had now died down completely. The long rainless spell had left foliage hanging limp from the surrounding trees, and the grass under foot was parched and dry. Spectators were shedding much of their colorful finery. Now the portly figure in the Judges' stand was on his feet, waving a revolver aloft. The bandmaster stopped the music, and had his drummer sound a long roll which was followed by a cymbal crash. Attendants began cranking the engines of the waiting cars. Most of them responded and their drivers warmed up the motors with a chorus of roars, punctuated by loud back-fire reports, but others failed to respond to the energetic spinning of the cranking assistants, who redoubled their efforts in vain. Presently, when most of the automobiles on the track had their engines idling, the Cap-and-Gowned figure brandishing a revolver announced that he would now sound the starting signal, whereat he pulled the trigger, but nothing happened. Impatient drivers began revving up their engines. He pulled the trigger again, without results. On the third try the gun went off with a bang that could be heard above the noise of the engines, and the cars began taking off. That is, most of them did. A few were left behind with frantic assistants twirling their cranks.

Those which succeeded in starting gathered speed and began jockeying for preferred positions close to the inner fence. As they progressed around the first turn they left behind them a dense cloud of fine yellow dust that floated lazily upward and spread slowly outward. As the cars entered the back stretch, the cloud obscured the trailing members of the pack. Those in the lead had

the advantage of clear vision ahead, and were still accelerating. The band was now playing an appropriate "hurry", stomping their feet in ever faster cadence. The crowd was cheering their favorites. Meanwhile it evidently occurred to the stalled contestants that they stood in precarious positions, and drivers jumped out to assist in pushing the reluctant cars out of the danger zone, none too soon, for the pack was now roaring around the second turn and entering the stretch where they had started. Up to this point, the crowd had a fair view of what was transpiring, but it didn't last long. As the leading cars streaked past the grandstand, they entered the yellow cloud that they had kicked up as they first started. Simultaneously, their foggy wake began to envelop the spectators in the grandstand and the paddock. The roar that had been continuous from the exhausts now began to come in spurts as the drivers sought and found a clear patch here and there. By the time the second lap was completed, some cars were beginning to get separated from the original pack, in fact one of them got so well separated from the rest that he lost his way and plunged through the inside fence, winding up somewhere out in the grassy oval beyond the bandstand where we could hear him racing his motor from a fixed point. That driver was probably trying to figure a way to re-enter the track and the contest, but such was the all-pervading fog by this time that his vision was quite as obscured as that of everyone else, including the spectators and the Judges. Soon all count of laps for individual drivers was lost by spectators and Judges alike. Cars roared past the grandstand unseen and unidentified. One after another lost its way and went hurtling through the fence, fetching up either inside or outside of the track oval, some coming to grief against unseen trees or outbuildings. Those spectators who had been leaning on the fence around the outside of the track cautiously withdrew as one car after another plunged through with a splintering report. In the midst of this confusion, a resounding crash was heard from the vicinity of the bandstand and simultaneously the music came to an abrupt stop. We were to learn that the flimsy structure, improperly braced, had been unequal to the oscillating rhythm of the bandsmen's feet as they stomped out their syncopation. It began rocking to and fro in time with the beat and finally collapsed. Fortunately, none of the musicians was badly hurt by the eight foot drop, but the experience shook them up considerably. However, the near-tragedy went unseen by the spectators, if not unheard. The vendors were still circulating through the crowd, offering ice cream cones and spun candy silk, all of which were now encased in a coating of yellow dust. They, like the spectators, were by this time similarly encrusted. The gathering began to resemble a convention of moth-millers.

Gradually the number of contestants dwindled as various drivers either lost their way in the impenetrable haze and went astray, experienced engine trouble with carburetors choked by the stuff, or in some cases actually ran out of gas and coasted to a standstill. The perplexed Judges discussed their quandary, and finally

resolved their problem by deciding to award all the prize money to the last driver to survive in motion around the track. At length there was but one car roaring around through the smog which, by virtue of less disturbance, began to clear to some extent. A large checkered flag was waved at this driver each time around, and finally the car came to rest, sputtering, directly in front of the Judges' stand. The driver encased in yellow dust like everyone else, alighted and by her ample proportions was identified as the Ethiopian Princess. The Cap-and-Gowned Marcus Garvey proclaimed her the winner, and announced that the entire purse would be awarded to her for her "outstanding accomplishment." By this time, the crowd was rushing down from the grandstand to congratulate her. As the haze lifted, we began to see what had happened to the bandstand. The dusty Musicians were now getting reorganized, and began playing a lively tune which we recognized as *THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT*. Some of the wandering drivers began coming in from the various points of the compass into which they had strayed, some voicing their dissatisfaction at the Judges' decision, to no effect. There was a strange lack of expression of any dissatisfaction on the part of the spectators who had come a long way to see the event, and who had paid \$1.00 for grandstand seats or 50 cents for standing room in the paddock. This being their first experience, they probably assumed that it was the conventional way such contests turned out. All appeared to be in good spirits, laughing, joking, singing.

Nobody could deny that they all had a good time, or that the event was a big success. Now the crowd, mindful of their experience on the way out to Ho-Ho-Kus, began drifting toward the trolley line. As the first contingent arrived at the station, one of the regular trains pulled in Southbound, and they all tried to squeeze into it despite our entreaties to use the two specials that stood on the siding. Only when that regular car was filled to capacity did the rest turn their

attention to the two-car trains we had standing there awaiting them. Suddenly they stampeded in that direction and as soon as the first train was full, it took off for Paterson, leaving the rest of the crowd milling around the second train. Then it happened! The black clouds which had been gathering overhead unnoticed in the all-encompassing yellow haze over Ho-Ho-Kus suddenly dumped their contents upon the scene. With a loud thunder-clap accompanied by a frightening display of lightning, a terrific storm broke. The crowds on the way over from the Race Track now stampeded in the direction of our Headquarters where they all tried frantically to get aboard the remaining two-car train. We quickly rolled up one of the steel doors of the car barn to provide shelter for those who could not possibly crowd into the waiting train. The arrivals from the direction of the Race Track presented a ludicrous appearance, for now their encrustation of yellow dust had turned to a sort of slippery paste. But even this did not seem to dampen their spirits, for they jested with each other about their appearance.

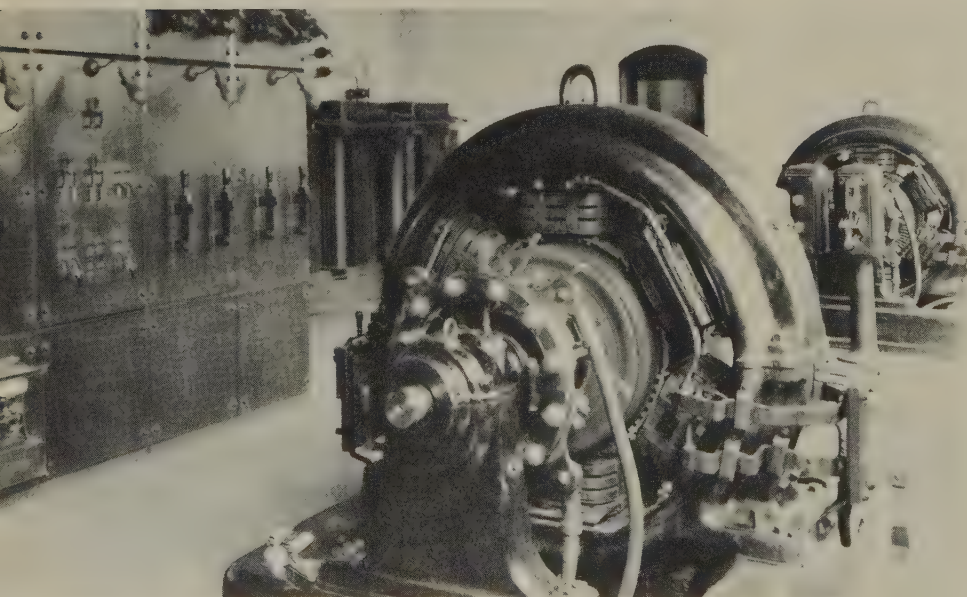
"You look like the time you tried to plaster the ceiling," suggested one of the Musicians to a friend. Observing the Musician's soggy head-plummage, the friend retorted with "You look like a wet chicken. What happened to your pants?"

The Musician glanced down at what had been his immaculate white duck trousers, now streaked with red dye from his uniform jacket. "Lord help me, I'm bleeding to death!" he remarked.

In due course of time, we got them all down to Paterson, laughing, singing, skylarking. The Musicians, who rode a few to each train, accompanied the songs. "That was *SOME* race!" was the consensus of opinion.

With four two-car trains running that day, powered by both rotary-converters, the North Jersey Rapid Transit booked 3682 passengers, an average of 460 for each car, which figures approximately one passenger per minute for each Conductor or Trainman on duty.

It was the greatest day in the history of the NJRT!



Behind the two Westinghouse 750 kw rotary converters in the Ho-Ho-Kus substation stood the Westinghouse switchboard. Power came from the giant Public Service combine.

Popover Stopover*



Right at the top of the long down grade through the densely wooded slope that extends from Waldwick to Ho-Ho-Kus, stood the house of Hilda. To the boys who ran the North Jersey Rapid Transit line, it didn't really matter whether Hilda owned the house herself, or was actually the cook and housemaid. To us it was Hilda's house, and a very important landmark it was indeed.

Hilda was young, blonde, buxom and easy to look at. Her cheery disposition, winning smile, pink cheeks and blue eyes were set off by her freshly starched white costume. She was a Kitchen Queen in the most complimentary sense of the term. What was more important, she made delicious popovers, those rare and tasty hollow shells that so many housewives struggle to produce but seldom succeed. Hot out of Hilda's oven with butter and a cup of her delicious coffee on the side, these popovers were the reason for the midnight stop-over not shown on the NJRT timetable.

On the last trip down the line from Suffern, N.Y., the lucky crew would manage to pull into Waldwick well ahead of time, leave their Interurban car standing at the top of the grade with brakes set, and repair to Hilda's kitchen to enjoy her hospitality. This was Hilda's way of reciprocating for the favors we occasionally did for her. It was not unusual for Hilda to forget some important item on her day's grocery list, and in a pinch she would step across her lawn to the little station platform and flag us down. Turning on the charm, she would approach the Motorman's door and whisper confidentially, "Would you be so kindly to bring for fifteen cents onions when you come up the hill back?"

Of course the passengers suspected she was making a date with us. Perhaps she was. It constituted a renewal of the customary popover invitation which, I am sure, was much better than the passengers' assumption. Hilda got her onions.

The crew that was fortunate enough to have the last run in from the North end of the line would automatically win the popovers and coffee. They left the end of the line up in the Ramapo Mountains very promptly, and wasted no time in that seven mile stretch down to Waldwick. Riding was usually light on that owl trip; maybe a few tipplers who struggled aboard at the last minute in response to the warning bell in Suffern, bought their tickets and promptly went to sleep in the green plush cushions of the Jewett car.

The drunks were always quite fragrant. For that reason, and to relieve the night barn man of the job of

sweeping out the car, it was regular practice to get up speed and suddenly part the two sliding doors at the front end. With all the windows open, the Motorman and Conductor would stay out in the front vestibule until the car was thoroughly cleared of the day's accumulation of tickets and assorted trash. The hurricane which swept through the car would carry this dusty cloud all out through the rear vestibule windows, along with the alcohol fumes and sometimes a hat or two. But the drunks would snore through it all.

On this last trip, it was the train crew's duty to stop at each station and turn out the station lights. The light switch was located on the pole near the station. In order to avoid wasting time, they would sail right along without slackening speed and would "whack" at the switch handles in passing. For this purpose they used flagsticks. Leaning far out through the vestibule side door, they would douse the lights at each station as the car roared through.

Many became experts, regarding it as a sort of game, like one o'cat. The fact that it was hard on the switches, half of which had the live metal blades exposed as a result of their wooden handles being knocked off, didn't worry the train crews any more than the fact that this procedure was strictly against the rules. Of course it was necessary to stop occasionally to unload one of the inebriates, and the Motorman and Conductor cooperated in expediting his disembarkation. Then the car promptly resumed its flight to that important "meet" in Waldwick.

On the night referred to, the crew operating the last car down from Suffern was composed of Motorman Hank Hartman and Shorty Clark. They had been making a quick trip all the way down, and they were sufficiently ahead of time to spend five or six minutes at Hilda's place. Leaving there a couple of minutes late, they could depend upon picking up a minute or so on that long straightaway down through the woods to Ho-Ho-Kus. This would put them into the car barn only a minute late, and nobody would complain about that.

Arriving at Waldwick, they left their one remaining drunk snoring peacefully in the car. Having set the air brakes and removed the operating handles, the pair ducked into Hilda's cozy kitchen for their hot popovers with butter, and coffee. Hilda smiled upon them and chatted with them as they munched another popover and another.

Down at Ho-Ho-Kus, where I had run my two-car MU train into the barn shortly after 11 pm, I had taken off my overalls and had washed up and was enjoying a smoke with Red Raymond, the night barn man. Being

* Originally published in RAILROAD Magazine, Sept. 1949, reproduced here by permission.

also Dispatcher and Sub-station Operator, Red was a pretty busy person. I covered the railroad telephone for him during moments when his duties took him elsewhere in the building. The crew of the last train Northbound out of Paterson had called in at 11:45 pm to report that they were still waiting for their Hudson River Line connection to show up. I gave them the standard order as Red directed, "Wait till 12:00 and call again before leaving." This was done in case the Hudson River Line Dispatcher called us in the meantime to report that he had passengers for that last scheduled connection.

When Red came back into the office shortly afterwards, I told him what had happened. Nodding, he signed his copy of the order I had put out. "Got your switch key on you?" he asked.

"Sure have," I replied, "want me to let Hank and Shorty in at the north end of the yard?"

"If you don't mind," said Red, "here's a lantern for you."

So I walked up the yard to the switch leading from the main line into the barn ladder, and stood there slapping mosquitos while I waited. Their singing was accompanied by frogs and crickets, and I mentally pictured those two guys finishing up their popovers and coffee. I imagined I could see them trying to kiss the blushing Hilda as they returned to their car. Time lagged, I strained my ears to catch the distant hoot of Number 10's whistle when Hank blew for the Saddle River Road crossing. I couldn't detect the familiar singing sound of the trolley-wire foretelling the approach of the car, but the rotary-converter in the nearby Sub-station hummed away under no load. The brilliant red signal showed me that the car was in the block. Those popovers must be extra good tonight, I mused; maybe those two rascals are having another round. I was wondering whether Hank was going to whistle a long blast for the main to discharge some ladies at the station platform at Ho-Ho-Kus, or if he would give me the unofficial two-short toots, in which case I would open the switch so he could run directly into the barn. If he

had only a drunk or two aboard, he wouldn't bother to run down to the platform.

I was stirred from these thoughts by the unmistakable *clickety-click* coming from the rails. I looked up the line, but in spite of the fact that the night was clear, I could see no blue-white glow from the arc headlight of Hank's car. Nevertheless, the car was coming, and coming fast according to the unusually swift cadence of the rail clicks.

Now I could hear the roar of a fast moving car. It was getting louder. Hank must have skipped the customary two long and two short blasts on his whistle for the Saddle River Road crossing, which wasn't at all like Hank. And how come he wasn't showing any headlight? My eyes were fixed on the curve up the line where the car would first appear.

Suddenly I realized that the car must be coming too fast to take the switch safely, or even to stop at the station platform a few hundred feet beyond. Flanges screamed on the curve. Just then the forward lens of the rear marker cast a green beam down the track toward me, but no other lights were showing, not even the interior lights. As the car rocketed toward me, I covered my face with my arm. It roared past me, throwing up a whirlwind of sand and gravel. The two red markers disappeared down the single-track line and the wheel clicks subsided.

The next moment I was streaking for the office. Red was already outside the barn, gazing after the car in a sort of stupor. "He's gone crazy," I hollered at Red. "He's gone nuts, anyway, he's gone. Why doesn't Shorty stop him?"

Red seemed bewildered. "Did you see anybody aboard that car?" he was asking.

"Well, no. But it was dark, so dark that I couldn't have seen whether there was anyone aboard or not, . . . but . . ."

Red left me stammering to myself and went in to phone the Boss. I trailed behind him. At length, when the Superintendent answered from his house, Red said "Listen, Mr. Jackson, Number 10 just went by here

Conductor Tom Bell and Motorman Joe Bender with Car 10 at the Broadway Terminal. Tom left the trolley company to open a restaurant on Franklin Turnpike near Hilda's place but Joe stayed with the company to the end.



Fare receipt issued to passengers upon payment of fare on the car, were keyed by sliding metal finger in ticket book which tore both ticket and stub for proper auditing. Date holes were usually punched several at a time, in layers. Diagram below shows terrain of area served by North Jersey Rapid Transit.

<div> <div> 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 </div> <div> JAN FEB MAR APR MAY JUN JUL AUG SEP OCT NOV DEC </div> </div>																									
<div> <div> A </div> <div> 525412 </div> </div>																									
NORTH JERSEY RAPID TRANSIT CO. TRAIN TICKET																									
Good for continuous passage between points notched for this day and train only.																									
PATENTED THE MACDONALD TRUST AND TICKET BOX CO., CLEVELAND, O.																									
North	5¢ paid	10	15	20	25	Tickets	BROADWAY	FAIRLAWN	MARISTOWN RD.	GLEN ROCK	GROVE ST.	RIDGEWOOD	MARRISON AVE.	HO-HO-KUS	FRANKLIN TURNPIKE	WALDWICK	CHESTNUT ST.	ALLENDALE	RAMSEY	ISLAND ROAD	SPRING ST.	MAHWAH	FOX LAKE	SUFFERN	South

going like Hell. We couldn't see whether anyone was aboard her or not. All her lights were out. The retriever had the pole pulled down, and . . . time? It's 12:02. Hello, Mr. Jackson, Hello . . . "

"He must of hung up," said Red, turning to me. "Maybe he thinks I'm nuts."

"Maybe he's pulling on his pants right now and coming over here," I suggested.

Just then the railroad phone rang. It was Conductor Lewis down at Paterson reporting that he and Motorman Shantz could see a glow from their Hudson River Line connection coming over the hill. He wanted to know if they could come on up to Ho-Ho-Kus as soon as they picked up their transferring passengers.

"Hell NO," shouted Red over the phone. "For cripe's sake stay where you are. And call me back every two minutes . . . never mind asking why . . . just do as I say. Repeat that back now . . . right . . . right . . . right. Raymond, 12:05 am. Goodbye." Red was sweating about the brow.

Just then the Boss showed up in his Model T Ford. "What's going on here?" he demanded, "Now, tell me what's up."

"Looked like a runaway car to me," said Red. "Number 10 went by here with no lights except the oil markers. She was hightailing it, and I guess she's still going. I don't know what to make of it, Mr. Jackson."

"You check that, Quinby?" asked the Super, turning to me with obvious incredulity. "Which way was she going?"

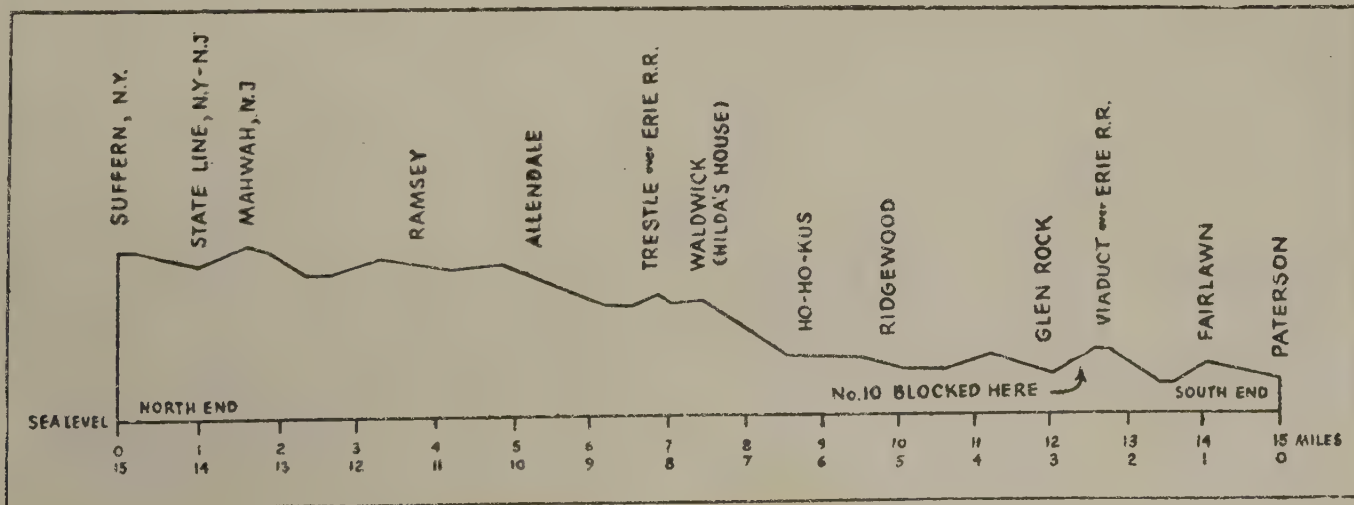
"She—she went that way," I pointed Southward.

Jackson turned on his heel and walked swiftly into his office. We followed him and watched as he turned on the lights and unrolled a profile map of the line. "Where's the Northbound car?" he was asking, "Where are they, quick man . . . ?"

"They're still at Paterson. I told them to wait until . . . " Red began. Just then the railroad phone rang. Jackson himself strode over to answer it. His face was the living picture of relief as he said "Very well, this is Jackson speaking. Get your passengers out of that car immediately. Tell them to wait in the station; we'll pick them up later. I'll hold the phone open. Report back to me as soon as you've done that, and I'll have an order for you."

Then, turning to the night man, the Super said calmly "Red, bring that profile map in here. I want to look at it while I'm waiting for Lewis to come back on the phone."

Red brought the map in and the Super studied it in a cool and collected manner. He even lit his pipe and puffed with seeming satisfaction. Then, as the voice came back on the phone, he said "Got them all out of the car? Good boy. Now take an order: Run extra to Fairlawn, keeping sharp lookout for dark car rolling toward you, and be prepared to reverse and try to match the speed of the opposing car. Make every effort to let it contact you as gently as possible; she won't be rolling very fast at Fairlawn, then brake to a stop. There isn't time for you to write all that down, you'll have to accept verbal orders. I'll repeat that, here it is again."



Jackson repeated his order, adding, "Don't come any farther north than Fairlawn. Call me again as soon as you stop that car, or at 12:35 am. This is Jackson, 12:08 am. Goodbye."

You would have thought that Jackson was merely ordering a pound of butter and a dozen eggs, the calm way he spoke over that phone. Meanwhile, Red and I were having the jitters. After the Super hung up, we began asking him if he thought the runaway would really make it to Fairlawn.

"I hope not," announced Jackson. "I hope she'll stall going up the grade to the Glen Rock viaduct. But if she gets over that rise, she'll go all the way to Paterson and into the Passaic River unless Lewis and Shantz stop her."

"Shall we get out the Work Car?" I asked him.

"No," said the Boss. "We'll have Red here give Lewis and Shantz suitable orders if they succeed in hooking onto Number 10 without any trouble. But if that runaway leaves the rail, she's liable to knock the power off, in which case the Work Car would go dead, too. Come on, Quinby, you and I will run down to Glen Rock in the Ford and see what we can see."

I climbed into the flivver with the Boss, and we were soon heading down the highway which varied from a half mile to a mile to the West of the NJRT right-of-way. While the Ford snorted along with throttle wide open, I found it difficult to understand what Jackson was saying; something about considering the profile of the line as a roller-coaster; momentum and curve friction.

When we reached Glen Rock, Jackson slowed down a little and suddenly turned to the left, toward the railroad line. "If she fetches up on that ramp leading up to the viaduct," he was saying, "she will see-saw in the hollow until her momentum dies out."

Soon we were pulling up to a stop at the near side of the NJRT grade crossing. Sure enough, there was the red marker at the rear of Number 10, backing down off the viaduct ramp. She was gaining speed as she approached us; everything about her was pitch dark except that one marker. She must have bounced the other one off on her wild ride. She rumbled past us over the crossing and up the grade to the North. Jackson was standing at the crossing with a flashlight, ready to flag any late-roaming automobiles.

As the Interurban came by us the second time, Jackson aimed his flashlight at her. Neither of us could see any signs of life aboard her except a pair of feet sticking up over one of the seat backs, near the middle of the car. There was no crew in evidence.

"I'll stay here and flag the crossing," the Boss was telling me, "you go up the track and try to hop aboard when she comes to rest up there, before she starts to roll back this way again. Her front vestibule door is open."

"Right. I'll tie her down as quick as possible," I assured him.

I started off up the line on a dog trot, but hadn't gone very far beside the track when Number 10 overtook me on her pendulum-swing back and forth through the Glen Rock hollow. But she was going too fast for me to grab her in the darkness. However, when she reversed

her direction again, I was far enough up the line to intercept her before she gathered too much speed. I made a frantic grab for the hand-holds in the darkness and managed to swing aboard, but I came so close to losing my grip that it wasn't funny. Up on the platform, I found no handles either on the engineer's brake valve or on the controller. I reached for the emergency cord and yanked it, POWF-F-F it went as Number 10 dumped all the air she had left, strangely without setting up the brakes. Then I began spinning the hand brake wheel, kicking in the pawl, but it went round and round without results. Meanwhile, Number 10 was again gathering speed down through the hollow. As she bore down on the Glen Rock crossing, I yelled at the Boss through the open door, to let him know I was safely aboard. He pointed his flashlight at me as I rolled by. "Put your pole on the wire and pump her up," he shouted.

I waited until we rolled up the viaduct ramp, and as we eased to a stop, I managed to get the wheel on the copper wire in the darkness, after a few stabs at it. Then 10 car had lights, and her compressor began to whirl. I shut the emergency valve, and by this time we were again rolling along at a good clip. I ran through the aisle to the other end, and in my hurry I accidentally knocked down the two feet that had been propped up on the back of a plush seat.

"Why don't you plug her?" Jackson was shouting.

"No handles," I yelled back. I began twisting the brake wheel at the other end, but with no better results than before. In spite of my energetic efforts, the brakes wouldn't take hold. Then as Number 10 again slowed to a stop, poised for another reversal, I grabbed a couple of flagsticks from their receptacle in the canopy and jumped down to the ground. Just as the car came to rest, I jammed the sticks under the down-grade tread of a wheel, and watched with satisfaction as the car crunched down on my improvised wedge, and there she quit. I climbed back aboard and lit the arc headlight to illuminate the track toward the crossing where I had left

NJRT crosses the Glen Rock Viaduct, southbound, 1915, in a view looking northwest. At right a water color by Quinby showing Car 10 rolling through Ridge-wood. Quinby shows pilots on the car yet no photo has ever turned up showing any of the Jewett's so equipped!







The concrete and steel viaduct at Glen Rock measured 1,155 ft. in length, and carried the NJRT over the Erie on a 114 ft. Pratt Pony Truss, an 85 ft. through plate girder, and thirty-two 30 ft. deck plate girder spans. All three views point north; are taken from the Russ May Cinema.

the Boss, and gave him a couple of chirps on the whistle to let him know that I had the critter under control. He gave me a slow come-on signal, but I just dimmed the headlight to let him know I was staying where I was.

The slumbering drunk in the car must have been disturbed, for the protruding feet now struggled up out of a reclining position. "Zis Ho-Ho-Kus?" he inquired sleepily.

"No," I said, "Glen Rock."

"Glen Rock! 'Scuse me," said he as he settled down to resume his snooze. I shook him and demanded "Where's the Conductor? Where's the Motorman?"

In answer to the first question, he pointed toward the rear of the car, and to the second he pointed to the front, then closed his eyes in repose.

Meantime, the Boss had climbed aboard. Noting the perplexed expression on his face, I explained "No handles, no hand brakes. I wound 'em both up tight, but they didn't grab. I pulled the emergency, but it didn't help, so I stopped her by wedging one wheel with flag-sticks.

"Okay, let her stand here while I phone the Dispatcher" said Jackson. "Is that passenger all right?"

"A little drunk from drinking. Outside of that he's all right. He couldn't tell me anything about the Conductor or Motorman."

The Boss got on the railroad phone at Glen Rock switch and arranged with the Dispatcher to send Lewis and Shantz back to Paterson to pick up their evicted passengers, and then come to Glen Rock to couple onto Number 10. When they arrived and we got hooked up, we tried the air brakes on Number 10, borrowing their handle, but we couldn't get any results. Then we started for Ho-Ho-Kus. With Shantz shoving, I was at the head end, passing him signals.

En route, the lone passenger on Number 10 kept stumbling up to the vestibule to insist that we were running the wrong way. "I wanna go to Ho-Ho-Kush," he kept repeating, and I assured him that we were taking him there. "Oh, no you ain't," he insisted, "Ho-Ho-Kushish down that way," and he pointed back in the direction of Shantz. "Why d'ya let him pushush back to Shuffern? I wanna go home to Ho-Hick-Hoke . . ."

Opening the vestibule windows to sweep his breath back toward Shantz, I said "Listen, Mack, we just left Glen Rock. Now we're going to Ho-Ho-Kus, get it?"

"How'd we get to Glen Rock before we got to Ho-Ho-Kush?" he demanded. He kept looking at the seat-backs in our car, which were facing in the wrong direction, considering the way we were running. "You're taking me back to Shuffern, you can't fool me."

"All right," I agreed, "when we get there, I'll buy you a drink."

"You will? Okay, pal, thash a bargain. I'll take y'up. Less go to Shuffern."

After a couple of stops to let Lewis's passengers off in Ridgewood, we approached the Ho-Ho-Kus yard. Red opened the switch to let us into the South end of the barn. We helped the drunk down amid his protests that I had broken my promise to buy him a drink in "Shuffern."

"But you're in Ho-Ho-Kus now. Isn't that where you wanted to go?" I asked him.

"Nope. You said you'd buy me a drink in Shuffern. I wanna go to Shuffern. I don't wanna be in Ho-Ho-(hic), I wannanother . . ."

"Come on, Willie, go home and go to bed. You've had enough riding on this line for one night," said Red, trying to lead him out the North end of the barn toward the bridge over Ho-Ho-Kus Creek. But the drunk broke away from him and made for the South door. "Here," called Red, "the street is out this way."

"Oh no it ain't. You fellas ain't gonna fool me any more tonight. It's out *this* way. It *always* is."

Out he went, and before we could overtake him, he fell into the creek back of the car barn and we had to fish him out. The bath seemed to sober him up a little.

Hank Hartman and Shorty Clark came stumbling in later, both pretty winded by their hurried trip afoot down the right-of-way from Waldwick. Hank's overalls had a trap-door tear on one knee where he had landed when he had fallen in pursuit of the truant car. They

told us confidentially that they had seen Number 10 disappearing around the curve just as they came out from Hilda's kitchen. They tried to overtake the runaway, but she was already going too fast. They couldn't explain how she got started.

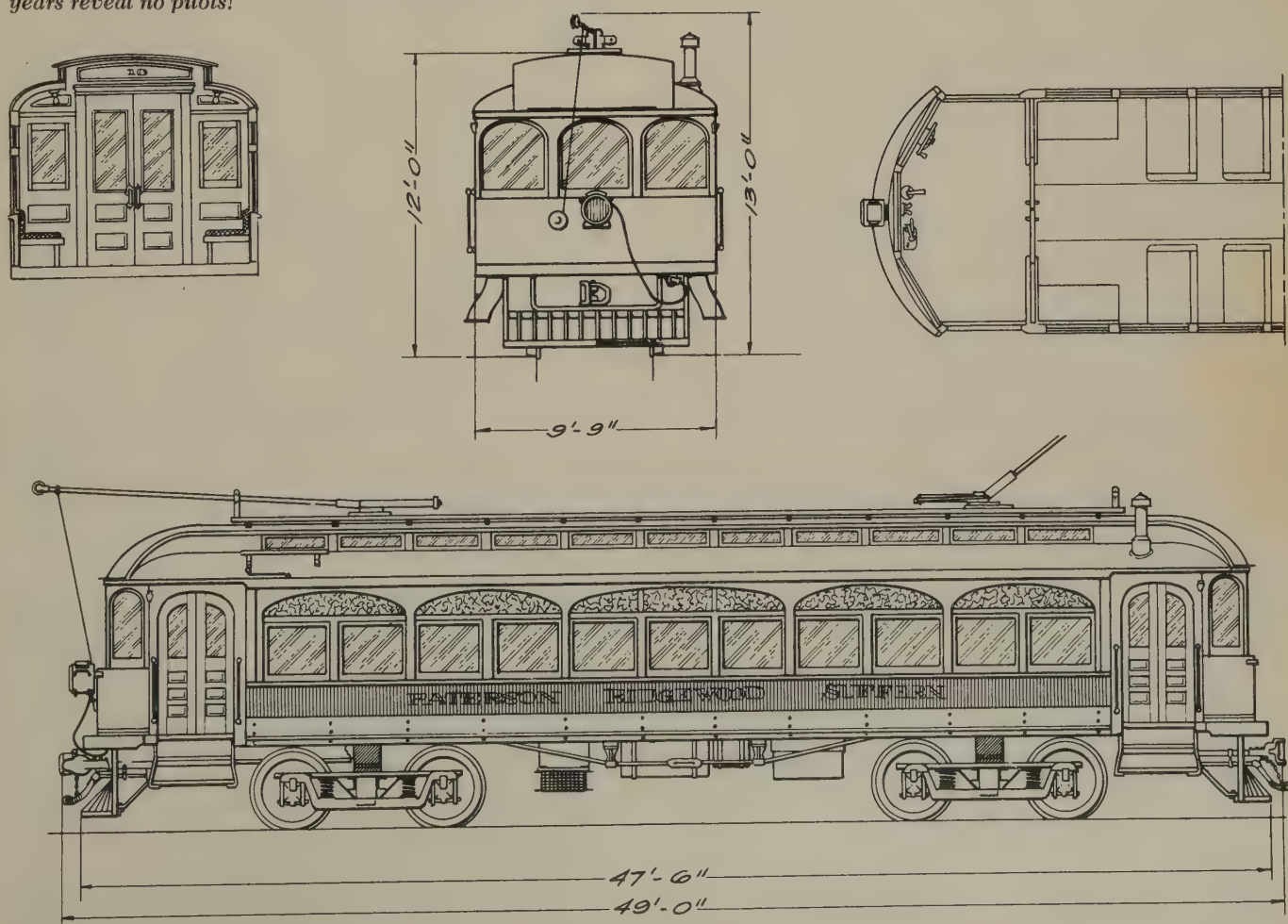
Hank still had his handles with him. Both tried to tell the Boss that they fell out the door while putting out station lights on the fly, but they couldn't make the story stick. Not after we found the floating brake lever on Number 10 cracked at the center hole and bent like a boomerang. It was evident that the air pressure, gradually increasing through a leak in the engineer's valve, had built up sufficiently to make the lever give away at a point where an old flaw existed.

After this was shown to Hank and Shorty, they just cleaned out their lockers, turned in their badges and left for other parts.

All's well that ends well. Maybe if it hadn't been for Hilda's delicious popovers, the accident might have happened under other circumstances and might have caused a bad wreck.

HO Scale drawing of the big wooden Jewett interurban used by the North Jersey Rapid Transit. Draftsman James Berge included pilots on the cars. The cars were delivered without pilots and no photos of the cars with pilots have ever been found, except for two photos shown in this book (pages 47 and 61) in which the pilots are obviously the result of a re-touching artist. Photos in this volume dating over a span of years reveal no pilots!

JEWETT INTERURBAN





Hired, Mired and Fired

Compared with the wrecks that other railroads have had, and even with the few we had on the North Jersey Rapid Transit line, the mishap I was involved in was about as harmless as you could imagine. The car got derailed at speed, landing clear off the line, right side up, without breaking the smallest part of the equipment. Nobody even got hurt, but the Boss got mad and I got fired. I had learned not to take this too seriously, though. I had been through it before, and I was to go through it again before the last wheels turned on the NJRT.

Being fired was a sort of punishment for the sake of discipline and there always seemed to be a bright future ahead of us if we indicated that we had learned our lesson.

While we were serving our sentence (off the payroll), we suffered the cruelest of wise-cracking criticism from our former comrades who had managed to keep out of trouble. The money we lost during our banishment was hardly equal to the embarrassment experienced. To be chased off the lot by the righteously indignant George Jackson, Jr., Superintendent, and to have his blistering pronouncements ring in our ears through the weeks we were given in which to think it over, was quite enough to redden the face of the most hard-boiled and experienced rail. "Get off the property and never come back, you damned stupid lunkhead!" I wasn't the first to hear that vitriolic phrase, nor the last.

The exception to the NJRT policy of giving offenders another chance after serving out such a sentence was the permanent banishment for passing a red signal. We all understood the seriousness of this crime. Having had one disastrous head-on collision, which threw the company into receivership, we all agreed that there should never be a second. Passing a red block was as good as attempted murder, as far as we were concerned, and that was why "Old Man" O'Reilly lost his job with us, but permanently.

O'Reilly came to us from the Susquehanna Railroad, where he had been a steam hogger. We learned after it was all over, that he had been fired for violating Rule G, but we didn't know about that at the time. He was obviously an experienced rail, knew his book of rules forward and backward, and took pride in his job. At the end of each trip, he would walk up one side of his multiple-unit train and down the other, feeling all the journal boxes with the back of his hand. He kept all the wood-work in his vestibule gleaming with furniture polish, and he shined up all the brass controls and the air gage. He even climbed up on the roof of his cars and polished the whistles. The carbons of his arc-headlights were meticulously trimmed and their parabolic

aluminum reflectors gleamed like mirrors. He even cleaned up and polished his Conductor's oil marker lamps so that they looked as though they had just come from the factory that made them. Sometimes the other boys would swipe such a set, substituting a filthy pair of their own. "Pop" O'Reilly seemed to enjoy the process of the rejuvenating task. He lived and breathed his railroad.

That's why we were all so sorry when he was taken off his run one Summer day. He had gone by a red block, and his Conductor had stopped him just in time to avoid a nasty corn-field meet. We never did find out who reported him, maybe one of the passengers, but the Boss got the news, and O'Reilly got the sack. He turned in his stuff, collected his pay, and went home to his furnished room in Paterson. And the next day we read in the newspaper that he had turned on the gas in his room and committed suicide. We wondered why he hadn't done that after losing his job on the Susquehanna, and came to the conclusion that he loved and prized his job on the NJRT more highly.

When the regular traffic reduction occurred late each Fall, it was always necessary for the Boss to pick those employees who were to stay and those who would have to be laid off. Jackson evidently didn't relish making this choice. For days he would shut himself up in his office amid clouds of pipe smoke to work out the problem. He would hardly speak to anyone during that period, and we knew better than to disturb him. Then, having posted the results of his deliberations on the Bulletin Board, he would go around and shake hands with those who were getting laid off. He would tell them "Come back next Spring, we'll have a job for you then."

Then those boys would leave, dejected but bearing no hard feelings, for everyone knew it was unavoidable. The best, most experienced men deserved to be kept on through the lean Winter months when bucking snow, fighting sleet and making line repairs in zero weather would require the most in skill and versatility.

When the breath of Spring was again in the air, the boys who had been laid off would return with the robins, and would have a happy reunion all around. If some showed up a little too early, the Boss would contrive to give them something to do such as painting the cars, the stations, the steel bridges and the switch targets or raising low track joints. Those who came trailing in later after the line got pretty busy would be greeted by Jackson with "It's about time you showed up. Where the Hell have you been?"

One year when I migrated back to the NJRT with the rest of the Summer gang, I fell victim to the temptation



Veteran Erie Railroad engineer Harvey Springstead was proud of his best-maintained locomotive No. 970, which carried his name in gold leaf under the cab. The author, serving

as motorman, was fired for racing his NJRT electric train against Harvey's swift steam steed. The 970 was Baldwin built in 1904, Erie class G-15A.

offered by certain enthusiastic passengers who enjoyed the impromptu races along the Northern end of the line, between our electric trains and the Erie's steam commuter trains. Each evening, at just about the same moment we pulled into Waldwick siding for our meet with the Southbound NJRT train, the Erie's 5:15 pm commuter train out of Jersey City would also pull into Waldwick, with Harvey Springstead at the throttle of locomotive No. 970. She was a tall, high-wheeled 4-6-0, immaculately polished, with a red number plate on the front of her boiler and Harvey's name in gold leaf on the side of her cab. If my meet showed up promptly, I could get away at the same time as Harvey, and the race to Suffern would be on!

Up there the two lines ran generally parallel, swinging away from each other here and there with the dense woodlands in between. Now and then we would catch glimpses of each other through breaks in the forest growth. Most of the time we would see nothing of Harvey's train except the smoke above the trees, which served as a clue to his progress. Then all of a sudden his train would burst into view, bringing forth cheers or derisive shouts from passengers on either train. Often when we began to edge ahead of Harvey, he would shut off steam and blow for his next station, wherever he happened to be, to avoid the embarrassment of being overtaken while doing his best.

Of course there was the annoying matter of having to stop here and there to discharge or pick up passengers. In this, our quicker deceleration and acceleration gave us an advantage over the heavier steam powered train. But we had more stops to make than the Erie train which largely evened things up. And we had the complete cooperation of the NJRT passengers. Those who had to interrupt our flight by alighting did so with dispatch, even hopping off before we actually came to a stop so that my Conductor could give me a prompt proceed signal. Passengers who wanted to board our train but who failed to jump aboard quickly became the

targets of gibes and cat-calls from the passengers already on board. "Come on, Grandpa," they would urge some relatively young man, "let's go!" And he would be yanked up and in by eager hands.

One evening in June, during one of these contests with Harvey Springstead, he was well up ahead of us along the stretch between Ramsey and Mahwah. For the moment, the intervening woods obscured our view of his train but we could see his smoke to the north. My two-car train had fallen behind on an up-grade at a point where the Erie was practically level. Then, having topped the grade, we plunged down and gathered speed for the dash which should have permitted us to catch our opponent before he reached Mahwah. With full power on, we were doing better than sixty when I blew for the flag-stop station at Spring Street at the bottom of the grade.

Fortunately, we had no passengers to discharge at that station and none was in sight there to necessitate a stop. The gang had been cheering and hollering at the commuters on the Erie train through the open windows and had been making a few customary wagers on the outcome of the race to Suffern. Just as we were bearing down on the station, a figure jumped out and began waving something at us. It was too late to get the train stopped at the station, and if I were to have made that pick up, I would have had to stop well beyond the platform and then back up for the elderly lady with the parasol. The delay would certainly have made us lose the race.

"Keep going. Let her wait for the next train. Don't stop now," my passengers were yelling. And that is exactly what I did. As we tore past the poor soul, she wiggled frantically with her parasol, and my passengers waved back facetiously at her. They laughed as she became enveloped in the cyclone of dry yellow dust whipped up in our wake.

We won the race to Suffern, but I lost my job in the process. With righteous indignation, that Spring Street



spinster telephoned the Boss and gave him all the particulars, and the Boss gave me the bounce.

During the next few weeks, I eased back to Ho-Ho-Kus and began playing checkers with Jackson in the shade of the awnings outside his office, where he could listen for the phone. Then one day when he had answered the phone, he took a couple of puffs on his pipe and announced "We've got a little trouble up at

Cragmere. Would you like to take the Work Car up there and give us a hand?"

Of course that was just the opportunity for which I had been waiting. "But," he cautioned, "this is just a temporary job, for one day only. Remember that."

It was a derailment at Number 8 switch, and we got it cleaned up in record time. Although nothing more was said about it, I found myself back on the job, and back on my run. Jackson was like that. He could get awfully mad, but he could never stay mad for very long, God rest his soul!

Then came that memorable July deluge. It had been raining cats and dogs for days, and the Ho-Ho-Kus Creek was up and over its banks, flooding fields and creating vast lakes where dry land had always been. The NJRT tracks were under water in spots, and we crawled cautiously through such areas. Resistance grids steamed, motors flashed over and third-rail shoes grounded out. Our own shoes grew green mold and the Ho-Ho-Kus Headquarters reeked of steam from our work clothes draped over the shop boiler, in which we started up a fire to dry out what we could. Some of the cars that developed insulation troubles were forced out of service. The Boss became as glum as the weather. Then a toppling tree pulled down some of our signal wires near Glen Rock, and when I came in from my run, I was called to go down there with the Work Car and a line crew.

We had orders to go into clear at Glen Rock siding for Hank Krouse on the Northbound regular. On the way down, we got held up for a few minutes at the Ridgewood crossing, where a motor-truck with a broken axle was in our way. By the time we got it pushed aside, we were on short time for our meet, so I gave the heavy Work Car all she would take. Under the circumstances, this was a mistake, for the roadbed was like marshmallow along the banks of the swollen creek. We hit a super-elevated curve, and the next thing I knew, we were off the track, but *completely*. It all hap-



Car 20 enters No. 4 switch at Ridgewood, southbound, in 1915. Area in back became lake when the Ho-Ho-Kus Creek overflowed its banks. Spring scene at left shows the Creek up over its banks in what is normally dry ground northwest of the Ridgewood Avenue Crossing. Car is shown passing to the rear of the author's house.



Cars 10 and 12 in what was probably the first multiple-unit train operated over the NJRT, taken between May 16th and July 21st, 1911. Supt. Pilgrim stands on ground in derby hat while his eleven year old son stands in the doorway. Pilot on Car 10 is an artist's retouching. It is unlikely that pilots were ever used. See Index.

pened so quickly and so gently that it was hard to realize our predicament. Just a lurch, and then plop, there we were, buried in thick, sloppy mud up over our wheels. We were in sight of Number 3 switch, so I hurried down there to phone the Dispatcher at Ho-Ho-Kus. The rain was coming down in sheets and standing water concealed the ties for much of the distance. I floundered along uncertainly, unable to direct my steps onto the ties. Half the time my feet sank into soggy mud on the ballast between the ties, and I pitched onto my face a couple of times. Since I was already soaked to the skin, this didn't make me any wetter. At last I reached the switch, unlocked the phone box, and twirled the crank.

Pat Kennedy answered the telephone, as usual. "So you're on the ground!" was his casual comment, "How many wheels?"

"All of 'em, and we're off the track and up to our necks in mud," I told him.

"Well, you've sure got the south end tied up. It's good Hank is south of you so he can run shuttle service from there to Paterson. When he phones from Glen Rock after he sees your red signal, I'll tell him to ease up to where you are stuck," was Pat's pronouncement.

"Tell him to come right on through, Pat. We're in the clear. We made a good job of it. We're completely out of his way," I reassured him. After a few moments during which he evidently discussed the situation with the Boss, Pat came back on the wire.

"Okay, Fella. We can't do nothing for you until the storm lets up. By the way, the Boss wants to see you. He says for you to come on up here with Hank."

When Hank showed up, I climbed in with him for the trip to Ho-Ho-Kus, and I showed him where to take it easy past the soft spot. As he viewed the Work Car, up to her deck in mud down in the ditch, he drawled "How'd y'all get down in thar? Thet ain't no place to be. You'd better put a plank in the seat of your britches when you go in to see the Boss." He was so right!

What the Boss told me on his damp carpet wasn't fit for print. Didn't he have enough trouble already, without my gumming up the show? Didn't I realize that we had only ONE Work Car? Didn't I have enough brains to expect the roadbed to be soft after a siege of such weather? Wasn't it about time I graduated from the amateur class? After these and a few other searching questions, which I couldn't answer, he wound up with the grand climax that I expected: "Get off the property and never let me see your dumb face around here again!"

Nevertheless, I did come back to work again, after serving out an appropriate sentence.

How I would like to hear him perform that inspiring recital right now! But alas, George Jackson has passed to his rewards, and the North Jersey Rapid Transit has disappeared from the scene, both distinct losses to the community.



Operations

The North Jersey Rapid Transit Company's handsome Interurban cars built by the Jewett Car Company of Newark, Ohio, were equipped with high speed Baldwin-Westinghouse trucks with four motors to a car, controlled by the Sprague-Westinghouse Type HL Multiple-Unit Control System. Although most of the operations throughout a typical week were conducted by single cars, it was customary on Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays to operate two-car trains. This was accomplished by coupling a second car to the regular car when it reached Ho-Ho-Kus at such time of day as the riding began to get extra heavy. There the electric cable "jumpers" were plugged into the weatherproof outlets on the dash-boards between the cars, and the two flexible air hoses were coupled to provide for train braking, which was straight air with the emergency feature. Then an extra Trainman was put aboard to collect fares, issue tickets, pass the starting bell and otherwise function as assistant to the Conductor, who always rode the rear car. Only once did I ever observe a three-car train operated in regular service over the line, on the occasion when a Special was required from Paterson to the Ho-Ho-Kus Race Track, but there were other occasions when a crippled car was coupled onto a two-car train to be dragged to Ho-Ho-Kus and taken out of service.

Two-car train operation was sufficiently infrequent to make it a novelty, in which we were proud and happy to participate. During the busier Summer season, the peak passenger loads were thus handled on week-ends and on holidays, and to accommodate charters by special parties large enough to require more than one car. Sometimes they were social organizations from Paterson heading for an outing up at Ramapo Lake where they could frolic, play games, swim and enjoy the beer from kegs they brought along with cooling facilities. Such groups were usually accompanied by a band composed of musicians amongst their own membership; sometimes they engaged the services of a professional uniformed band. In either case, we had music going and coming on the trolleys. Some of the charters were arranged for Church congregations, who felt the urge to picnic out in some shady glen up along the line. Most of these special trips originated in Paterson, and we would dead-head down the line to pick them up in the forenoon, carry them up the line to their destination and either lay over up there on some siding to await the moment when they had arranged to be carried back, or else dead-head back to Ho-Ho-Kus and await a telephone call from them advising us when they were ready to return. On occasions when an unex-

pected and violent thunder storm would overtake these outings, we would receive an urgent call to come and get them immediately. Then we would go racing up the line to rescue the unhappy group, arriving usually after the storm was all over and the sun was out again. Nevertheless they would climb aboard the train, bedraggled in their wet clothes, lugging with them the remains of their unfinished lunch in soggy packages. As we started back, their Musicians would usually begin playing in the effort to improve the dampened spirits of the outing. Of course there were always a few hardy souls among the lot who, having imbibed freely, cared not whether the sun shone or the heavens deluged them, so long as the beverages held out, and they raised their voices in enthusiastic but discordant song.

In contrast to these, there was a rash of chartered trips to carry members of various Women's Clubs down to Paterson to attend the revival meetings staged there by an Evangelist named Billy Sunday. The members of these female associations were ordinarily most conservative; respectable, well-dressed leaders of society in their respective communities up along the line. We recognized many of them as wives of prosperous executives who commuted to New York from their suburban homes, individuals who had often used the NJRT to reach Paterson for shopping excursions or to visit friends in other towns along the line. And on the way down to Paterson to attend the Billy Sunday gatherings, they were quiet and well behaved as always. However, that famous Evangelist evidently was a past-master at the art of mass psychology, for such was his influence during the course of the evening when he preached Hellfire and Damnation to his audience, and prevailed upon them to raise their voices with him in singing his revival hymns, that they all seemed to acquire a state of psychological intoxication, an effect which lasted long after the meeting was adjourned and they were well on their way back home. These same Dames would descend upon their chartered NJRT Special train in highly excited, exuberant condition, their clothing disheveled, hats at rakish angles, hair in wild disorder, flinging their arms about, waving their hand-bags aloft and singing in chorus such of the Billy Sunday hymns as they could recall. To all appearances, they were plainly *drunk*, but the smell of liquor was not on their breath. As the Special made its way up the line, communities along the way were treated, through the open windows of the train, to such gems as:

"WHEEEE! We chased the Devil back to Hell, To Hell,

"TO HELL! We chased him back TO HELL!

"WOOPS! Brighten the corner where you are, Whoopee!

"Brighten the corner, where you are, Yowee!

"There's someone far from home who you can lead across the bar, YIP!

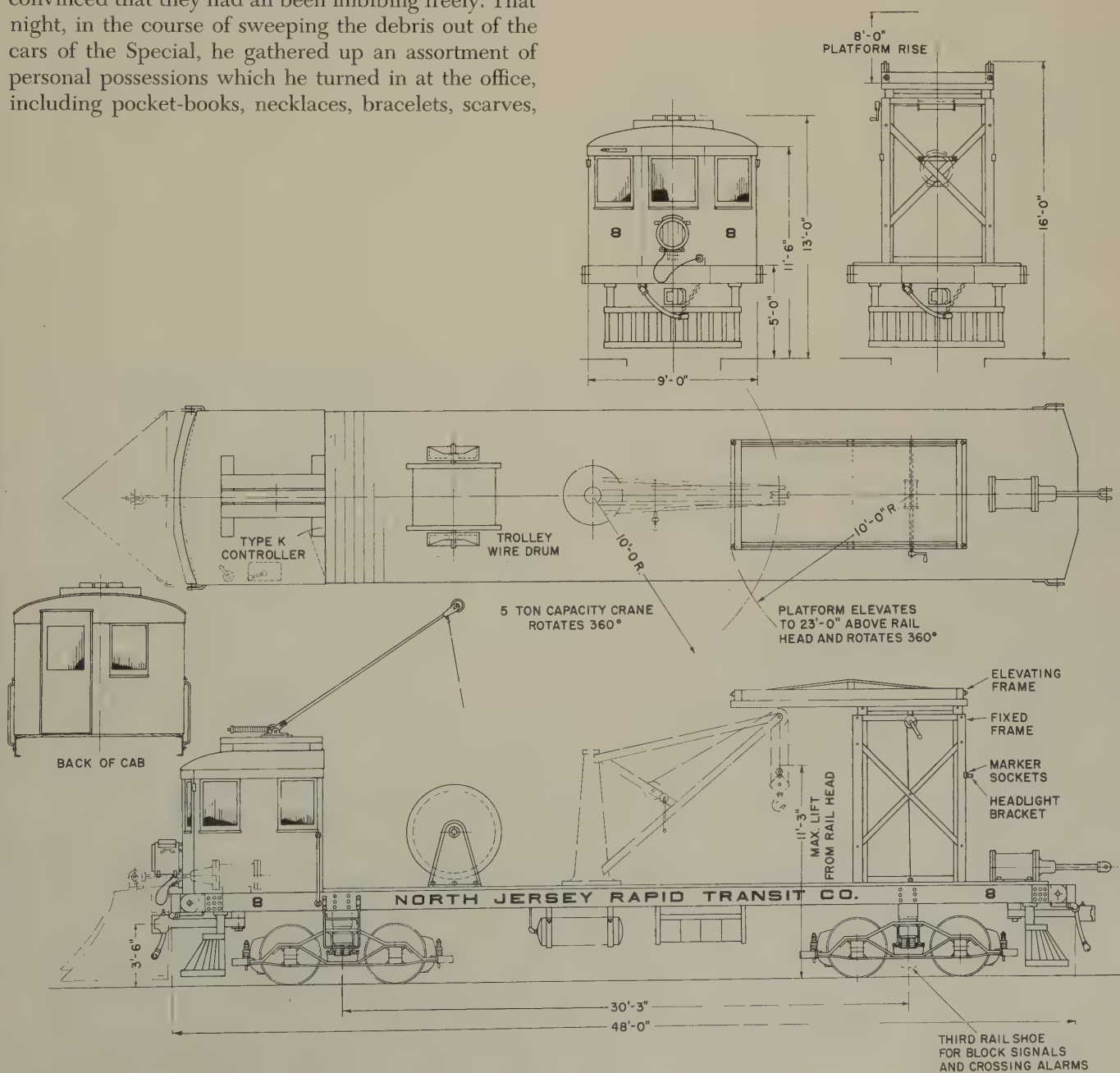
"Brighten the corner, where you are, HALLELUJAH, PRAISE THE LORD!"

Some of these celebrants would lean far out the windows to better project their message to their startled listeners along the way. We had to drag them back into the cars to prevent their getting their heads knocked off as we passed obstructions. When we reached Ho-Ho-Kus, "Red" Raymond came out of the sub-station to inquire "Where did you guys pick up all them drunken dames?"

"They are the same bunch we took down the line earlier this evening. They've got religion," I explained.

"Maybe they've got religion now, but they'll have a terrible headache tomorrow morning," he observed, convinced that they had all been imbibing freely. That night, in the course of sweeping the debris out of the cars of the Special, he gathered up an assortment of personal possessions which he turned in at the office, including pocket-books, necklaces, bracelets, scarves,

NJRT Work Car No. 8, built by McGuire-Cummings Mfg. Co., had four General Electric 100 hp. motors, steel frame, derrick, MCB couplers, automatic air brakes, retractable tower. Plan shows car with demountable snow plow on No. 2 end. Car was painted with pea green body and deck detail. Underbody, headlights, trolley, plows, were black. Roof was grey. Lettering, aluminum. For snow service, plows were mounted on both ends. No photos are known which show car equipped with pilots.



rings, hats, spectacles, combs, vanity cases, ear-rings, one pair of shoes, all of which he listed in accordance with regulations, adding at the bottom of the inventory:

"And one pair of Lady's Wings."

A review of the company's official records reveals a busy Holiday Week-end in 1921, when July 4th fell on a Monday. It appears that a couple of two-car trains were operated over the line for three consecutive days, Saturday July 2nd, Sunday July 3rd and Monday July 4th, and that in addition to the two regularly scheduled trains there was a two-car Special train out on the line twice on July 4th. An abstract of the record shows the following score:

July 2d, 1921 Saturday

Motorman	Bender,	Badge 211	Train,	Cars 20 & 22	133.8 mi.	8¾ hrs.
Motorman	Carney,	Badge 203	Train,	Cars 10 & 18	139.8 mi.	9¼ hrs.
Motorman	Vogler,	Badge 206	Train,	Cars 20 & 22	139.8 mi.	9¼ hrs.
Motorman	Heddy,	Badge 202	Train,	Cars 10 & 18	133.8 mi.	8¾ hrs.

July 3d, 1921 Sunday

Motorman	Bender,	Badge 211	Train,	Cars 20 & 22	121.6 mi.	8 hrs.
Motorman	Carney,	Badge 203	Train,	Cars 10 & 18	121.6 mi.	8 hrs.
Motorman	Vogler,	Badge 206	Train,	Cars 20 & 22	139.8 mi.	9¼ hrs.
Motorman	Heddy,	Badge 202	Train,	Cars 10 & 18	133.8 mi.	8¾ hrs.

July 4th, 1921 Holiday

Motorman	Bender,	Badge 211	Train,	Cars 20 & 22	133.8 mi.	8¾ hrs.
Motorman	Carney,	Badge 203	Train,	Cars 10 & 18	139.8 mi.	9¼ hrs.
Motorman	Vogler,	Badge 206	Train,	Cars 20 & 22	139.8 mi.	9¼ hrs.
Motorman	Heddy,	Badge 202	Train,	Cars 10 & 18	133.8 mi.	8¾ hrs.
Motorman	Chandler,	Badge 208	Train,	Cars 12 & 16	24.4 mi.	2 hrs.
Motorman	Chandler,	Badge 208	Train,	Cars 10 & 18	24.4 mi.	2 hrs.

Three-day totals; (Car miles, 3320) Train miles, 1660.
Man hours, 333¾

That was a busy week-end for the NJRT. As customary, when two-car trains were operated, no coasting records were kept, as it was considered an unfair handicap in the contest for bonus money if a Motorman were burdened with the inertia and momentum of the extra car. Furthermore, Jackson wanted to remove the hazard of delayed braking in which a Motorman might be tempted to indulge, for only the time when a car was rolling free without power or brakes applied was recorded on the tape in the coasting clocks. Thus the temptation to indulge in "fast feeding" for quick acceleration was also removed, so that the likelihood of "knocking the power off" (tripping the circuit breakers,) would also be reduced. With the additional load, a Motorman had to feed up extra power slowly when operating a two-car train. Accordingly, with no inhibitions from relentless coasting clocks, it may be assumed that the "boys" had a three-day Roman Holiday on this occasion. It was interesting to note that the only passenger cars which didn't get into the parade were Numbers 14 and 24. Obviously, both rotary-converters sang a merry duet throughout the three days.

After the line was completed from Paterson to Suffern, the NJRT never handled much freight over its rails, although it did bring in an occasional solid-bottom gondola load of ties and a load of coal when required for the Ho-Ho-Kus heating plant and the heaters board the passenger cars. Work Car Number 8, equipped with MCB couplers and automatic air brakes, was used as an electric locomotive to move such loads along the line from the Erie R.R. interchange switch at Allendale. The ties were distributed where required from the gondola in which they arrived, and likewise the coal was spotted at the Ho-Ho-Kus bin, where it was unloaded by hand shovels!

A package service was offered by the regular passenger cars, on which such items as trunks, boxes, sacks, crates, cartons and any kind of bundle was handled by the Motorman, on the front platform, with the proviso that the Consignee meet the car at the destination of the shipment to receive it. Thus it developed that on unusually hot Summer nights when Ice Cream Parlors and Soda Fountain establishments along the line were faced with the prospect of running short, they would telephone the producers in Paterson, who would rush a shipment of the required ice cream up to the NJRT line to replenish the waning supply. Sometimes the Motorman who had custody of the frozen delicacy would be tempted to carefully scrape away the salted crushed ice from over the top of the galvanized can in the big wooden tub, lift off the lid, peel off the wax-paper covering, and help himself to a thin layer of the stuff in the privacy of his curtained vestibule. Then he would smooth off the surface, replace the wax-paper and the lid, and cover up the can with the salted ice. It is doubtful if the consignee ever detected this petty pilfering, because the shipments continued. What did the Motorman use in place of a spoon for this delicate operation? While coasting, he removed his long-handled nickel-plated reverse key and plied it as both scraper and spoon! Although he received no extra pay



View looking south from the crest at Mahwah, toward Cragmere. Low voltage on the hilly northern end of the line caused cars to struggle up grade toward Suffern with dimmed lights. Cars rolled briskly down slopes to make up time.

for performing as Baggage Man, the work had its compensations on occasions.

In 1918, with the nation struggling to support the war effort, George Jackson accepted the duty as Chairman of the Ho-Ho-Kus Liberty Loan Drive. He conceived a novel way of kicking off the campaign so that it would attract plenty of attention. He arranged to have all the available NJRT cars spotted out in the open at the margin of Franklin Turnpike, including the two cars which were in service out on the line. These latter two were ordered to meet at the Ho-Ho-Kus switch instead of at their usual Waldwick meeting point. The moment for starting the celebration was 8:00 pm April 6 on the first anniversary of America's entrance into the World War. All available NJRT employees, plus a few enthusiastic youthful volunteers from the area stood ready. As the village clock struck eight it was joined by the fire-house bell and the shriek of the steam whistle at the Ho-Ho-Kus Bleachery. Then the NJRT got into the act when all its whistles and bells joined the chorus and the assembly of big arc-headlights, unlimbered from their customary brackets, began to sweep skyward. The din continued for five minutes, during which there was some fancy whistle-blowing, for those 12-inch brass Interurban whistles, properly manipulated, produced a variety of effects, including their fundamental at middle E, their first harmonic an octave above, and their second

harmonic at B above that. Accompanied by the clangor of bells and the display of arc-light beams across the heavens, the effect was quite impressive, and not easily forgotten. The Third Liberty Bond Drive at Ho-Ho-Kus was a great success, for the quota assigned was promptly subscribed 100%. And the next year, George Jackson was elected Mayor.

Another rare photo from the Ed Francis collection showing a North Jersey car at East Paterson Station. The dirt road was to become busy Route 4 following completion of the George Washington Bridge many years later.





The Mysterious Extension

The various projected extensions of the North Jersey Rapid Transit project were naturally the subject of frequent discussions amongst the personnel of the organization who all possessed a keen interest in the future of the railroad. The Number One ambition of all concerned was the important link with the Hudson Tubes at Hoboken. Number Two on the list seemed to be the branch from Ho-Ho-Kus to Spring Valley. It would have been a less expensive stretch of right-of-way to acquire, easier and cheaper to build, and it would have tapped an attractive suburban residential area which gave promise of remunerative development. Several real estate interests were anxious to see that section of line built. Number Three in order of preference was the branch into mid-Paterson. Having lost the terminal site at Market and Church Streets, we all seemed to agree that a station on the proposed elevated structure over the Susquehanna Railroad's branch, immediately above that line's Paterson City station would be a logical alternative. The Number Four extension on the agenda appeared on the surface to be last in importance, probably because we understood so little about the true reasons behind its conception. It consisted of three essential parts. In the three mile stretch of new construction on the banks of the Ramapo River, roughly paralleling the Erie R.R. from Suffern to Sterlington, the three small villages along the way gave little promise of traffic, for Hillburn had only a few hundred inhabitants, Ramapo only a couple of hundred, and Sterlington even fewer. Perhaps these areas would have developed after the extension was built, but it was problematical.

The seven mile stretch of the Sterling Mountain Railroad which had an average grade of slightly over 1%, would have presented no problem for electrification. Neither would the new line beyond which was planned to rise steadily up to the 1000 ft. Summit and then drop down to the 624 ft. level at Greenwood Lake. The old railroad reached Eagle Valley, Sterling Furnace and the mines at Lakeville via a crooked route, but the line that was planned beyond would have been even more crooked. The Sterling Mines served the nation well, providing a high quality product during four wars, including the Revolution, the Civil War, the Spanish American War and World War I. It is said that the steel made from iron ore brought out from these diggings was as good as any the industry had ever known.

Today these mines are exhausted and most of the working-class natives have left the area. A few recluses remain, some employed by owners of large estates, others because they dare not come out for one reason or

another. The country up in there is magnificent in its unspoiled, primitive aspect. Wild game abounds in this natural preserve, including deer, fox, beaver, bob-cat and even a few bear, along with some rattlesnakes. If the Sterling Mountain Railroad had been converted to an electric line, it could certainly not have been expected to produce a profitable passenger traffic locally for many years. Reaching a 735 ft. elevation at the mines, the line is there surrounded by stately peaks reaching 900, 1000, 1100, 1200 and 1300 feet above the sea. Beyond these heights lies Greenwood Lake, a beautiful body of water six miles long and half a mile wide. This attractive lake has long been a popular Summer resort, with shores sprinkled by a variety of cottages and camps ranging from small single-family affairs to large organized institutions. In past years, a small steamboat, based at the village of Greenwood Lake along the Northern reaches, paid daily visits to the various communities along the shores, carrying mail, groceries and passengers. Recognizing the passenger potential of the area, the Erie Railroad pushed a line through to a lakeside terminal called Sterling Forest, right on the New Jersey-New York state line. But this was three miles short of the village of Greenwood Lake, and patrons had to depend upon the little steamboat to complete their journeys from Manhattan, journeys which consumed two hours or more and which were not conducive to daily commuting. Families remaining up there for their vacations could expect Daddy to appear only over the week-end.

The NJRT proposed to build a line right through from rail-head at Lakeville on the Sterling Mountain Railroad into the village of Greenwood Lake. To accomplish this, its new construction would have skirted the West shore of Sterling Lake, rising on a steady 1½% grade to an elevation of 1000 feet above the sea about a mile North of that lake, where it would have turned westward to traverse a saddle between 1200 and 1300 foot mountains. There the line would have been less than two miles from Greenwood Lake, but what a two miles! In that distance, the line would have had to descend 376 feet. If a straight path had been available, it would have dictated a descending grade of nearly 4%, but it wasn't available because of the complex of intervening mountains. The tentative grade which was laid out on paper indicated a line with 1½% grade, descending through a series of three loops, over a distance of 4½ miles. An inspection of this plan reveals a line which would have provided some of the breathless thrills of both the Mount Lowe narrow gauge trolley line and the Mount Tamalpais powered line.

The relatively small potential of passenger traffic per mile for a line that would have involved so much difficult engineering and so much unusual construction expense, along with the inevitable Winter operating problems, gave rise to many questions in the minds of a few technically inclined employees of the NJRT. Les Hulette, one of the Motormen who possessed experience as a draftsman, was given the opportunity of making a few extra dollars at times when George Jackson put him on the drawing board in the company office. There he worked on designs for the new crossing alarms, the third-rail shoes and contact rails for operating them and the block signals, the hand-brake wheels that were substituted for the brass goose-necked cranks, and the new pilots for the cars. But the best of all, Les enjoyed tackling the problem of laying out a practical grade on the topographical maps, for the proposed extension to Greenwood Lake, beyond Lakeville.

I got to know Les pretty well, and my curiosity concerning the project prompted me to ask him numerous questions.

"The Boss has bound me to strict confidence about the whole thing," he apologized, "I'd like to tell you more, but I've promised him to keep quiet."

And keep quiet he did, for several years. However, as time passed and the project failed to get off the ground, we both began to discuss the subject in private during many interesting sessions. We wondered if there was some unrevealed motive for seriously considering the construction of that fantastic line. Les admitted that there was a real estate deal involved, in which the NJRT had been negotiating for a two-mile-square tract of rugged, desolate mountain territory that lay between Sterling Lake and Greenwood Lake.

"They're not just interested in acquiring a strip for the right-of-way, they want to get hold of four square miles of land up there," he confided.

"You mean the company hopes to develop residential communities up in those mountains?" I asked incredulously.

"Maybe. And maybe develop something else," he hinted.

"Come on, Les, what's the low down? You can trust me, can't you?"

"Well, use your head," he suggested, "what was the Sterling Mountain Railroad built for?"

"The Iron Mines, of course. You mean there's more iron up there beyond Sterling Lake?"

"Maybe iron, maybe something else. The deal includes all mineral rights."

At last I became convinced that the projected extension through that wilderness was inspired by something more remunerative than passenger traffic. The pretext of residential community development might well have been a mere blind to conceal the true motive and to avoid unwelcome competition in the negotiations for the desired property. A deal with the Rockland Power & Light Company had been consummated to permit that company to utilize the NJRT right-of-way and poles for a transmission line, and



Towering above Sterling Lake, this abandoned shaft-head structure still marks the entrance to the iron mine where Thomas Whitmore and his fellow miners toiled deep beneath the lake bottom. The projected expansion to Greenwood Lake continued around the lake and over the mountains beyond.

negotiations were afoot to purchase power from that organization for the upper end of the NJRT line.

"And there have been some conversations about power for the Greenwood Lake extension with similar transmission line rights. Along with it, enough power to support something considerably greater than the railroad load," Les told me.

So those were the factors involved, real estate, electric power, transportation and mining! It was all very hush-hush, very mysterious, and very encouraging. We hoped that the NJRT would be revitalized by the implementation of this top secret plan. Together we scanned maps, trying to guess where the busy spots would materialize along the proposed line.

In 1925 our curiosity prompted Les and me to set out on a tour of inspection through part of the territory in question. Together we drove up through the Ramapo Pass to Sterlington, where the tracks of the Sterling Mountain Railroad took off from the Erie R.R. main line and disappeared in the thickets. We parked our car back of the Erie Station, where we assumed it would be safe under the watchful eye of the station agent, and we proceeded on foot following the old rusty rails. The station agent told us that nothing had run over the line since 1920, and it certainly showed evidence of inactivity. Weeds, thorny bushes and even young saplings had sprung up between the rotting ties. Spikes could be lifted out by fingers, with little effort. After an encounter with a rattlesnake, we armed ourselves with a couple of stout clubs and struggled on through the

tangle of vines and other growth that obstructed our progress. Presently we were startled by a belligerent challenge.

"What are you fellows doing up in here?" the voice demanded. It came from a hairy, unkempt individual carrying a long squirrel gun. From beneath his floppy black hat his grey whiskers were stained by tobacco juice which drooled from the side of his mouth where his quid bulged his cheek. His dirty and torn overalls were supported on one side by an immense horse-blanket safety pin, where once a button had served.

"We're railroad men. We're just inspecting this old line," explained Les.

"Watcha aim to do with them clubs?" inquired the stranger.

"We picked them up to protect ourselves from snakes."

"Mebbe," he admitted with some reservation. "How fur ye goin'?"

"Up to the end of the line," I volunteered, "Have you any objections?"

"Nobody ain't gonna object so long as ye mind yer own business and behave yerselves," he warned. "My boss don't fancy no strangers roamin' 'round his place."

"What place are you talking about?" I inquired.

"All round here. He owns it all."

"Who owns it?" I asked.

"I don't see that it's any of yer—— business," he snarled. "Just don't try trespassin' inside any of our fences. It wouldn't be healthy."

With that, this denizen of the deep woods waved us on and disappeared into the brush, followed by his sad-looking hound dog. We pushed on up the winding line, finding it slow going in many places where nature had completely taken over and blocked our path.

One loop of the line skirted a small lake, beyond which we came upon a settlement which seemed deserted. There was a long narrow building that appeared to be a sort of Grange hall, a little church and a small wooden schoolhouse, closed for the Summer or possibly forever. There were several quaint little residences which appeared run down, possibly abandoned. Not a soul was in evidence anywhere. This, we assumed, was Eagle Valley. A dirt road here crossed the railroad line, but recent rains had effaced any evidence of vehicular traffic, if indeed any existed. Eagle Valley was serenely quiet, except for the song of a few birds. The stillness of the entire area was impressive.

After another perspiring mile, we came upon a clearing and a side-track, where evidently there had once been some activity. There we saw a huge square stone chimney, surrounded by a shambles of broken down, deserted buildings. Trees poked up through caved-in roofs.

"This must be Sterling Furnace," commented Les. There were a couple of ponds nearby. A tumbling mountain stream flowed through an old culvert beneath the railroad, and we paused to slake our thirst with its crystal clear waters. Refreshed, we pushed on, and killed another snake that menaced in our path. The line twisted this way and that. The day was warm, and we

enjoyed the shade afforded by the dense forest which lined both sides of the right-of-way. Through occasional breaks in the solid green wall, we caught glimpses of mountains on either side. To our right, we saw what we later learned was Billy White Mountain, 1066 feet high. The winding steel trail finally brought us to Lakeville at the top of the grade, where an interesting scene opened up before us. There stood another massive square chimney of stone, silhouetted against the sky, and behind it as a back drop stretched Sterling Lake. In the foreground was a large building on a stone foundation, a weed-grown turntable, and the remains of an old steam locomotive. Its rust-red boiler, stripped of its jacket and insulation, stood stark naked. Every conceivable external part had been removed. The cab was entirely gone, along with all the controls which had graced its interior. Its cylinders were devoid of pistons. Crossheads, connecting rods, driving rods and valve-gear were gone. Whoever had dismantled the poor thing had done a thorough job, for there remained nothing except that which would have required a powerful crane to lift.

The line divided here, one branch skirting to the West of the lake, the other to the East. We explored both, and found on each the remains of the old mine shaft-head structures towering above us. We scanned the rugged West shore of Sterling Lake, where it had been planned to run the NJRT extension, and we tried to imagine our multiple-unit trains speeding along on their way to Greenwood Lake. Retracing our steps, we were again viewing the carcass of the old locomotive when the vast silence was disturbed by a female voice.

"Howdy!" she said, "where y'all from?"

We turned to discover a lass of about thirteen or fourteen years cuddling a fluffy coon-cat in her arms. Her costume appeared to be a single, shapeless garment that hung loosely over her form, which was anything but shapeless. Her complexion was a deep russet, and her hair was a mass of uncombed, tangled blond curls. She wore no shoes. Her smile was engaging.

"We're from Ho-Ho-Kus," I volunteered, "where are YOU from?"

"Rat 'round hyar," she replied. "Ye lookin' fer somebody?"

"No, we're just exploring the old railroad. This seems to be the end of the line up here at the lake," said Les. "Did you ever see that old engine run?"

Before she could answer, another voice broke through loud and clear.

"Hey, you fellers, get away from my Lilly-May. You lookin' fer trouble? Lilly-May, them fellers botherin' you?"

"No, they ain't botherin' me," was her reassurance.

"Is that your Papa?" inquired Les.

"No, he ain't my Paw. My Paw is daid. That there is my husband."

We observed that the indignant person was brandishing a double-barrelled shotgun at us. Les and I tried to convince him that we had no designs on his child-bride, and that we had just tramped up the railroad to have a look at it. Apparently he found this



Public Service's Hudson River Line provided a direct connection from New York City, via the 130th St. ferry (later the 125th St. ferry), with the North Jersey. This early scene at the Edgewater ferry terminus dates about the time the NJRT started. Open car at left is still lettered for former Hudson River Railway & Ferry Company. Below, a Maroon 3500 series Public Service car descends the Palisades to the Edgewater ferry terminal, visible to the right in the photo along the river's edge. George Washington Bridge was built in 1932; the PS route quit in 1938. Both photos from E. T. Francis.



explanation unsatisfactory, for he insisted that having looked, we had better "git". We felt at a disadvantage, so we didn't stop to argue. We discreetly "got".

Our return trip down the line was a little easier, for it was consistently down hill and we took advantage of the trail we had already broken through some of the vegetation. En route we disturbed a couple of vultures that were feasting on one of the snakes we had killed. We stopped for another cooling drink, and this time we took off our shoes and socks to bathe our aching feet in the little stream.

"This railroad," commented Les, "is just one long Waldwick hill, with twists and bends." We wondered how the NJRT cars would stand up under the ten mile climb from Sterlington to the 1000 foot Summit beyond Lakeville, for we had often observed the Westinghouse motors smoking a bit on hot Summer days upon reaching the top of the one-mile Waldwick Hill.

"Maybe the NJRT would have to get some new cars specially designed for this part of the line," I suggested.

Eagle Valley looked lovely to us as we viewed it in mid-Summer, but in the dead of Winter, I thought, it might be a dreadful place.

"Can you imagine what the going would be like through here after a heavy snow storm?" Les was asking. He must have read my mind.

"It probably would be tough enough getting in and out of Eagle Valley," I agreed, "and we haven't even had a look at that part of the line through the higher mountains beyond Lakeville under these favorable

Summer conditions. I shudder to think what railroading would be like up in there after a heavy snow storm, or after a bit of icing. If you got stuck up there you'd be miles from the nearest civilization. The NJRT would need a powerful rotary snow plow to keep the line open under such conditions on those grades."

Resuming our trek down the line, we heard a hound dog howling his alert when we reached the vicinity where we had encountered our first challenger. We didn't see him again, but we had an uncomfortable feeling that we were probably being observed, through the sights of a squirrel gun.

When we at last gained the foot of the grade at Sterlington, we found the station locked up. The agent was gone. So was one of the headlights of my Mercer roadster, along with all the tools and the spare tire.

"You can't leave a locomotive or an automobile around here very long," quipped Les.

As we headed back down the highway toward Suffern, the sun had already set behind Hooche Kup on our right. We agreed that local traffic up in that area would hardly support an electric railroad. On our seven mile hike up to Lakeville and seven miles back, we had encountered just three people, a dog and a cat. And they were not exactly the type that could be expected to provide profitable business for the NJRT. It was incredible, we commented, that such characters and such wild habitat existed within 35 miles of Times Square.

There must have been some undisclosed reason for the banking interests behind the NJRT project to have seriously considered the Greenwood Lake extension. Perhaps some day the truth will be revealed. Whenever I attempted to open the subject with George Jackson, he always managed to turn the topic of conversation to something else. If he knew the answer, he wasn't telling. Did the prospect of the Greenwood Lake extension in-

Public Service line car heading west down the gentle slope of Bergen Hill. Much of line was private right of way. North Jersey passengers would have taken Hudson River cars to go to New York City. Winslow photo, 1937.





fluence Willie Fertig to file his relocation of route for the NJRT main line so that construction headed for Suffern instead of Spring Valley?

It was more than forty years later when I again viewed that remote territory. During the Labor Day week-end of 1966, my wife and I set out to visit the scene by automobile. A paved road from Sloatsburg now penetrates the mountain fastness where more trails existed the last time I was there. Our little Volkswagon scampered up the narrow, crooked grades with apparent gusto, thanks to its four speeds which came in handy. The Sterling Mountain Railroad is gone, but the old grade is still evident. Within its loop around Eagle

The Hudson River line continued operating almost ten years after the North Jersey was torn up. Above is a scene at the once busy Palisade Junction, where cars of the Hudson river connected with Englewood and Palisade Line cars. Bus is also Public Service owned. Lower view shows car rolling past Edgewater Car barn after descending Palisades. At top of Palisades is Palisades Amusement Park. Both photos by Jeffrey Winslow, 1937.



JUNE 5, 1908

TO BUILD TROLLEY.

Rumor of Line to be Built from Paterson to Suffern.

By this time next year, says the Paterson Guardian of recent date, it is probable that Suffern and Paterson will be connected by trolley.

The new line is to be known as the North Jersey Rapid Transit company and it is thought that it will be incorporated before the end of the month. Its capital stock will be \$1,000,000 and almost all of this has been subscribed. Work will be started as soon as the company completes its organization and will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible. Several prominent Paterson men are financially interested in the company.

According to the present plans, the cars will run over a private right of way, the company owning the land. Title to much of this property has already been acquired and options on the rest are now in the hands of the promoters. County roads will be crossed at grade, but wherever the trolley tracks cross a steam road the trolley will either go underneath or overhead.

The motive power will be derived from an overhead feed wire. The cars will be fitted with all up to date appliances for the safety and convenience of the passengers. Air brakes, power alarm horns and power electric search lights will be among the minor fittings on the cars.

The line will enter Paterson over the tracks of the Hudson River company, joining them just east of the Ridgewood road on the other side of the river at a point about opposite the home of the North Jersey Country club. The cars will run directly over the Public Service Corporation tracks into the business section of Paterson.

Leaving the intersecting point, the plans call for the road running due north over its own road bed or right of way, through Ferndale and Glen Rock to Ridgewood, where it will pass along the public highway and tap both the business and residential sections of that place.

From Ridgewood the new line will parallel the tracks of the Erie railroad, passing through Undercliff, Waldwick, Allendale, Ramsey and Mahwah. It will go across the state line between Mahwah and Suffern and will run about 4,000 feet in New York state. This will make the line run almost through Suffern.

It is estimated that it will cost about \$40,000 a mile for construction. As the route is fifteen miles long this will make the initial cost something like \$600,000. The capital being \$1,000,000, the company will have \$400,000 left for rolling stock, power and maintenance.

No definite decision has yet been reached as to what the fare from Suffern to Paterson will be but it is probable that it will be 15 cents.

TROLLEY STILL STRIKING SNAGS.

Many Persons Ask Too Much For Their Property and Commissioners Recently Appointed Will Settle the Matter.

The North Jersey Rapid Transit Company, which is the name of the company engaged in building the trolley road from Broadway bridge, Paterson, to the New York State line, have run against so many snags that they finally appealed to the Court to arrange for condemnation proceedings, so that they might accomplish something.

William Gourley, counsel for the company, appeared before Justice Parker of the New Jersey Supreme court, Saturday, and secured an order for the appointment of commissioners to condemn the necessary land. The Transit company will name one commissioner and the property owners the other. These two will select a third commissioner. This will have to be done in the case of each piece of property to be condemned.

Some difficulty was experienced in securing the right of way for the trolley line through Ridgewood. There was considerable opposition on the part of property owners and town officials in allowing the company the right to cross some of the streets. The State Railroad Commission could see no reason for alarm and readily granted the Transit company the right to cross the highways.

The company as yet have filed no map with the Secretary of State at Trenton, for the reason that they wished to purchase all property first, providing the owners would sell at a fair price. After repeated failures along these lines and being repeatedly held up by ridiculous prices, as compared with those already secured, they will resort to condemnation proceedings.

Many persons have been fair in their demands, the company state, while such a prohibitive price has been set upon the hundred feet wide strip that there is nothing left for the company to do but let commissioners decide the dispute.

Opening of Trolley Road Delayed by Strike.

Owing to the strike at the Baldwin Locomotive works, Philadelphia, and the difficulty in getting the trucks to be used in building the cars, the North Jersey Rapid Transit Company a line between Broadway and Hohokus, has been delayed until June 1.

It was expected that the cars would be running on the first of May.

When the road is put into operation there will be eight cars of a design never before seen in this part of the country. They will be mammoth in size and pleasant in appearance and built with the one end in view, the comfort of the passengers. When it is said that each car cost \$8,000 it will readily be seen that they must be things of beauty.

The tracks of the road from the Broadway hill have already been laid and work has been started on the overhead wires. The car barn and sub-station, at the Mansion

House, Hohokus, is nearly completed.

The car barn will be one of the striking things of the road. It is original in its way. In designing this building special consideration was given to permanency, and to convenience in handling the car. The walls are being built of brick and a special type of reinforced concrete roof will be used, making it fire proof. The dimensions of the building are 145 feet by 67 feet and the building will have entrances at both ends so that the cars can be run through the building. This is a desirable feature as in case of fire the cars can be removed at either end, whereas, if there were only one entrance a fire occurring near the entrance might destroy all the cars in the barn. It also facilitates movement in and out of the barn and does away with the necessity of turning the trolley pole.

The barn will accommodate nine cars.

Articles from old issues of the Ramsey Journal dating June 5, 1908, and April 29, 1910. At Right, a map of the Sterling Mountain area and the never-to-be-built extension.

Valley now nestles the Tuxedo Golf Course where we observed several colorful groups playing through the well trimmed greens. Prosperity seems to have come to the lovely Eagle Valley. The quaint little old houses are well maintained, attractively painted, with grounds and gardens neatly tended. Some more pretentious residences have now been built there, adding a slightly incongruous touch to the pastoral scene, but the overall atmosphere of peace and tranquility remains, undisturbed by the clangor of commercialism, unsullied by vulgar advertising signs. As a reminder of its charming past, the little village still has its Grange hall, its inviting little church and the tiny wooden schoolhouse. Some handsome private estates may be glimpsed through gates that insure their seclusion. We followed the arrow that pointed toward the newly established Sterling Forest Gardens because the road headed up along the route of the old railroad. During the climb, we found occasional spots where we could view the grade of the railroad. As the road led us North through the dense forest, we seemed to leave civilization behind. Through one brief opening in the leafy curtain we saw Billy White Mountain. Up wound the narrow road, around sharp bends where discretion dictated low gear. We passed a couple of stalled automobiles spouting clouds of steam while their occupants sought cooling water for them in paper cups from the mountain stream, and we blessed our air cooled motor.

Suddenly we found ourselves at the site of Lakeville, with the big stone furnace looming against the sky and the lake. This historic structure has now been enshrined in a circular colonnade of white pillars, and a bronze plaque emplaced by the D.A.R. proclaims that, established in 1771, this pioneer industry produced the famous chain that was stretched across the Hudson River at West Point to stop the British fleet. We made our way up to the little foot bridge that spans the old flume through which the waters of Sterling Lake still flow as they did in the past, when they turned a big overshot waterwheel to power the bellows of the stone furnace that melted the iron. Beyond we viewed the rough shores, where still stand the old mine shaft-head structures.



Public Service Railway

While George Jackson, Jr., Superintendent of the North Jersey Rapid Transit Company, also held the office of Mayor in Ho-Ho-Kus from January 1, 1920 for the four succeeding years, he was successful in preventing the issuance of franchises for various upstart outfits that applied for permission to operate bus service parallel to his railroad from Suffern, N.Y. to Paterson, N.J. over the public highway. However, as soon as he relinquished the office of Mayor, efforts were resumed to win such a franchise. Cryptic notations in the daily log of the NJRT disclose the sad story of how this competition, utilizing the highway built and maintained by the taxpayers, eventually ran the tax-paying railroad out of business.

In July 1925, the NJRT "booking" averaged 1300 passengers per day, who spent an average of 15 cents per ride for a total of about \$200 per day, or more than \$6,000 per month. With the advent of competing bus service, this income for the railroad was soon reduced to less than half that figure so that within six months the line was taking in less than \$80 per day, and the trend continued downward.

On June 12th, 13th and 14th, 1925, according to the record, Inspectors of the Public Service Railway were stationed at the Broadway, East Paterson terminal of the NJRT taking notes on the number of NJRT passengers who transferred to and from the Public Service trolleys which provided the four mile connection between that point and the heart of Paterson. On June 15th, evidently as a result of the survey, the Public Service Company began running shuttle cars between these two points in addition to the through cars that ran the entire distance between Paterson and Edgewater. Apparently the NJRT was providing sufficient traffic to make this extra service worthwhile, which the Public Service officials offered as an alternative to the arrangement that George Jackson had been campaigning for, namely to operate his own cars into the heart of Paterson over the Public Service tracks which would have eliminated the delay and inconvenience of the transfer. That was just two months before the competing bus line won its franchise to operate directly from Suffern, N.Y. into the heart of Paterson, N.J., and began enticing passengers away

from both the NJRT and the Public Service trolleys. The cryptic footnote at the bottom of the NJRT statistical report for August 1925 observes:

Sat. Aug. 8, 1925 New bus line started from Suffern to Paterson. Pierce-Arrow de Lux Buses.

This was hourly service, timed to anticipate the departure of the NJRT trolleys from Suffern, visiting each NJRT station en route to "clean off the platform", leaving little or no business for the trolleys. The results of this piracy are reflected in the monthly statistical records of the NJRT. On Saturday, August 1st, 1925 (a week before the beginning of the bus service,) the NJRT carried 1553 passengers. On Saturday August 8th, (the day the bus service started,) the NJRT carried 1421 passengers, not too serious a drop. But by a month later, on Saturday Sept. 19th, the NJRT patronage had dropped to 1048, indicating further plundering by the bus line, which is probably explained by another brief comment at the bottom of the NJRT statistical report of Sept. 15, 1925, which states:

Arrow bus line started half-hourly headway from State Line (Suffern) to Paterson.

By Saturday Oct. 24th, the NJRT passengers numbered only 834 and by Saturday Dec. 26th, they numbered only 660.

Bad as the bus competition was for NJRT's business, the advent of privately owned automobiles hurt the line even worse. This was the age in which almost everybody was being tempted to acquire and operate an automobile. The novelty appeal was as strong as the fancied lure of utility. While wages were low by comparison with today's standards, it must be remembered that Henry Ford had offered his Model T Runabouts for as low as \$295 retail! Pavements on the rural roads which had been non-existent, now began to appear by popular demand. The frequent introduction of new models by a host of new companies entering the automobile manufacturing field kept the prices low and the demand for the product high. The day of the two-car family dawned as Dad was talked into buying a replacement for his faltering flivver, which latter he turned over to Junior. As a result of the gasoline competitors,

riding on the NJRT continued to drop off alarmingly. Jackson puffed despondently on his pipe as he viewed the depressing spectacle of his trolleys rolling past his Ho-Ho-Kus office nearly empty. Impatient passengers, having missed one of his hourly trolleys, swung aboard the next half-hourly bus. How could these customers foresee that as soon as the trolleys were thus eliminated, the bus line would begin running every two hours, and later eliminate all service north of Ramsey?

The NJRT closed out its 1925 records with the gloomy report on the month of December, in which total receipts were only \$2564 from 23,134 passengers, each of whom spent on an average little more than 10 cents per ride. In providing the service, the line consumed 71,100 kwh of alternating current, purchased from the Public Service organization. Probably the process of clearing snow from the line and the adoption of electric heaters to replace the coal fired car heaters coincident with the advent of one-man crews for the nearly empty trolleys accounted for the increase in power consumption over the typical 52,500 kwh for a Summer month.

Between meeting the payroll, purchasing supplies and paying taxes, the North Jersey Rapid Transit had little money left with which to pay for the electric power. In 1926, its biggest creditor, the Public Service Company, took over the property.

George Jackson was retained as Superintendent and the other employees continued on their jobs, running the line. *THEN* did George Jackson win permission to run his trolleys right into the heart of Paterson over the Public Service Company's tracks on Broadway. This improvement in convenience seems to have slowed the downward slide in patronage, but it was too little and too late.

Now that the NJRT had become part of the far-flung Public Service system (that company began referring to the line as the Public Service Rapid Transit), the competing bus line was recognized as a menace common

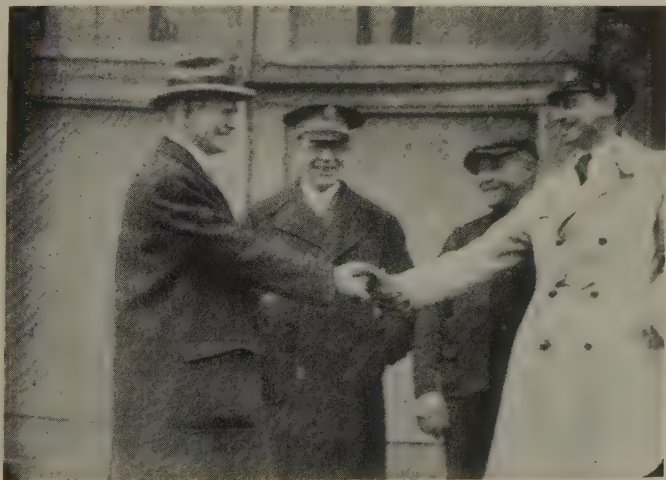


East Paterson Station at Broadway was eventually enlarged to provide heat and a refreshment stand. A turnout was finally installed to provide direct connection with the Hudson River Line, permitting NJRT cars to roll right into Paterson.

to the NJRT and the Hudson River Line, as well as to the Public Service company's Hawthorne line that they had built right up to the "back door" of Ridgewood. Accordingly, in 1926 the Public Service Company consummated a deal to acquire the bus company, just as they were acquiring the bus competition in other theatres of their operations. These included some of the larger bus lines as well as numerous fly-by-night "Jitney" lines such as those composed of one bus operated by one man who carried little or no insurance, and who shrugged off responsibility when some unfortunate passenger got crowded off of his "flivver" to suffer a crack skull or broken hip. The city of Hoboken, N.J. became notorious for this sort of performance, and the offender had merely to see the "right people," change the name of his "company", and he was off to a fresh start with no liabilities.

Such competition was ruinous to the established trolley lines, which carried a heavy burden of taxes and which recognized their responsibility in accident cases, paying many a claim. In fact, the Public Service Company, in acquiring many of the competing bus lines, inherited their liabilities. Small wonder, then, that the Public Service Company began viewing ways and means to get a reasonable return on the investments they were making in this field. President McCarter was a trolley man at heart, having assembled and built up the greatest state-wide trolley system in existence. Nevertheless, business is business, and he began to realize that it was costing less to carry passengers on streets and highways built and maintained by the taxpayers than it was costing to carry them on his rail lines which were not only paying taxes, but which were actually paying the cost of pavements for the benefit of competing buses. While his trolleys on private rights-of-way had the advantage of speeding through the countryside free of interference from automotive traffic, he was paying exorbitant taxes on every foot of such right-of-way.

Feb. 22, 1929, Ho-Ho-Kus Sub-Station, and Supt. George Jackson, Jr., is shaking hands with Motorman Quinby as Fred Smith in his new PS Supervisor's uniform looks on with Art Elliott.





Desecration! Public Service Railway Crane Car 5671 rips up NJRT rail in front of the Ho-Ho-Kus Headquarters, Feb. 22, 1929. The rail was shipped to the USSR for use on the Trans-Siberian Railway.

One by one, McCarter's trolley lines were replaced by bus lines operating over public pavement, even though this slowed down the service because of increasingly congested vehicular traffic. At first, only the busiest trolley lines on public streets and highways were retained along with a few lines on private rights-of-way. The entire Morris County Traction System, forced into bankruptcy by a ruinous burden of concrete repavement along lines which ran in the streets and by competing bus lines, was absorbed by the Public Service Company, including its lines on private rights-of-way North of Summit, through Chatham, Madison, Morristown, Boonton, Denville and Dover, all the way to Lake Hopatcong. For a time the Public Service Company tried to revitalize the Morris County Traction property by extending its service right into mid-Elizabeth and mid-Newark, thus avoiding the delay and inconvenience formerly experienced by patrons who had to transfer to the P.S. trolleys at Springfield, Union or Maplewood, but this seems to have only prolonged the agony of the outfit's slow death, for death came to the whole system shortly afterward, and buses were substituted. They rolled over smooth concrete pavement paid for by the trolley system, pavement in which the little used rails still lie firmly entrenched. All of this was an evil omen for the NJRT line which was still struggling along on starvation rations with near-empty trolleys.

Similarly, the Public Service Fast Line, operating from the Public Service Terminal in the heart of Newark through New Brunswick to a connection with the Public Service Riverside Line at Trenton, was experiencing hard times. No longer did two-car multiple-

unit trains speed swinging loads of commuters over the line between home and place of employment. Reduced service, dictated by the reduced patronage resulting from bus and private automobile competition, finally dwindled to such infrequent headway that it was deemed no longer economical to maintain the trolley wire and the power plants. These facilities were dismantled, and several gasoline propelled rail cars which resembled the former trolleys were introduced on the line, operating just often enough to maintain the franchise. Having spent much of their time in the repair shop, these cars also disappeared, the rails were ripped up, and that was the ignominious end of the Fast Line over which one could once travel as part of a trolley trip across the entire state, from Jersey City to Camden.

Somehow the NJRT line survived the lean years of 1926, 1927 and 1928, but in the latter year the Public Service Company filed application for permission to abandon the railroad operation, submitting elaborate statistics to show that the availability of adequate bus service made the trolleys no longer a public necessity in that area. The company did arrange, however, to retain the right-of-way for their high tension transmission line to feed power to that part of North Jersey.

The Commission issued permission for the abandonment of the rail service, stating: "The Public Service Rapid Transit Co. (formerly the North Jersey Rapid Transit Company) is given permission to abandon trolley operation because of bus service furnished by the same interests through practically the same territory."

The petition was granted, effective January 1st, 1929.

On New Years Eve 1928, the North Jersey Rapid Transit cars carried their last passengers. The handful of celebrants who rode the line on that occasion little realized what they were losing. Mostly they sang and cheered and wished each other a Happy New Year. A few who had acquired weeping jags shed a tear or two and in quavering voice observed that it was a god-

damshame to tear up such a nice lil' ole trolley line, and attempted to drown their remorse with another draft from a flask.

New Years Day 1929 dawned without the customary cheery toot of the first trolleys out over the line. A dismal quiet descended over the whole property. This was particularly noticeable at Ho-Ho-Kus where the happy singing sound of the rotary-converters was conspicuous by its absence. It just didn't seem natural. It was the same ominous silence that had, in past years, hung over the scene temporarily during some emergency shut-down, when all hands had sprung into action to repair the trouble and get the line promptly back into commission. It was the silence which always had been broken by the telephone bell as patrons called up to inquire about the interruption of service, and to ask how soon they could expect relief. Where was the 8:15, and how soon would it arrive? And the sound of the Dispatcher's phone bell, . . . with the voice announcing that the Line Crew had found the trouble, had repaired it, and that we could now start up the rotaries and shoot the line hot again.

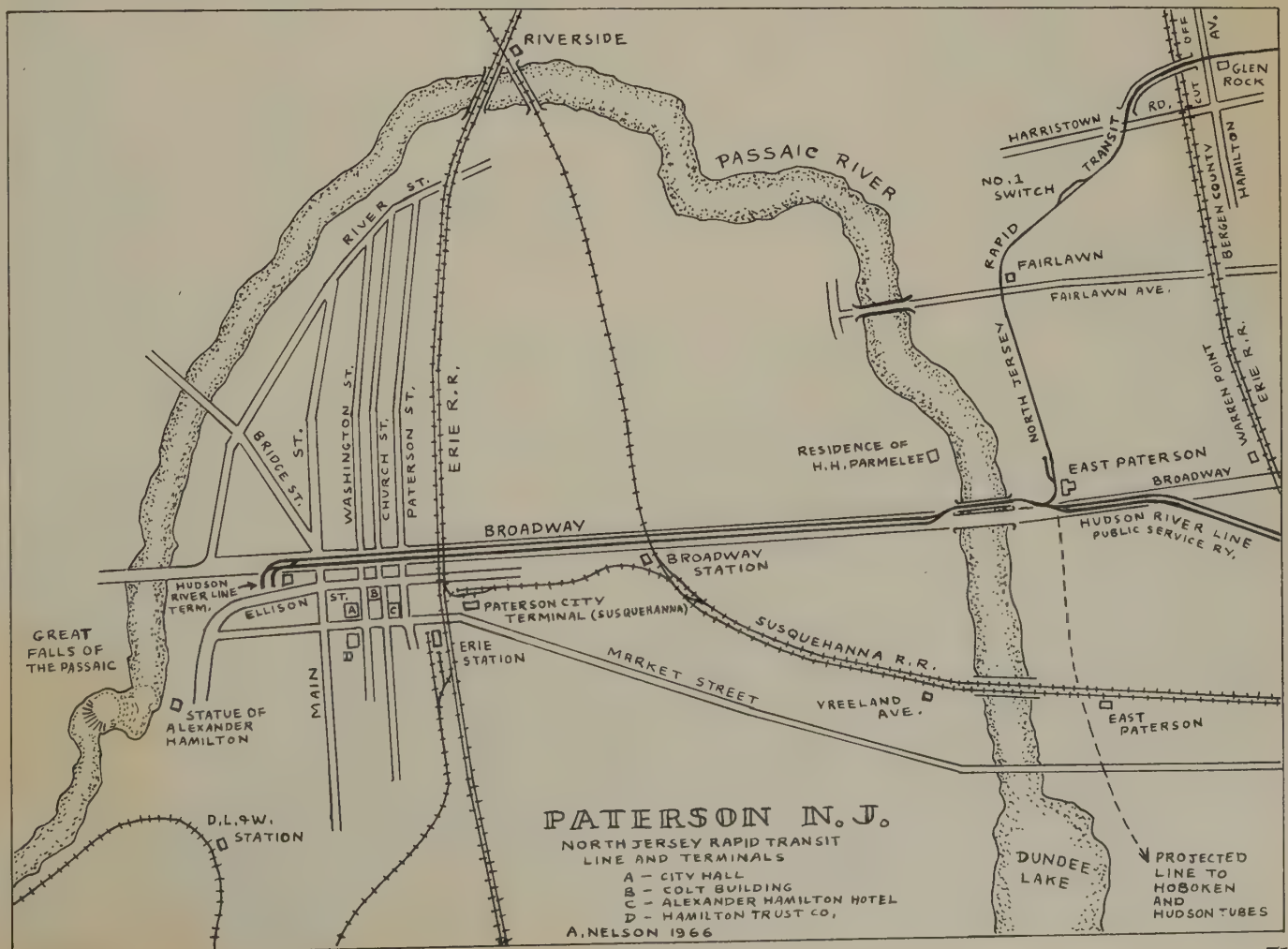
Suddenly the phone DID ring. The voice at the other end was indeed a petulant patron. "What's happened to

the 8:05?" she was demanding, "I've been waiting here at Waldwick now for 20 minutes."

"Sorry, Lady," as Art Elliott's sad duty to advise, "The 8:05 ain't comin' today, or any day, any more. Haven't you heard the news? We're out of business. The buses took over. You can get the next bus over on the turnpike." Thus did the Barn Man answer this call, and dozens of others as the New Years Day grew older, and for weeks afterward, until the good old travelling public finally got it through their heads that they had lost their trolley line.

But the next day, the rotary converters were again sparked to life, not to provide passenger service, but to provide power for the Public Service demolition crews who ran their big hooks and work cars up the line to Suffern, where they began the task of ripping up the rail and tearing down the overhead. It was as though the NJRT was committing Hari-Kari. Load by load, this material came rolling down the line through Ho-Ho-Kus to Paterson, thence by the Public Service trolley lines to their Plank Road Shops out on the Jersey Meadows. There the rails were loaded into sea-going cargo steamers which headed for Russia. A deal had been made to ship all of the NJRT 75 lb. rail overseas, to become part of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. Today, Soviet trains roll over those same rails, on their way to Vladivostok. Ironically, those rails are now part of the world's longest electric railway which stretches more than 6,000 miles from one end to the other!

Map of the southern end of the line shows later connection with the Hudson River Line and the Public Service trackage into Paterson. Broadway was later also known as Route 4 and provided direct vehicular passage to the George Washington Bridge. Map by Allen Nelson.





NORTH CLEVELAND, OHIO

1914



Larceny or Liberation

MILEAGE ON NORTH JERSEY RAPID TRANSIT R.R.

Miles	Station	Crossing (Flag Stop)	Switch
15.2	Suffern	Main Street- Lafayette Avenue	
14.9		Oliver Street-Hospital	
14.6		State Line, N.Y.-N.J.	
14.2		Fox Lane	
14.1		Christie Avenue	
13.7	Mahwah	Miller Road	
13.3		Cragmere-Franklin Turnpike	
13.1		Airmont Road	
12.7		No. 8
12.2		Spring Street	
11.5		Island Road	
11.3		Chestnut Street	
11.0	Ramsey	Main Street	
10.0		No. 7
9.5		Crescent Avenue	
9.0	Allendale	Allendale Avenue- Maple Street	
8.7		Erie R.R. Interchange
8.4		Chestnut Street	
7.6	Waldwick	Prospect Street.....	No. 6
7.5		Franklin Turnpike	
6.6		Saddle River Road	
6.1	Ho-Ho-Kus	Franklin Turnpike, NJRT HQ.....	No. 5
5.6		Harrison Avenue	
5.4		Meadowbrook Avenue	
5.2		Linwood Avenue	
5.0		Overbrook Road	
4.8	Ridgewood	Ridgewood Avenue	No. 4
4.5		Spring Avenue	
4.1		Grove Street	
3.8		Prospect Street.....	No. 3
3.5		Ackerman Avenue	
3.1	Glen Rock	Hamilton Avenue...	No. 2
2.5		Harristown Road	
2.0		No. 1
1.2	Fairlawn	Fairlawn Avenue	
1.0		Berdan Avenue	
0.6		Morlot Avenue	
0.3		Willow Street	
0.0	East Paterson	Broadway- River Road.....	Hudson River Line
2.75	Paterson	Main Street.....	P.S. Terminal

It wasn't until February 21st, 1929 that word reached me in the RCA Laboratories in New York that the NJRT line was being ripped up, and if I wanted to see any of it again, I had better get right out there. Appealing to my friend and associate there, Russel P. May who had charge of a sound-movie development project, I managed to prevail upon him to borrow one of the company's 35 mm movie cameras and accompany me on the journey to Ho-Ho-Kus. George Hopkins, another close friend of mine in that organization, accepted the invitation to attend the "funeral of a railroad." I called up George Jackson, and he agreed to let me have Work Car Number 8 for the purpose of filming the line the following day, which was Washington's Birthday.

That day dawned cold, bleak and overcast by a sky that threatened snow momentarily. Nevertheless, we three climbed into my Model T Ford Coupe and we took off via the 130th Street ferry to Edgewater, thence over the roads that paralleled the Hudson River Line trolleys. By the time we reached Ho-Ho-Kus we were all miserably chilly, and the hot coffee that George Jackson offered us was most welcome. "You should have come out here last week," he commented, "I could have provided you with a comfortable, heated passenger car."

"What happened to those big Jewetts?" I asked him.

"The P.S. took them all down to their Meadow Shops to burn them up," he said glumly. Fred Smith, former NJRT Master Mechanic and first assistant to Jackson was there, all dressed up in his new Public Service Company uniform with gold cap badge indicating that he was now one of their Inspectors. He had landed the job at Paterson, where he regulated the service of the new buses and the remaining trolleys. Art Elliott was there in his customary capacity as day barn man, to operate the sub-station and handle what dispatching was necessary for the movement of the wrecking equipment. He soberly wrote out an order for me which authorized Number 8 to run Extra to Paterson and return. "Here's a couple of white flags for you," he said.

"Are you coming along?" I asked Jackson.

"No, thanks Jay, I'll stick around to look after things.



The largest building in Ho-Ho-Kus when built, the NJRT's barn and headquarters building was of solid brick construction. The central tower provided for the high tension lead-ins and the electrolytic lightning arrestors. Substation beneath accommodated the transformers, switchboard, and rotary converters. To left were the machine shop, offices, vault, while crew rooms were to right. Along the rear stretched the three-track barn and pits.

You can manage all right without me. But don't try to race any Erie trains!" The last with a twinkle in his eye, recalling the time when he fired me off the road for doing just that.

Soon we were rolling down the line through Ridgewood, and I sounded my old signature whistle signal, but no dark-eyed brunette responded with a well-stocked lunch basket. The countryside looked bleak and depressing. No foliage graced the trees. There was ice in Ho-Ho-Kus Creek. The sun remained obliterated by gray skies. Number 8 rode along roughly without any heavy load to compress her springs. We deferred the filming process until after we reached the Paterson terminal on the banks of the Passaic River so that we could take advantage of what little light there was, putting it behind us on the Northbound trip. We rolled through the Prospect Street switch, and I noticed the scars on the pole beside the spot where Pilgrim had crashed head on into Hutchinson back in 1911. Up we went past the little Ackerman Avenue station, through the cut beyond, and then came into sight of the Glen Rock viaduct as we clicked through the switches of the Glen Rock passing siding. The sight of that lofty structure that carried the line up and over the Erie Railroad brought back memories of the fateful night when Motorman Merritt, running his Southbound car over this viaduct, came suddenly upon a young girl and her escort out there on the highest part of the trestle. They had "over ridden" the Harristown Road stop by mistake on the previous Northbound car, had alighted at Glen Rock, and in the darkness of a moonless night had started to walk back along the track. If they realized that they were venturing out on the trestle, they probably didn't appreciate how high it was. Merritt

overtook them on the highest part of the structure, where it curved to the left on a down grade. He was coasting down this drop, with his arc headlight shooting its beam off on a tangent, illuminating only the tree-tops of the surrounding woods and showing him little of the track ahead. Suddenly the two figures were revealed close at hand. Merritt big-holed his engineer's valve dumping his air, and he worked his compressed air sanders. With locked wheels, his car screeched to an abrupt halt, but only after he had passed the spot where the young couple had been. The girl, in panic, had leaped off the viaduct which had no cat-walk, landing on the rocky terrain below. The young man had swung himself out over the edge of the structure, and was hanging by his hands, gripping the guard stringer. Merritt and his Conductor climbed down off the rear of the car and pulled the man back to safety. Then they scrambled down the embankment beyond the concrete abutment at the end of the viaduct and groped their way by lantern light amongst the boulders below the structure. There they found the broken body of the girl and carried her back to the car, but she had breathed her last. The incident precipitated a pall of gloom over the NJRT for weeks afterward.

Easing the Work Car down this same curve, we reached the embankment beyond, and I blew the conventional two long and two short whistles for the Harristown Road crossing. As we rumbled over it, I fed up full power for the straight stretch beyond, slacked down for the switches of Number One siding, where the Race Track Specials had passed each other in years gone by. Then with the four motors in parallel and the gears singing their familiar quartet, we climbed the grade to Fairlawn. I blew for the crossings, and we rolled on,

rounding the last curve before heading toward the terminal on the banks of the Passaic. As we approached, I blew one extra long station whistle, commenting to my companions "Last time around!" Here we changed ends for the Northbound trip, which put me back in the original cab of the Work Car, which had served for operations both ways in the early history of the line, before Fred Smith had built the cab on the other end where he installed the second set of controls.

Russ May set up his camera on a tripod up the track, facing the car, and George Hopkins entered the station to pose as Agent. As Russ ground his camera, I dressed up Number 8 with her white flags. Then George came out of the station and handed up a train order to me. With a warning "toot-toot" I started up Number 8 and headed straight for the camera, but stopped close up to pick up Russ and George. Then together, we headed up the line toward Ho-Ho-Kus, while Russ filmed the last record of NJRT operations. The sequence we filmed that day provides a surviving illustration in motion of the line from Paterson to Ho-Ho-Kus, where we found the Public Service crew at work. They had already torn up the line from Suffern down to that point. The closing scenes of that movie show them gathered around Number 8 to have their pictures taken, and a close-up of George Jackson in front of the Headquarters building, shaking hands with Art Elliott, Fred Smith, Angelo and myself. In the last few feet is a shot of the P.S. Crane Car No. 5272 ripping up rail at Ho-Ho-Kus right in front of George Jackson's office as he and the rest of us viewed the sad spectacle in silence which was broken only by Jackson's one-word descriptive comment.

"Desecration!" he croaked with emotion.

At this writing, we see modern PCC cars rolling from the Newark terminal of the Hudson & Manhattan Railroad through the Newark Subway built in the old bed of the Morris Canal to Bloomfield. High-priced experts are retained periodically to conduct studies and to make lengthy recommendations concerning how the increasingly acute problem of mass transportation should be solved in the populous residential area which lies to the north. Invariably they come up with the brilliant idea that what these communities need is modern rapid transit. There is talk from time to time of extending the Newark Subway farther along the bed of the old canal, although now several obstacles have sprung up in that path. If this were accomplished, the link between Paterson and the Hudson Tubes (PATH) would be forged, and that part of North Jersey would have swift, comfortable and convenient rapid transit such as was originally planned by the far-seeing promoters of the North Jersey Rapid Transit line. Its right-of-way still remains intact to Suffern, now carrying the high tension transmission lines of the Public Service Company. Some thirty five years of idleness have intervened as far as transit is concerned, but perhaps the wheels of multiple-unit trains will one day roll through from Suffern to Manhattan via those beautiful North Jersey hills and dales. Perhaps the rippling waters of Ho-Ho-Kus Creek will again reflect the fleeting image of speeding electric trains, free from the delays and congestion of vehicular

traffic on public highways. Maybe this is the stuff of which poets dream, but engineers can dream, too!

Before I left the old Ho-Ho-Kus Headquarters of the NJRT that bleak Washington's Birthday, Art Elliott called me aside into the supply room. "Your old badge, No. 215," he said as he handed me that prize. "Bring your flivver around to the side door. I've got some other souvenirs for you."

First he gave me the pair of white flags that I had just used on the head end of the Work Car, and a pair of green flags. Observing my appreciation and enthusiasm, he went on: "Here, take a pair of the oil markers, and here's one of the arc headlights. Those P.S. guys will only scrap them. You should see how they are smashing up everything they get their hands on." Surprisingly we smuggled these and other goodies into the turtle-back trunk of the Ford Coupe. "Too bad you haven't got room for more," he chortled, "I hate to see all this stuff destroyed just as much as you do." Art had been with the NJRT for 18 years. Along with George Jackson, Fred Smith and Joe Bender, he was the last of the Old Guard.

On a bleak March day, soon after that, I was driving over the Jersey Meadows and saw a great cloud of brown and black smoke sweeping across the horizon from the Meadow Shops of the Public Service Company, situated on the banks of the Hackensack River. It was from their wharf at this point that the 75 lb. rail of the NJRT was being loaded into ocean-going steamers for shipment to Russia. I knew that our beautiful Jewett cars had been rolled into these yards to await destruction after the Public Service officials had passed the death sentence upon them. I presented my old NJRT pass to the Watchman at the gate and told him that I had business inside. He appeared satisfied and waved me through. As I drove down the lane between buildings, I came upon the familiar outline of an old friend. There stood the body of our Car 16, settled on the ground minus her trucks. Over one of her doors there was a neat little sign bearing the inscription CLUB CAR. Stopping the auto, I walked over and entered the old trolley. There was nobody inside, but the car was comfortably heated by electric grids, and although all the operating controls had been stripped from her vestibules, and some of the seats had been removed, the remaining seats, rocked over toward each other in pairs facing small tables bearing the remains of lunches, indicated that the car was providing a comfortable haven for the shop employees. Reaching overhead, I gave the bell rope two tugs, and the platform bell at the opposite end sounded dismally. Well, one car was still serving a useful purpose, I mused.

Then I strolled around behind a long row of buildings with corrugated metal roofs, and a startling spectacle unfolded before me. The cloud of smoke I had seen rising in the sky was from the funeral pyre where they were burning the bodies of all our other Jewetts. A pair of big crane cars was systematically lifting each body from its trucks and swinging it around to be dumped on top of those which were already burning. This wanton destruction seemed offensive and shocking, for the

Public Service Railways were still operating lines with cars greatly inferior to these, cars that appeared to be deliberately neglected in the effort to discredit the Trolley as an institution by comparison with the shiny new buses then being substituted on numerous lines. The authorities obviously had no intention of letting the riding public on their remaining lines get a chance to enjoy these superior Jewetts.

As I watched, three of these handsome cars were sacrificed to the Gods of Greed. Four remained on the rip track behind the Baldwin-Westinghouse trucks of the cars that had already been destroyed. Now the cranes were approaching for their next victim. I learned later that these fine trucks were to see service under other car-bodies, in the Newark Subway.

Walking back to the end of the line, I entered old Car 10. She was complete in every detail. Her green plush upholstered seats looked as inviting as ever. The green glow coming through the Venitian glass arches over her windows provided a pleasant, colorful combination with her handsome mahogany interior trim. She had been the first car to be delivered to the NJRT back in 1910. Now in 1929, she was to be the last to remain intact. I found myself standing at the controls in her Number One end, my left hand on the handle of the little Type HL master controller, my right hand on the handle of the engineer's brake valve. I worked them back and forth, as in actual service. I tugged at the whistle cord, as I had done so many times up and down the picturesque right of way of the NJRT, and although there was no air pressure with which to actually sound the whistle I yanked the "personal signature" which I had so often tooted to the comely dark-eyed brunette in the house up on the Ridgewood hill. In my mind, I was rolling down "Memory Lane," and I realized that my ex-

perience with the NJRT had been a chapter in my life not ever to be forgotten, one which sparked some of my most treasured memories. But now, the last tangible evidence of those halcyon days was being wilfully obliterated. The cranes were moving closer, to drag Car 10 to the same fate as the others were suffering. As I turned to leave, with moist eyes, my fingers involuntarily closed over that little cast iron controller handle. I lifted it off and slipped it into the pocket of my rain coat.

Today that little handle is one of my most prized possessions. It controls the miniature half-inch-to-the-foot North Jersey Rapid Transit cars that speed over the weatherproof trolley line running around my garden, cars built of copper, which will endure long after I am gone.

Gazing upon the bronze statue of Alexander Hamilton today standing erect facing the Falls of the Passaic at Paterson, one can hardly avoid admiring his talents despite the ugly stories whispered by his political enemies concerning the circumstances of his birth and some of his indiscreet affairs of heart. After all, it was he who miraculously contrived to bring our newborn nation out of its financial doldrums by finding ways and means to redeem some \$200,000,000 of worthless paper money circulated by our Continental Congress during their desperate efforts to finance the Revolution, in apparent disregard of the future reputation of our government at home and abroad. The wistful thought occurs that, had he been present in the flesh, he probably would have found a way to rescue from its misfortunes this latter day promising project that was spawned in the great industrial center he organized and which was financed by his namesake, the Hamilton Trust Company.

Don Wallworth's ink and wash drawing of No. 10 at the Main Street, Ramsey crossing, depicts one of the worst hazards faced by any traction line: the automobile. About 1920.



Sequel: Kindred Spirits Unite

15

In 1934, a small group of us who were interested in the Electric Railway as an institution got together in New York's Pennsylvania Railroad terminal, the world's busiest electric railway crossroads, to discuss the possibility of forming an organization of kindred spirits who, like us, viewed its past with affection and its future with courage and ambition. At first we had in mind just a local organization of those with whom we were personally acquainted, and whom we knew to be the kind who would enjoy associating and communicating with each other. As we discussed the subject, we began raising our sights. It occurred to us that there might well be similar individuals across the nation, here and there, who shared our interest and our views. We decided to try and contact them, and to invite them to join the organization which we would call the **ELECTRIC RAILROADERS' ASSOCIATION**. Accordingly we put a small ad in **RAILROAD Magazine** announcing our plan, with an invitation to communicate with us if interested. The response we received was amazing. Whereas we had suspected that there were a few here and there, it developed that thousands were interested. Hundreds answered that first small ad.

The ERA got off to a flying start, and a member named Larry Gailord founded a modest little mimeographed publication which he called **ERA HEADLIGHTS**. Today it has grown to a multi-paged, illustrated, printed magazine that commands the respect of the entire electric railway industry as well as that of the members who now number over 3000. Its circulation is mostly in the USA, but it also enjoys world-wide coverage and circulation. The Headquarters office of ERA are located at 145 Greenwich Street, New York, N.Y. 10006. The necessary expansion of these offices into other spaces in this same building now makes ERA its biggest tenant, and the owners of the property now call it the **ERA BUILDING**. There the organization conducts the correspondence, publications, "fan" trip plans, and has established the Sprague Library with the most comprehensive collection of books, magazines, maps, photographs, statistics, and current as well as past history of the Electric Railway realm. Local divisions of the ERA have been formed in various corners of the USA, some publishing their own news bulletins and organizing their own "field trips" over electric lines. Annual conventions of the ERA have been held in such remote locations as Washington, D.C., Chicago, Ill., Pittsburgh, Pa., Toronto, Canada and Boston, Mass., as well as in New York City.

Early ERA members, who joined the organization in their early youth, have become famous in many branches of the electric railway field. For example Ira Swett of Los Angeles publishes a superb illustrated periodical he calls **INTERURBANS**, each with a detailed description of some classic line. George Krambles of Chicago organized the Central Electric Railfans' Association which not only operates numerous field trips, but also publishes a splendid illustrated **BULLETIN**. Al Kalmbach of Milwaukee, organized the Kalmbach Publishing Company, which puts out a fine magazine monthly called **TRAINS**, as well as **MODEL RAILROADER** and numerous books. Harold H. Carstens publishes a monthly magazine called **RAILROAD MODEL CRAFTSMAN**, devoted mostly to model railroads, from his plant located right at Ramsey, N.J. on the old NJRT line, as well as other books on railroading.

Countless ERA members have entered the electric railway field as professionals, and have risen to posts of responsibility. Herman Rinke served repeatedly as National Secretary of the ERA and two terms as its President, and lately as its energetic Headquarters Office Manager. He majored in Transportation at Yale, and upon graduation landed a job with the New York Central R.R., where he proceeded to qualify as Towerman in every tower throughout the New York electrified zone, winding up as Towerman in Tower A, at Grand Central Terminal. He resigned from that post to accept responsible railroad administration duties with the Interstate Commerce Commission. Walter Barriger, an enthusiastic proponent of railroad electrification, who has had many of his technical papers published, became President of the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie R.R.

Gerald Brookins, proprietor of a real-estate development at Columbia Park, in the suburbs of Cleveland, Ohio, including an extensive shopping center and fashionable night club with theatre pipe organ, has added his own Interurban Electric Railway, which he calls the Columbia Park & Southwestern. His operating rolling stock includes several rare and beautiful heavy cars from the Chicago, Aurora & Elgin line as well as quaint little antiques from far away Mexico. George Horn, who started as Motorman on trolleys, subways and elevated lines in greater New York City has already become Yardmaster for that city's vast transit system. He edits a periodical called **ELECTRIC RAILROADS** for the ERA, each issue devoted to some interesting property with detailed statistics, and his library of



37 years after the last operation on the proud interurban, members of the North Jersey Chapter, N.R.H.S., toured the NJRT on Aug. 7, 1966. Main line rails can still be seen imbedded in the concrete of the south sidewalk along Franklin Turnpike, not far from the Ho-Ho-Kus Inn. From left to right: Ralph Spielman, former NJRT motorman E. J. Quinby, Al Creamer, Betty Summers, Stan Harris, Mike Glicken, Steve Maguire, Al Coleman, and Allison Lievre. Not shown: photographer H. L. Goldsmith, and Railroad Model Craftsman publisher Hal Carstens who joined the tour the next town north.

cinema film covering historic electric lines is probably the most comprehensive in existence.

Practically from the time the organization was born, it was the ambition of the Electric Railroaders' Association to acquire and operate its own trolley line, one that would be safe from the covetous eyes of those who see an opportunity to turn a swift dollar by substituting buses and scrapping the electric railway property. Legal consultants advised against making this activity part of the incorporated association, and accordingly, a few of the members got together to accomplish the objective under a separate corporate name. W.G. Fyler and the author collaborated on the project and led the way by putting up a few of our hard-earned dollars to get the museum line started. We found a two-mile section of a going interurban line which extended from East Haven Green in the suburbs of New Haven, to Short Beach, Connecticut. This line had been built in 1903 as the Branford Electric Railway, and had become part of the through trolley route that extended all the way from New York to Boston and up to Portland, Maine. Over it had raced the multiple-unit trains of the Shore Line Electric Railroad before it had collapsed. The line had been acquired by the Connecticut Company which, in 1949, was ready to abandon it. We made a deal with the sympathetic officers of that company who were in the process of converting their trolley lines to bus operation. Having formed the Branford Electric Railway Association, Inc., we took over this two miles, which includes a variety of scenery along its private right of way. There are wood-pile trestles over two streams, sweeping curves through woodlands, a big rock quarry with tall cliffs and a fill across salt marshes leading to a sandy beach on Long Island Sound.

At first we were able to buy 600 volt direct current from the Connecticut Company and to run some of the cars we acquired from them right on their own wheels to reach our property. But with the swift passage of time, we saw them go completely out of the trolley

business and eliminate their 600 volt generating equipment along with our track connection to the outside world. Thereafter, we had to bring in any rolling stock we subsequently acquired via low-bed truck from the nearest railroad siding on the New Haven R.R. at East Haven, and we had to provide our own 600 volt d.c. power. At first we used a prime-mover power plant consisting of a diesel engine driving a 600 volt dynamo, but we later had the good fortune to find a 750 kw ac-dc rotary-converter up in Canada, which we brought in and set up in our new sub-station. Thus we are enabled to purchase alternating current from the local utility company, and convert it to 600 volts d.c. for our trolley operations. Over the years we have acquired some 75 cars of every possible description from all over the United States, Canada and foreign countries. One by one, we tackle the task of rehabilitation, for many of these collectors' items are in sorry shape when we first acquire them. The manual labor involved in accomplishing the rejuvenations, and of repairing and maintaining the track, overhead, trestles, and power plant equipment, and the construction of car barns and shops, is volunteered by members, whose ranks include Lawyers, Doctors, Educators, Musicians, Authors, Clergymen, Engineers and (thank goodness!) a number of professional electric railway men who possess the experience and ability with which to direct and supervise the others. The continued acquisition of trolleys of various types brought its problems. There have been times when the BERA members found themselves bidding against avid scrap dealers in the effort to rescue some priceless last surviving example of a rare type. And even if they were able to raise sufficient funds to outbid their competition, the cost of transporting the relic from some remote point to the museum property often seemed prohibitive. In the effort to take advantage of such a "last chance", the hat has been passed amongst members for contributions in a last frantic effort to rescue an example of an almost extinct type. Even when sympathetic officials have offered the BERA rare specimens gratis at some far removed location, the financial problem of transporting these choice items to the property has often seemed prohibitive. In such cases, it has not been uncommon for certain young, enthusiastic members to contribute all their available pocket money to the extent of going without lunches for weeks afterward, in order to meet the emergency. Then, upon the arrival of some coveted antique at the museum, these same young enthusiasts have eagerly undertaken the task of completely overhauling and refinishing the prize, so that eventually it emerges as sound and beautiful as the day it was turned out at the builder's plant. It is indeed gratifying to observe that such youngsters, with such worthy objectives and such all-consuming tasks before them, have no time for juvenile delinquency. Their interest in their complex undertaking and their pride of accomplishment as each project is completed are examples of what is so tragically lacking in the lives of so many youths who turn to mischief or even crime to occupy their time and relieve their boredom.



While members of the BERA were thus diligently concentrating on the many tasks of getting the museum into operation, the public began to descend upon them in numbers, curious to see what was being accomplished. Particularly on week-ends, these uninvited visitors became a serious problem. Certain members were delegated to act as guides and show the visitors around, explaining each item of interest. Struggling to accomplish first things first, the members had made no provision to accommodate the public, nor to provide the essential creature comforts. As this situation grew increasingly critical, I approached Mrs. Frank Julian Sprague, widow of the trolley pioneer, and the sons of that famous man who were continuing to operate the Sprague Electric Company, suggesting that an appropriate memorial to the Father of Electric Traction in the form of a Sprague building at our museum property would provide a lasting reminder of that great man's accomplishments, and would be a most welcome addition to the institution we were establishing. Fortunately I was able to gain their interest and cooperation, with the result that they underwrote the cost of a splendid brick and masonry structure resembling a typical Interurban station, with waiting room, ticket office, telegraph bay, lavatories, locker room for members, a large room for small hardware exhibits, a technical library and headquarters office of the association. Les Hulette, who had served as my fellow Motorman on the NJRT and who had later become a successful Architect at Middletown, N.Y., designed the building as his contribution to the project. Later, a sub-station was added as a wing to this structure, providing the necessary 600 volt d.c. power to run the Branford Electric Railway.

We arranged a corner-stone laying ceremony at the East Haven site. Although Mrs. Sprague could not attend due to having suffered an accident just prior to that time, Julian K. Sprague, son of Frank J. Sprague, attended with his attractive wife and his son. Julian wielded the trowel as the Right Reverend Alexander Turner, S.S.B. (an ERA member) invoked divine blessings on the project. The Mayor of East Haven and other

NJRT No. 10, reproduced in 17/64" scale by Ted Matheson, with painting and lettering by Frank Schlegel. This superb replica is owned by Dudley Olney, who possesses one of the finest scale model trolley collections in the world. Photo by Jeff Winslow.

civic officials were amongst the guests, numbering several hundred. As television cameras recorded sight and sound, a string of waiting trolleys at the site set up a cheery din with their whistles and bells. We then escorted the guest of honor into Private Parlor Car No. 500 for a trip over the line, just as it had carried electric railway Presidents and other officials over that line in earlier days and indeed over the vast New England electric railway network. Later that day, Julian K. Sprague donned my uniform cap and leather gloves to run our quaint little single-truck open trolley over the line as cameras clicked. This historic relic, built in 1899, had originally run in Lynchburg, Virginia and had later seen service on the Five Mile Beach line in South Jersey. As Julian twisted the controller handle and the goose-neck brass handle of the manual brake, little No. 34 galloped along in typical four-wheel gate. It was a beautiful day with sunshine and the song of wild birds in the lush foliage along the way. Julian expressed his happiness over the success of the establishment which was destined to perpetuate the memory of his beloved father. "Can I keep the cap as a souvenir?" he asked.

"Of course, Julian," I told him, and added, "here's a lifetime pass over the line."

But alas, he never had the opportunity to utilize that pass, for within the year, he passed to his rewards. It was his brother Robert Sprague who later came to the unveiling of the bronze Sprague memorial plaque in the completed Sprague building the day it was commissioned.

Other electric railway museums have been established across the land by ERA members and their colleagues as well as by members of other electric railway organizations. Noteworthy among these are the Connecticut Electric Railway Association at Warehouse Point, near Hartford, Conn. and the Seashore Electric

Railway Association at Kennebunkport, Maine. Still others have sprung up in California, Oregon, Texas, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Missouri and Canada. The Museum of Transport near St. Louis includes numerous city trolleys, Interurbans and examples of heavy electric locomotives from main line electrifications.

The vast mid-West electric railway empire assembled by such leaders as McKinley and Insull have disappeared from the scene with the exception of the thriving Chicago, South Shore & South Bend line, whose life-giving freight business now boasts some of the most powerful electric locomotives ever built and helps support the big steel multiple-unit passenger trains which carry commuters to and from Chicago. The other famous Interurban lines that radiated from Chicago are gone as are the dozen Interurban lines that radiated from the famous Indianapolis Interurban terminal, including the stately Indianapolis-Louisville Dixie Flyer with its beautiful Parlor cars, Observation cars, Diners and Sleepers. Gone are the spectacular long-distance trains of the Illinois Traction system that ran from St. Louis to Peoria and Champaign. Gone are the fine commuter trains that sped by third-rail power across the farms from Chicago to Aurora and Elgin with Diners and Parlor cars, and the swift streamliners of the Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee. These last two lines brought their passengers right into Chicago's teeming loop district via the rapid transit elevated structures. But here and there one finds handsome relics of these lines, cars or trains rescued by the railfans to continue operation in the museums.

The splendid 1000 mile network of the Pacific Electric Railway established by H.E. Huntington in the Los Angeles area is gone. Some of its fine cars have been prematurely destroyed, while others have been "sold down the river" to Mexico and South American for con-

tinued service, leaving the citizens of their former theatre of operations to complain bitterly as their eyes smart and they cough and gasp on the overpowering smog resulting from swarms of internal combustion vehicles that have replaced the odorless electrics. Fortunately, a handful of Pacific Electric and other local cars survive at the Orange Empire Museum near Riverside, Calif., at Perris.

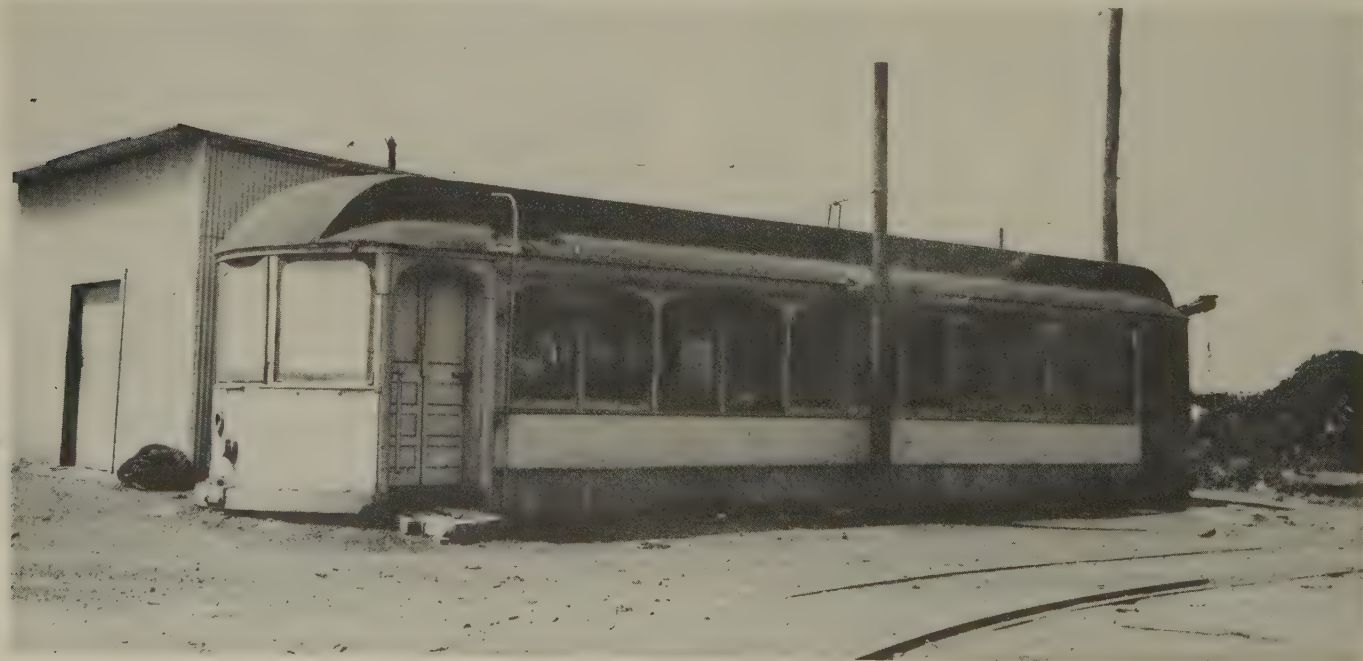
The Budd Company of Philadelphia has recently introduced a fleet of de Luxe air-conditioned, smooth-riding Interurban type electric multiple-unit cars to the Reading and Pennsylvania Railroads. Each of these 90-mile-per-hour cars seats 124 passengers, weighs over 50 tons, and costs \$250,000. In the resultant renaissance, droves of delighted commuters are now returning to these lines and leaving their automobiles on the parking lots provided at the suburban stations. So marked is the trend that the railroads have already recognized the need for doubling the number of these new cars which are paid for by the City of Philadelphia and leased to the railroads. And the project to rebuild the commuter line of the West Jersey & Seashore is under way, so that trains of these new cars may be operated across the Delaware River Bridge and out to the suburbs in South Jersey, a project which would have cost the tax-payers much less if the original operating line had been modernized rather than wilfully destroyed.

In the light of this welcome repair of the legal vandalism that was perpetrated upon the South Jersey suburbs of Philadelphia, new hope is inspired for similar relief in the North Jersey suburbs of Manhattan.

My late esteemed friend Frank Shepard, head of the Westinghouse Electric Traction department, possessed a rare sense of humor that caused a merry twinkle in his eye when he observed obvious errors of the past. Said he: "Hindsight is a very exact science!"

One Jewett carbody survived for years following the North Jersey abandonment, serving as a yard office in the Plank Road shop area, East Newark. Some cars stored in nearby

barns were brought out of retirement from nearby storage barns when war broke out in 1941. Photo by Stephen D. Maguire, August 4, 1939.



Names are listed alphabetically, and are followed by period of employment, function and badge number, where known.

Appendix

Ackerman, 1916-, Motorman, Barnman; **Ackerman**, "Ma", 1915, Proprietress of Ho-Ho-Kus Boarding House; **Anderson**, 1915, Motorman.

Bamford, **Walter**, 1910-, Corporation Secretary; **Banta**, **Chet**, Motorman; **Belden**, 1919-, Conductor; **Bell**, **Tom**, 1914-, Conductor; **Bender**, **Joe**, 1911-1929, Conductor, Motorman, Badge 211; **Blauvelt**; **Bogart**, **Art**, 1914-, Conductor, Motorman, Badge 307.

Cadigan, **J.**, 1920-, Motorman, Badge 206; **Carney**, **Jack T.**, 1916-, Conductor, Motorman, Badge 203; **Carney**, "Daddy" **James**, 1916-, Night Barnman (father of Jack); **Chandler**, **Jim**, 1915-, Lineman, Motorman, Barnman, Badge 208; **Christian**, **Guy**, 1915-, Office Accountant, Conductor; **Conklin**, **Bill**, 1910-, Lineman, Motorman; **Cooke**, **C. D.**, 1910-, Corporation Vice-President; **Curtiss**, "Ace", 1915-, Motorman.

Daley, 1915-, Conductor; **Demarest**, **Harold**, 1915-, Office Accountant, Motorman, Badge 220; **Dunlap**, 1910-, Westinghouse Field Engineer; **Dunlop**, **George M.**, 1910-, Corporation Treasurer.

Eddy, 1918-, Motorman; **Elliott**, **Art**, 1912-1929, Motorman, Barnman, Badge 205; **Evans**, **John**, 1910-1911, General Manager.

Felter, "Duke", 1915-, Conductor; **Ferris**, Conductor; **Fertig**, **W. E.**, 1907-, Organizer, Contractor, NJRT Agent; **Fisher**, "Bud", 1918-, Motorman; **Fox**, 1925-, **Frotaillo**, **John**, 1910-1911, Trackman (killed in 1911 wreck).

Gesner, 1925-, Motorman, Conductor.

Hardeman, 1911, Doctor at Paterson General Hospital; **Heddy**, **J.**, 1921-, Motorman, Badge 202; **Heddy**, **R.**, 1921-, Motorman, Badge 210; **Herbert**, **William**, Conductor; **Huggins**, **Manley**, 1925-, Motorman; **Hulette**, **J.** **Leslie**, 1915-, Motorman, Conductor, Draftsman, Badges 202-212; **Hutchinson**, **William**, 1910-1911, Motorman (killed in 1911 wreck).

Jackson, **Elsie** (Mrs. George Jackson, Jr., nee Smith); **Jackson**, **George**, Jr., 1910, 1929, Construction Engineer, Superintendent, Mayor; **Jackson**, **Mary**, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. George Jackson, Jr.

Karlough, 1920-, Motorman; **Kennedy**, **Pat**, 1910-1918, Master Mechanic, Barnman, Dispatcher; **Koehler**, **Eddie**, 1919-, Conductor, Badge 304; **Konnicht**, 1918-, Conductor, Badge 301; **Krouse**, "Hank", 1912, Motorman; **Kuiper**, **R.**, 1921-, Motorman, Badge 212.

Lewis, **Theodore**, 1918-, Conductor; **Lewis**, **Wilfred**, 1915-, Conductor; **Lidster**, **Jack**, 1915-, Lunchroom Proprietor in Suffern; **Linkrum**, **Bert**, 1914-, Lineman, Motorman.

Malden, **Bill**, 1916-, Motorman; **Marino**, **Dusolina** ("Daisy"), 1912-1929, Accountant (married John A. McElroy); **McAdoo**, **Malcolm**, 1906-, Corporation Officer, Co-Founder; **McElroy**, **John A.**, 1918-, Motorman, later Police Chief of Ho-Ho-Kus; **Messereau**, **Joe**, Motorman; **Miller**, 1911, Doctor at Paterson General Hospital; **Munningham**, 1925-, Motorman.

Nash, 1919-, Conductor; **Norton**, **Carl**, 1918-, Conductor (brother-in-law of A. VanSetres), Badge 300.

O'Reilly, "Pop", 1914-1915, Motorman.

Parmelee, **Henry H.**, 1910-, Banker (Hamilton Trust, Paterson), Receiver; **Pellett**, 1911, Doctor at Paterson General Hospital; **Pilgrim**, **Francis J.**, 1910, 1911, Superintendent (killed in 1911 wreck); **Polodori**, **Louis**, 1915-, Trackman.

Quinby, **E. Jay**, 1915-1919, Conductor, Motorman, Lineman, Barnman, Badges 319-215.

Raymond, "Red", 1917-, Motorman, Barnman; **Romaine**, **Mrs.**, 1918-, Conductorette (World War I), Badges 317-318.

Shantz, **George**, 1915-, Motorman; **Shepard**, **Francis H.**, 1910-, Chief Engineer of Westinghouse Traction Department; **Smith**, "Daddy", 1917-, Painter, Carpenter (father of Fred Smith); **Smith**, **Fred**, 1914-, Motorman, Lineman, Barnman, Master Mechanic; **Smith**, **Julia** (Mrs. William Blanchfield, daughter of Fred Smith); **Smith**, **Marjorie** (second Mrs. Fred Smith, nee Carney); **Smith**, **Ruth**, 1914-1916 (first Mrs. Fred Smith, nee Carney); **Sprague**, **Frank J.**, 1910-, Inventor of Trolleys (1886), M.-U. Systems (1895); **Steiner**, **Walter**, 1918-, Motorman, Conductor, Badges 212-306; **Stewart**; **Swierstra**, **Dave**, 1913-, Carpenter, Painter, Trackman.

Tilghman, **James B.**, 1914-, Motorman, Conductor, Railroad Policeman, Badge 305; **Trammel**, **Bill**, 1915-, Motorman, Conductor, Trainman.

Van Horne, **John** ("Fatso"), 1915-, Conductor (300 lb.); **Van Setres**, **Abe**, 1918-, Conductor (brother-in-law of N. Norton), Badges 306, 309; **Van Zile**, **Mrs. C. W.**, 1918-, Conductorette (World War I); **Vogler**, 1918-, Motorman, Conductor, Badges 206-311; **Vroom**, **Dr. William Loyeridge**, 1911, NJRT Doctor. *Doctor Vroom began his general practice in Ridgewood, New Jersey, in 1888. He died there on August 1, 1966 after an unusual career in which he delivered over 3000 babies, living to treat great-grand children of many of his original patients. He was 100 years old on April 1, 1966.*

Waterhouse, 1921-, Motorman, Badge 207; **Winters**, **Charles**, 1915-, Conductor, Motorman.

PASSENGER EQUIPMENT

Road Numbers: 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24

Built: 1910 by Jewett Car Co., Newark, Ohio

Weight: 50,000 lbs.

Dimensions: Length overall 50 ft.; width overall 9 ft. 9 in.; height (railhead to top of trolley base) 13 ft.

Seating Capacity: 44 passengers.

Bodies: Wood with steel plate side-sill reinforcement, flush deck, enclosed vestibules, railroad roof, with tilting glass ventilators, steel dash plates, steel bumper plates, venetian green glass in arches above window sashes in sides and in clerestory ventilators. Two-step wells at each corner with drop trap.

Finish: Exterior, Pullman green with gold-leaf striping, numbering and lettering; roof grey, trucks and all undercarriage fittings black.

Interior: (Cars 10, 12, 18, 20) Mahogany trim, ceiling buff, seats upholstered in green plush. Brass hardware. (Cars 14, 16, 22, 24) Golden Oak trim, ceiling buff, seats upholstered in split-cane weave. Brass hardware.

Vestibules: As interiors. Double-fold doors at four corners, exteriors Tuscan Red. Double-sliding doors between vestibules and interior to match interior finish.

Equipment: Two Baldwin-Westinghouse Type MCB interurban trucks, 32" diameter railroad wheels with two Westinghouse 60 hp interpole motors to each truck, gear ratio 3:1. Symington MCB journal boxes, 8 brake shoes per truck with brake rigging linked to air- and hand-brake mechanism beneath body, sander spouts located at outside of all wheels with flexible hose connection to body sand-pipes. Hale & Kilburn Mfg. Co. reversible seats, double, 9 on each side of 24" aisle, plus four double fixed seats, one in each corner. Keystone pneumatic sand hopper under each corner seat. Keystone pneumatic reiterating gong under each platform. Keystone pneumatic combination sander and ringer valve at Motorman's position, each end. Keystone whistle pull-valve inside right-center window post, each end, with 12" air whistle, brass on roof above, each end. Howard conductor's signal bell in vestibule canopy, each end, connected by bell cord suspended over center aisle by Howard strap bell-cord hangers. Peter Smith heater, coal-fired with electric blower to carry hot air through lengthwise duct at sill level under seats along one side of body with vent at each seat. Four interior lighting circuits each with five lamps in series with switches and fuses on bulkhead No. 1 end above heater position in vestibule. Eleven roll-up Pantasote window shades on each side. Eleven drop-sashes along each side, lowering into window pockets protected by hinged traps when down.

Controls: Sprague-Westinghouse multiple-unit control system Type HL (electro-pneumatic) with unit switches governed by master controller at each end. Under-body equipment including unit-switches, reverser and fuse-box.

Master controller in each vestibule, at left of center window, and reset switch overhead in center of canopy.

On center of dash exterior, both ends, Trainline 12-point weatherproof receptacle.

Brakes: Westinghouse air brake system, Schedule SME, straight air brakes with emergency feature. Engineer's valve located in central position beneath center window of each vestibule, pressure gauge on left center window post each end above controller. Air intake filter fitting under end seat inside body, No. 1 end. Compressor switch with fuse on bulkhead in No. 1 end vestibule. Two air reservoirs under body, brake cylinder piston under body linked with floating brake lever with hand-brake hitch for both ends. Compressor governor under end seat inside body, No. 1 end. Two Trainline flexible hose connections suspended from radial drawbar, each end, with angle-cocks mounted on drawbar.

Hand-brake operating mechanism inside vestibule beneath right-hand window, each end.

Couplers: Van Dorn MCB knuckle coupler with interurban radial drawbar at each end.

Trolleys: Two Union Standard trolley bases, one mounted above king pin, on roof-platform, each end, provided with Nutall trolley pole, Nutall harp and Nutall trolley wheel, haul-down rope and Earll trolley retriever mounted on retriever socket on dash at each end. Connecting cable provided with lightning arrester on roof, each end.

Accessories: Two Crouse-Hinds Type L carbon arc headlights, demountable, supplied with each car, suspended from central bracket on exterior dash, each end and provided with incandescent lamp on rim of hinged door, and two-conductor flexible cord and plug to match receptacle mounted under right side of bumper. Headlight transfer switch mounted inside dash in vestibule to left of controller, providing BRIGHT-OFF-DIM positions, connected to headlight through resistor, (for arc).

Four combination marker & flag sockets, one mounted outside each body on corner vestibule post beneath roof-line.

Two golden oak grab-rails mounted on brass brackets provided in vertical position at each step well, above trap-doors outside body.

Two folding toe-steps at diagonally opposite body corners with grab-iron and step on roof directly above for access to roof for trolley servicing.

Steel rub-rail to fair trolley rope at roof level, above center vestibule window at each end.

NOTES: Goose-neck brass hand-brake operating handles were found to interfere with ingress and egress of passengers. The handles and their stand-off steel brackets were replaced in the NJRT shops with malleable-iron hand-brake wheel assemblies provided with bevel-gears permitting the wheels to rotate on horizontal axis, with mounting close to dash.

Locomotive-type pilots were built and installed on the cars in the NJRT shops over a period of years. These were of composite construction, utilizing wooden bars mounted on steel angle members, and suspended so as to avoid interference with coupled train operation.

Swinging brass locomotive-type bells, air operated,

were installed over the roof canopy at each end of each car in the NJRT shops over a period of years, to augment the air-gongs beneath the platforms. This was accomplished in the effort to better warn motorists of the approach of the NJRT cars at highway crossings after several accidents in which motorists claimed they didn't hear or see any warnings.

Marker flags and classification flags were consistently displayed by NJRT trains during daylight hours, and were replaced at sundown by kerosine marker lamps and classification lamps, in accordance with the Rules and Regulations in the Standard Book of Rules issued by the Association of Interurban Electric Railways and adopted by the NJRT.

A third-rail shoe was installed on each car on the south-west truck-frame, in the NJRT shops, to operate the automatic electric block-signals and the automatic electric crossing alarms. A series-bank of five carbon lamps mounted under the car body reduced the 600 volts trolley potential to approximately 100 volts at the shoe, which made contact with short sections of third-rail connected to the relays at appropriate points along the line.

Railway Improvement Company coasting registers were installed by the NJRT shops in the cars most frequently used, in the effort to economize in power consumption through a system of bonus payments to motormen whose records thus made indicated that they coasted at least 45%.

Ohmer fare registers were installed in most of the cars at the NJRT shops, beginning 1920, to replace the tickets.

With the advent of one-man operation as an economy measure, it was found necessary to replace the coal-burning Peter-Smith heaters with electric heaters, —which in turn cost more to operate.

Cocoa-mat runners covering the entire length of the aisle were conserved for special charter trips, but stored at other times.

WORK CARS

Work Equipment: Work Car, road number 8, built by McGuire-Cummings in 1910. This was a line car, equipped with an extendable tower with pivoted extension platform for work on the overhead. The car had a steel frame, monitor deck, with operating cab on the north end. A power derrick was located at the middle, and a reel of trolley wire on a horizontal axle was mounted between the derrick and the cab for convenient paying out to the line crew. Mounting cars at the four corners of the deck provided for mounting the two massive steel wedge snow-plows, which were raised or lowered by compressed-air cylinders and pistons as required.

Trucks: Two arch-bar freight-type trucks, each with two General Electric 100 hp motors with 4:1 gear ratio gave this car the required 400 hp for freight work.

Brakes: Westinghouse automatic air brakes were provided to train-line with standard railroad freight equipment. Hand-brake rig was also provided.

Controls: One General Electric Type K controller was provided in the north-end cab, along with an engineer's valve for the automatic air brakes, and the same compressed-air sander and reiterating gong and controls as used on the passenger cars of the NJRT.

Couplers: Standard MCB railroad knuckle couplers were provided on this car for the purpose of train operation with standard railroad equipment interchanged at the Allendale switch to the Erie R.R.

Trolley: One trolley-base with pole and wheel was mounted on the north-end cab, with the same retriever equipment as used on the passenger cars.

Accessories: The same headlight, marker and flag equipment and fittings were used on both ends of this car as on the passenger cars. Electric heaters augmented the starting resistance grids which were carried up in the cab. Bins for line fittings, insulators, cars, brackets and other overhead hardware were located in the cab. This car carried a portable telephone which could be connected anywhere along the line by a climbing lineman.

Weed-killer: Portable tanks and spray heads were provided, to be mounted on this car and used when required.

Note: A second cab with controls was installed on the south end of this car in the NJRT shops about 1920.

Bonding Car: A four-wheeled electric-propelled electric bonding car was acquired by the NJRT after the originally satisfactory rail joints began to deteriorate with age and cause high resistance and electrical leaks. This car quickly paid for itself. But it never was assigned a road number, always being referred to as "the Bonder".

Trailers: Used rolling-stock left on the property by the North Jersey Construction Company included:

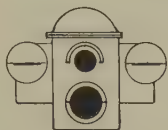
2 double-truck wood-frame flat cars with MCB knuckle couplers and automatic air brakes with hand-brake rigging. Arch-bar freight trucks.

2 double-truck wood-frame gondola cars with MCB knuckle couplers and automatic air brakes with hand-brake rigging. Arch-bar freight trucks. (Used for carrying ballast, fill, etc.)

BLOCK SIGNALS

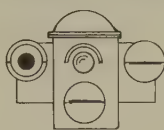
The automatic block signal system on the NJRT was the product of the Union Switch & Signal Company of Swissvale, Pa., and was of their latest design incorporating the "recording" feature. This meant that the signals "counted" all the cars entering a given block and offered evidence of the counting, and they maintained a red stop signal at the opposite end of the block until the same number of cars had been counted emerging from the block. It made no difference if the cars were operating independently as separate "sections", or if they were coupled into a multiple-unit train, or any combination of the two modes of operation, thus providing safe protection in case a train were divided into separate sections or coupled into trains while traversing.

BLOCK SIGNAL ASPECTS



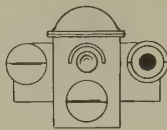
STOP
BLOCK IS OCCUPIED BY
OPPOSING CAR OR CARS:

RED LIGHT TOP CENTER.
RED DISC BOTTOM CENTER



PROCEED
SIGNAL HAS COUNTED
ENTERING CAR:

WHITE DISC WITH GREEN
BULL'S EYE, ILLUMINATED
BY WHITE LIGHT, LEFT.



PROCEED
SIGNAL HAS COUNTED AN-
OTHER ENTERING CAR:

(BY TRANSFERRING ASPECT
TO OPPOSITE HAND.)

IF SIGNAL REMAINS COMPLETELY DARK UPON APPROACH (FAILURE TO
PRESENT ANY OF THESE THREE ASPECTS) THIS INDICATES MECHANISM IS
OUT OF ORDER, AND CREW MUST STOP AND TELEPHONE DISPATCHER
FOR CLEARANCE ORDERS BEFORE PROCEEDING.

RECORDING AUTOMATIC BLOCK SIGNALS ON THE N.J.R.T.
PRODUCT OF UNION SWITCH & SIGNAL CO., SWISSVILLE, PA.

sing the block. The signals were capable of counting up to 20 cars, and since the NJRT possessed only 8, this insured ample coverage of the system. The accompanying illustration explains the aspects of the signals. The counting process was accomplished by a combination of tooth ratchet wheel with a solenoid-operated paul. The wheel revolved clockwise, one tooth for each car entering the block, and revolved counter-clockwise, one tooth for each car emerging from the block. The Stop aspect of the signal at the exit of the block (and the Proceed aspect at the entrance,) remained in effect until the last car of the series being counted had emerged from either end of the block. (At the two end blocks, cars emerged from the same end they entered.)

Additional protection for trains operating in "sections" was provided in the rule book. Each car or train being followed by another section carried two green flags at the head end by day or two green classification lamps by night. Only the last section of the series lacked such head-end signals. To insure recognition of these visual classification signals, the rule book made it the duty of the Motorman whose car or train was carrying signals for a following section, to sound a warning signal on his whistle as he approached a meeting point, the signal consisting of a long blast and two short blasts. Furthermore, he was obliged to ascertain that this signal was promptly acknowledged by the Motorman of the opposing train which was waiting in the passing switch. The signal of acknowledgement was two short blasts and a long one. Until he received this acknowledgement, the rules provided that he avoid clearing the switch, thus keeping the opposing train literally "bottled up" in the siding until it was understood by its Motorman that another section was still in the block ahead of him and opposing him. With the three precautions of block signal, classification flags and whistle signals, it is difficult to understand how any Motorman could deliberately "fly into the face of disaster" by proceeding into a block occupied by an opposing train.

If a Motorman found a Proceed aspect already presented in a block signal as he entered a block, he might be expecting it as the signal set by a preceeding section of his own train, of which he would be aware, or he might assume that it had been set by a Work Extra

preceeding him. In either case, the rule book dictated that he check the signal to make sure that it "counted" his train properly upon approach to the signal, which would transfer its aspect from left to right or right to left for each car of his train. If it failed to do so, the rules provided that he stop, and telephone the Dispatcher for clearance before entering the block.

In emerging from a block, it was the duty of the Conductor to look back and check the proper performance of the signal. If it performed as required, he would pass a "proceed" signal to the Motorman, but if not, he would pass up the "stop" signal, and the crew would intercept any train scheduled to meet them at this point, and both crews would telephone the Dispatcher for clearance orders.

While the original trolley-trippers were still employed in the overhead for the operation of the block signals, such instances of improper block signal performance were often experienced during sleet conditions, when the mechanism of the "trippers" became clogged, often stiff enough to dewire the trolley pole and cause damage. However, after the installation of the third-rail shoes on the cars with the third-rail sections to engage them, the block signal performance became very reliable, along with that of the new illuminated crossing alarms, even during sleet or ice conditions.

The signals were enabled to count all the cars of multiple-unit trains during the "tripper" era by virtue of the fact that no power jumpers were employed between cars, each car receiving its power via its own trolley pole. After the adoption of the third-rail control system, each car was counted by its own third-rail shoe. In the 15 miles of single track, the NJRT had 9 blocks, protected by 16 block signals. Its 8 passing switches were located and identified as follows:

- No. 1, Between Fairlawn and Harristown Road.
- No. 2, At Glen Rock.
- No. 3, At Prospect Street, between Glen Rock and Ridgewood.
- No. 4, At Ridgewood.
- No. 5, At Ho-Ho-Kus.
- No. 6, At Waldwick.
- No. 7, Between Allendale and Ramsey.
- No. 8, Between Ramsey and Mahwah.

There was an interchange switch with the Erie R.R. at Allendale, and a single-end siding was installed at the Broadway, East Paterson Station when the NJRT installed the switch connecting with the Hudson River Line for direct service into mid-Paterson. Because the NJRT cars were wider than the Public Service cars, two NJRT cars could not pass each other on the Broadway line into Paterson, where the "devil strip" was too narrow. Accordingly, only one NJRT car was permitted over this line at a time, and the single-end switch was installed at the NJRT Broadway East Paterson Station to permit the waiting NJRT car at that point to allow

the other NJRT car emerging from the Broadway line to pass. As a precautionary measure, the rules called for any NJRT car on the Broadway (double-track) line to come to a halt and allow the Public service cars to pass it, because the NJRT cars had a way of "rolling" from side to side while in motion.

In 1929, after the Public Service Company dismantled the North Jersey Rapid Transit line, George Jackson, Jr. began devoting increasing attention to the beautiful garden which he and Mrs. Jackson had created at their residence in Ho-Ho-Kus. He added many spectacular effects such as watercourses, waterfalls, pools and fountains among the lavish flowers and shrubs, all artistically illuminated by concealed colorful floodlights. The display attracted the attention of garden fanciers from near and far, who came to admire his creation. Several enthusiasts among these visitors prevailed upon him to develop similar attractions in their own gardens. Before long, he had a very remunerative business under way in this specialized field. Wealthy proprietors of large estates sought his talents, and for them he produced a variety of original effects. Among his notable clients were Chester I. Bernard at Lake Mohawk, N.J. and Harold Sloan at Upper Montclair. One of his early masterpieces was the landscaping of Lake Mohawk at Sparta, N.J. In 1935, George Jackson passed away at age 51 and was buried at Belvidere, N.J. where he is survived by his widow. His daughter Mary, now Mrs. Stanley Keefer, resides in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Some of the former North Jersey Rapid Transit personnel still live in Ho-Ho-Kus, including Motorman Jack Carney and Accountant "Daisy" McElroy. Although the United States Post Office insists upon using its stereotyped lettering in its cancellation stamps and town's name is spelled in the unimaginative form, HOHOKUS, John McElroy's influence is proudly pointed to by his widow. On the public buildings one sees the proper form:

Ho-Ho-Kus.

SHOPS

In the Ho-Ho-Kus headquarters building, the maintenance shops occupied the south end, with an overhead monorail chain hoist connecting the shops with the service pits in the adjacent car barn.

Machine Shop: a coal-fired-steam heating plant was located in a pit at the rear of the machine shop, serving the entire building. Machine shop equipment included:

Large lathe, wheel-turning.

Medium lathe, armature and commutator service.

Small lathe, general utility, 3- and 4-jawed chucks.

Large and small drill presses.

Wheel press.

Medium miller.

Power grinder.

Power saw, metal.

Mechanics' and electricians' bench tools.

Electrical testing meters.

Armature lift, and wheel and axle dollies.

Pipe-fitting facilities.

Carpenter Shop: with wood-working facilities.

Paint Shop: with supplies and equipment.

SUBSTATION

All of the sub-station electrical equipment was furnished and installed by the Westinghouse Electric Company of Pittsburgh, where it was designed by Francis H. Shepard, chief engineer of that organization's traction department. Mr. Dunlap, one of Mr. Shepard's assistants, supervised the installation and testing of the following items:

Two 750 kw rotary converters, 600-volt d.c. output.

Six step-down transformers, 13,200-volt primaries.

Electrolytic lightning arrestors.

Nine-panel switchboard with a.c. and d.c. voltmeters, ammeters, recording watt-hour meters, starting switches and regulating rheostats for the rotaries, distribution switches for the d.c., and circuit breakers with alarms.

STRUCTURES

Wood, with enclosed waiting room and covered platform (2):

East Paterson, Broadway

Ridgewood, Ridgewood Avenue

Wood, with three-sided shelter and bench, open platform (10):

Fairlawn

Glen Rock

Ackerman Avenue

Grove Street

Harrison Avenue

Franklin Turnpike

Allendale

Ramsey

Spring Street

Mahwah

Notes: The station building at Broadway in East Paterson was eventually enlarged to provide a heated waiting room with benches and a refreshment stand, with exterior "Chic Sales" facilities.

At Ho-Ho-Kus a passenger waiting room was provided in the north end of the Headquarters building.

The Ramsey station was eventually rebuilt into an attractive structure, matching adjacent buildings.

Exposed platforms with benches were provided at most flag stops.

WAY STRUCTURES

Glen Rock Viaduct: *Total Length* 1,155 ft.
Main span, Pratt pony through truss, steel, 114 ft.
Siding span, through plate girders, 85 ft.
32 approach spans, 30-ft. deck plate girders, total of 960 ft.

Concrete piers and abutments.

Cross-ties creosoted, 7" x 8" on 14" centers, bolted to girders.

Inner guard rails, 75 lb. spiked and spliced.

Running rails, 75 lb. spiked and spliced.

Outer stringers, 6" x 8", bolted to ties.

Galvanized 3" pipe trolley arches, guyed.

Waldwick Bridge: *Total Length* 282 ft.
Main span, plate girders, 242 ft.

Two 20-ft. approach spans, total of 40 ft.

Concrete piers and abutments.

Cross-ties, inner guard rails, running rails and outer stringers same as Glen Rock structure.

Ho-Ho-Kus Creek: *Total Length* 78 ft.

Three reinforced concrete slab structures, each with two 26-ft. spans, total 78 ft.

One concrete pier, concrete abutments.

Ramsey Creek: *Total Length* 26 ft.

One reinforced concrete slab, as above.

Ramsey Brook: *Total Length* 26 ft.

One reinforced concrete slab, as above.

Mahwah River Bridge: *Total Length* 60 ft.

Two 30-ft. deck girder spans, total of 60 ft.

One concrete pier, concrete abutments.

Suffern Overpass: *Total Length* 26 ft.

One reinforced concrete slab structure, 26 ft.

Concrete abutments.

Grand Total 1,657 ft.

COASTING

NJRT Motormen who won the 45% coasting bonus averaged an extra \$5.00 per month pay for that accomplishment. The average coasting record was 40%. The best motormen, i.e., the most cautious, averaged about 37%. Those who qualified, received the 2 cents per hour bonus for the effort. No coasting records were kept when:

- no coasting clock installed in car;
- coasting clock out of order;
- two-car train operated;
- delays encountered by wire down, storms, snow, sleet, etc.;
- while breaking in a student.

Paradoxically, it was the same man who hung up both the all-time high record and the all-time low record for coasting on the NJRT. Motorman J. Heddy, No. 202, in a day of 8½ hours work on January 22, 1922, ran 86

Car No. 20 for 461 minutes, of which he actually coasted 258 minutes, hanging up the record of 55.9% coast. His bonus that month was \$5.44. Then on May 29 of the same year, he ran Car No. 10, again 461 minutes, of which he coasted only 116 minutes, thus breaking the low record at 25.1%, but he evidently made up for this performance throughout the month, for he received \$5.42 bonus on pay day.

OPERATING STATISTICS

December, 1925

A.C. power consumed for month*	71,100 kwh
A.C. power consumed per weekday	2,345 kwh
A.C. power consumed per Sunday	2,000 kwh
D.C. power consumed per car mile, average**	4.25 kwh
Daily service on line	2 cars
Car miles per day, weekdays	550 miles
Car miles per day, Sundays	490 miles
Car miles for month	16,810 miles
Revenue per car mile	\$ 0.15258
Revenue for month	\$ 2,564.92
Average total passengers per weekday	746
Average total passengers per Sunday	450

*Total power for month, purchased from Public Service Company. Efficiency loss ranged from 18.7% to 30.9% under various conditions, variable charging current, leakage, etc.

**The NJRT cars consumed, on a year-round average, 4 kwh per car mile.

CONSTRUCTION AND EQUIPMENT

North Jersey Rapid Transit Railroad

Miles in New Jersey	14.52
Miles in New York State	.66
Total miles built	15.80

3,300	steel rails, 75 no. per yard, 33 ft. long (1,300 tons total)
66,000	angle bars, four-hole
264,000	bolts and nuts for rail splices
70,000	ties, oak and chestnut, 6" x 8" x 8'0", on 18" centers.
1,700	switch ties, oak and chestnut, 6" x 8" x 16'0"
1,000	poles, Oregon fir, 12" butts, 32 ft. long, on 100-ft. centers (75-ft. on curves)
50	poles, Georgia Pine, 16" butt, 40 ft. long, for high line
2,000	cross-arms, oak, four-pin
4,000	pins for cross-arms, locust
3,000	insulators, glass, for telephones and signals

1,000 insulators, porcelain, for feeders
 300 insulators, porcelain, for high tension
 1,000 insulators, pull-off
 1,000 trolley brackets, tubular, galvanized
 1,000 hardware for above, sets
 1,000 ears for trolley wire, copper
 1,000 hangar insulators for above
 8,000' span and guy wire, $\frac{3}{8}$ " 7-strand galvanized
 500 dead-men for guys, galvanized, with clamps and thimbles
 85,000' trolley wire, 000 copper
 100,000' wire, no. 14 copper, for signals and telephones
 80,000' feeder cable, 0000 copper, stranded
 316,000' barbed wire, galvanized, for fencing
 6,000 staples, galvanized, for above
 100,000 fence posts, pine
 50 cattle guards
 1,500 crossing planks, 2" x 8" x 10'0", pine
 25 crossing signs, with posts
 10 crossing alarms, bell type, with relays
 16 block signals, U.S. Recording, with relays and trips
 145,000 rail spikes, 5"
 16 track switches, No. 10, spring point, spring frog
 16 track switches, main-line stands
 9 track switches, yard
 9 track switch mechanisms, dwarf yard
 10 telephones, magneto, with weatherproof boxes
 18,000 cu.yds. screened gravel ballast, Raritan Bay
 2,000 bags of cement
 6,000 cu.yds. sand for above, sharp
 6,000 cu.yds. bluestone for above, sharp
 2,500' reinforcing rods for above, steel
 structural steel for Glen Rock Viaduct and Waldwick Bridge (see *Structures*)
 materials for Ho-Ho-Kus headquarters building and stations (see *Buildings*)
 third-rail sections, added in subsequent years
 crossing alarms, added in subsequent years.

REVENUE RELATED TO POWER CONSUMPTION

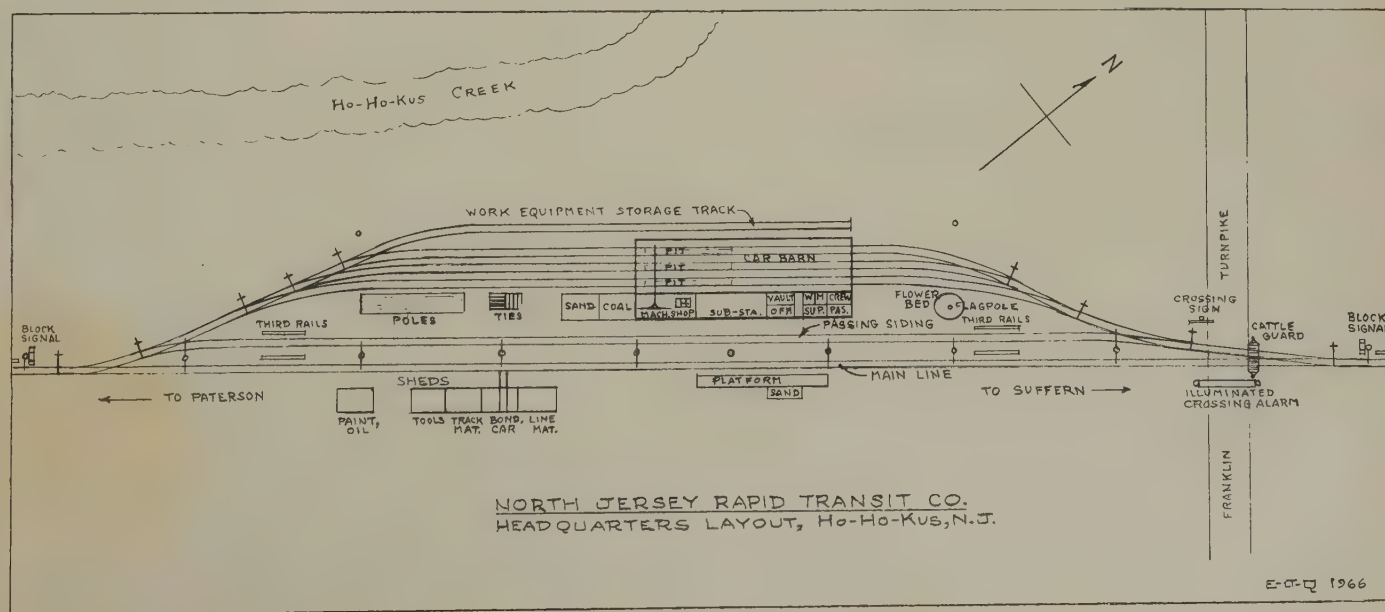
Power consumption was an important factor to a line which was experiencing a steady decline of business. The following figures are interesting:

Year 1925	Passenger Receipts	Power Consumption (kwh)
January	\$ 5,018.39	127,860
February	4,317.39	67,080
March	4,637.77	67,480
April	4,818.10	59,500
May	5,130.22	57,000
June	4,793.58	52,500
July	5,191.44	54,600
August *	4,662.90	56,400
September	3,600.28	52,200
October	3,070.58	62,200
November	2,645.21	65,200
December	2,564.92	71,100

* On August 8, a competing bus line began service. The rapid decline of NJRT business following this event is shown in the following table:

	Dec., 1923	Dec., 1924	Dec., 1925
NJRT revenue per day	\$ 180.00	\$ 175.00	\$ 82.00
Passengers per day, av.	1,537	1,436	746
Total passengers, month	47,652	44,539	23,134

It became impossible for the NJRT to even pay its power bill to the Public Service Company, which then became the line's biggest creditor. In 1926 the Public Service Company took over the NJRT, and began operating its cars right into mid-city Paterson over the tracks of the Hudson River Line on Broadway to the P.S. Terminal beyond Main Street, and began referring to the line as the Public Service Rapid Transit.



Approve the Discontinuance of Trolley Line

Suffern-Paterson Trolley to Quit After 20 Years' Service

Public Utilities Commission Grants Request of Public Service For Abandonment of Line

The Public Utilities Commission on Saturday approved of the suspension of the operation of trolley service by the Public Service Rapid Transit Company from Ridgewood Junction to the New York State line at Suffern.

The reason given by the Public Service for requesting permission to discontinue the line was the fact that the trolley is steadily losing money. It was also stated in the petition that the route of the trolley is adequately covered by bus service.

The company produced statistics showing that during the year ending August 31, 1927, there was a deficit of \$4,533.04, not including any return on the value of the property. The company also showed that during September, last year, there was a further loss of several hundred dollars.

The board, in approving the application of the company, held that the communities were served better by buses than by trolley service, and as the company is operating at a loss, it is entitled to discontinue the trolley line.

The trolley line referred to in the above dispatch from Trenton, was opened about twenty years ago. The stockholders were men from about Bergen County, very largely, and also several men of means living in Passaic County. There seemed to be a brilliant future for the line, judging from the prospectus sent out by the stockholders at the time the line was being financed.

The ambitious plan was to run the line from Broadway Bridge, just over the Bergen-Passaic line, and to continue it as far as Suffern, N. Y. At that time the plan was to swing it from Suffern over to Nyack and connect with a proposed bridge at 59th Street, passing over the Palisades.

Even from the very start the line did not seem very popular for it gave service only every hour and instead of going through the larger towns, just skirted them. Later a half-hour service was tried, but even this did not show an adequate return.

Unquestionably the line has lost money from the start, and prior to the time it was taken over by the Public Service Corporation was in the hands of a receiver. Just what use will be made of the right of way is still problematical. Some rumors have gained ground that it will be used as a private right of way for an express bus line, but thus far no confirmation has been made of the rumor.

More articles from the Ramsey Journal, now incorporated into the Ridgewood Sunday News and Herald-News, dating Aug. 6, 1909; July 5, 1910; July 28, 1911; and Jan. 23, 1929.

August 6, 1909.

GRADING IS SUSPENDED.

Suffern Trolley Line Having Trouble Over Right of Way.

Contractor John R. Lee has stopped all work on grading the roadbed of the Suffern and Paterson trolley line and will not resume it until the entire right of way has been secured and the litigation started by the Erie against the company to prevent it crossing its Bergen County short cut settled.

The trolley company is being hindered by a number of property owners along the proposed line who either refuse to grant right of way or want to hold up the company with exorbitant prices for land. In a number of instances those people were among the ones who wanted the company to build and promised all sorts of things if the road was put through. On the strength of these promises, and the strong desire manifested to have the road built, the company went ahead without first getting these rights, believing that there would be no trouble later in doing so.

The company has met with trouble at Ridgewood as to whether it shall cross Ridgewood avenue overhead or underground, and also regarding the right of way through the town. Until these matters are all straightened out the work of construction will be held in abeyance.

an outing in the cool woods, a short distance up the line.

At the junction point, near the Broadway bridge, the conductors on the Hudson River cars and the cars of the Paterson line, call out Ridgewood junction, cars for Ridgewood and Hohokus.

The first car from Hohokus leaves at 5.58 and the last car at night at 11.58. From the junction the first car leaves at 6.25 and the last one at 12.29. On week days they are operated on half hour headway, and on Sundays and holidays on 15 minute headway.

A flag station has been established at Spring avenue in Ridgewood, making four stops in that village. Eleven station stops are made on the line from the junction to Hohokus.

Ridgewood people would have liked it better, at least the merchants would, had the line run nearer the center of the village.

Work is going on very slowly on the end of road above Waldwick, the company being delayed by being unable to acquire the property. In several cases condemnation proceedings have been started and this may cause others who are holding out to fall in line.

3 KILLED IN TROLLEY CRASH

On the North Jersey Trolley Line, Near Ridgewood, Su- perintendent Among Dead.

Just as the Journal was on the press last Friday afternoon, word was received that three men were fatally hurt and sixteen passengers injured by a crash between two cars on the North Jersey Rapid Transit Company's trolley line in a head on collision between Prospect and Grove streets, Ridgewood. F. J. Pilgrim, superintendent of the line, was internally injured and had one of his legs so badly crushed that it was amputated in the General Hospital at Paterson. He died at 7 o'clock that evening. John Hutchinson motorman, died ten minutes after he was taken from the wreck and while on the way to the hospital. John L. Protalli of 21 Sixth street, Paterson, had his right leg

amputated in Paterson Hospital and he died after the operation.

Among those seriously injured were Jacob Friedman, conductor, of Belmont avenue, Paterson, scalp wounds and bruises; Louis Riegling, laborer, of 365 Market street, Newark, severe cuts on the head. Persons suffering from cuts and bruises are Philip Caruso of Suffern, Lewis Edmonds, 776 Eighth avenue, Manhattan, Albert Jemge of Passaic, Max and Carl Kretzchiuna of Passaic, William Katze of 630 West 13th street, Manhattan, and Sebastian Palesci of Suffern.

The North Jersey Rapid Transit line is operated between Warren Point, across the river from Paterson, to Suffern by way of Ridgewood, Hohokus, Allendale, Ramsey and Mahwah. A northbound car left Warren Point at 2.30 in charge of Conductor Friedman and Motorman Hutchinson. Unknown to them Supt. Pilgrim was traveling south with a wildcat car to get a party of children who had been on an outing in Paterson. It is the general belief that he was trying to "steal" the Glen Rock switch against the regular. The sharp curve where the crash occurred is hidden from either end by heavy brush and neither motorman could prevent a collision, even after seeing the trouble ahead.

The car, laden with passengers, was going down hill at a high rate of speed and the two cars were telescoped. Motorman Hutchinson's body was forced to the ceiling of the car and the first six rows of seats were hurled back. It is remarkable that more lives were not lost. A car was summoned to take the worst of the injured to Paterson and hospital ambulances, police patrol wagons and autos waited the arrival of the trolley at Warren Point. The motorman was dead when Warren Point was reached. Autos conveyed those not seriously injured from the wreck to Dr. Vroom's office in Ridgewood, where he attended them.

General Manager Evans of the transit company hurried to Ridgewood when notified of the collision and started an investigation at once. Though no official statement was given out it was said that the regular passenger trolley had a clear signal after leaving the Glen Rock switch. Both trolley cars were wrecked and it was with difficulty that the injured were rescued. The cars are supplied with high speed motors and easily make thirty miles an hour.

Coroner Tracy and Prosecutor Wright of Bergen County will make an investigation.

The Rapid Transit line has been in operation a little over a year. The through service to Suffern was inaugurated about a month ago.

Supt. Pilgrim lived in Ridgewood. He leaves a widow and two children.

NEW TROLLEY A BIG SUCCESS.

Four Cars Are Now Running On the Line and They Are Generally Crowded.

For the first few days after its opening, it was thought the crowd that besieged the Ridgewood-Hohokus trolley, and literally packed the cars, did so out of curiosity. The crowd still continues, however, and the line has proven to be very popular, making it a paying proposition.

For the first two weeks the records show that 25,000 had been carried over the line. Nearly every day picnic parties, with lunch baskets, board the cars and enjoy

Riverside & Ft. Lee Ferry Company's "Edgewater" pulls into the slip at Edgewater. Some of the passengers could be heading for Hudson River Line cars and a North Jersey connection. Below, view of the ferry slips at 125th St., New York City, with the "Leonida" in her berth. "Leonida" is probably a former Central RR. of New Jersey boat. Photos, E. T. Francis collection.





Two-car NJRT train at Suffern, New York, with Norde Kup Mountain in the background.



Supt. George Jackson, Jr., standing in the doorway of the NJRT headquarters at Ho-Ho-Kus on Sept. 17, 1920. Orange and white striped awnings shade his office. Jackson was then mayor of Ho-Ho-Kus.

Hudson River Line cars continued to ply the busy two-track route between Paterson and Edgewater for a decade following abandonment of the North Jersey Rapid Transit. Work cars from this line helped rip up the North Jersey right-of-way.





Edgewater, New Jersey, about 1912, about the time the sprawling Public Service combine took over the New Jersey, Hudson River Railway & Ferry Company. Some 15 miles west of this Hudson River port, with direct trolley connection, lay the new North Jersey Rapid Transit interurban railway.



Two car North Jersey Special crosses the Ramapo River at Mahwah, just below the New Jersey-New York state line.

Old postcard view of an unidentified NJRT car, probably at the first wooden Ramsey station. Carlock Studio photo.





End of an era. Following abandonment of the North Jersey, car bodies were burned at Passaic Wharf but some trucks reportedly saw service on cars used in the Newark Subway, Public Service's last remnant of a once mighty electric railway empire. Jeff Winslow photo shows western end of the No. 7 City Subway Line with a few of the last deck roof cars on the roster, former Fast Line Loco No. 5221 used as the subway line car, and ex-Minneapolis PCC car No. 24. Reverse loop had just been installed to accommodate single ended streamliners. Whether the City Subway Line will someday be extended to serve industrial or urban areas, or whether the former Erie mainline paralleling the North Jersey Rapid Transit's right-of-way will eventually be electrified, is at this writing a matter for conjecture by railfans, commuters, and governmental officials.



The author, in motorman's overalls, ready to take out his NJRT run at Ho-Ho-Kus, summer of 1918. Cars had two-man crews.

